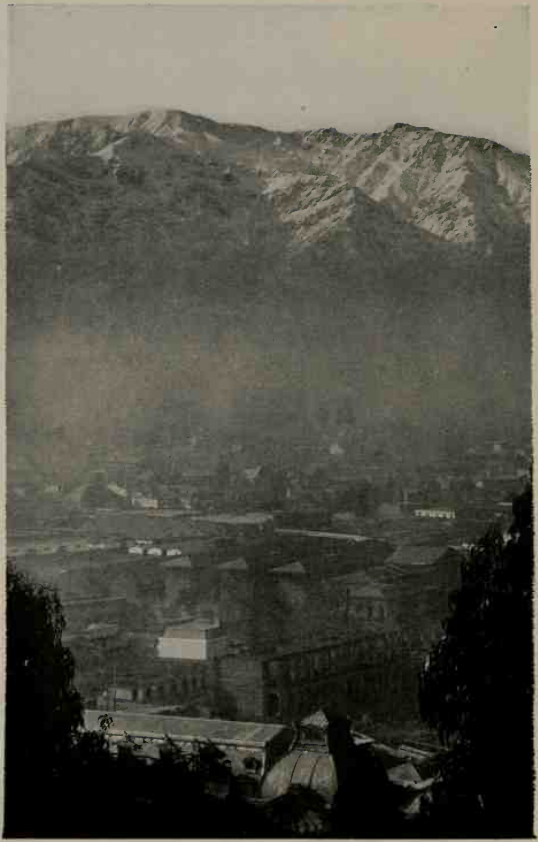
2000 MILES THROUGH CHILE

EARL CHAPIN MAY

2000 MILES THROUGH CHILE



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EVENING IN SANTIAGO DE CHILE

2000 MILES THROUGH CHILE

THE LAND OF MORE OR LESS

BY
EARL CHAPIN MAY

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS

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To my Wife

STELLA BURKE MAY

the Comandanta

WHO WAS PATIENT WITH ME DURING MANY MONTHS IN LATIN AMERICA, I DEDICATE THIS REMINDER OF OUR HAPPY HOME IN CHILE

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CONFIDENTIAL

BE NOT DECEIVED BY THE CHILEAN "MÁS Ó MENOS"

On the first stage of your journey around the popular South American loop you arrive, after steaming six days straight south from New York, at sweltering, picturesque Panama. Two days below Panama your good ship crosses the equator near Guayaquil, Ecuador, and you hustle into flannels to escape the chill in the air. You have met the Humboldt Current fresh from the south pole. It is the antithesis of the Gulf Stream. It will be with you in all Peruvian and Chilean waters. The equatorial cold is your Surprise No. 1.

From Colombia south, through Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia you find civilization rising to a higher plane until, in Chile, you meet the finest national culture on South America's Pacific coast. This is your Surprise No. 2.

Finally, in Chile, you hear at every hour, from

every class, in every attempt at conversation the distinctive Chilean phrase, "Más ó menos," meaning, "More or less." It is nearly always used with "Como no?" meaning, "Why not?" You have left behind you the various lands of "Mañana" only to find in Chile a people who are, if you judge by their favorite expressions, just as easy-going as their Latin-American cousins.

Be not deceived by the Chilean "Más ó menos." The Chileans are valiant, virile, direct, determined, and aggressive as any people on the globe. A white nation, strengthened by a super-Indian strain, the Chileans are an energetic, arrogant unit of the human family possessing such ability, ambition, and dynamic power that they must inevitably play an important part in the world's progress. You will learn this after you have learned to discount the ever-recurring "Más ó menos." After which you may record Surprise No. 3—and prepare for others.

Chile is replete with contrasts and surprises. It is surprising in its geography, typography, history, and climate—and people. During the months I lived among the Chileans they were always staging surprises for me or for other spectators.

THE CHILEAN "MÁS Ó MENOS"

Only a good guesser can correctly guess what Chileans will do next. The Chileans know, but they seldom give advance notice. About the only thing of which an observer may be sure is that Chileans will go forward—especially if there is trouble in sight.

2000 MILES THROUGH CHILE

2000 MILES THROUGH CHILE

CHAPTER I

OVER THE RIM INTO ANTOFAGASTA

Through Chile's Nitrate Desert into Its Metropolis

AFTER weeks of travel by train, mule, automobile, and steamship on the earth's highest inhabited plateau I expected a reaction when we descended to the sea-coast of northern Chile. Stokes was that reaction.

The Comandanta and I were still thrilled with the wonders of South America—thrilled despite a chilly morning transfer from the comfortable state-rooms of the meter-gage Bolivian Railway to the clubby compartments of the narrow-gage Antofagasta & Bolivia Railway. The transfer was effected at the Bolivian town of Uyuni, which sustained its reputation as one of the coldest spots in South America. The bitter wind

blew across the dismal desert, twelve thousand feet above sea level, just as advertised.

Stokes was surfeited with scenery. He had been with us over the Peruvian Andes, across isle-dotted and lofty Lake Titicaca, along an imposing procession of snow-capped Bolivian peaks, and past the colorful pipe-organ palisades at the lip of the pocket in which sits La Paz. Stokes had traveled that territory, selling American machinery, twelve years.

Because Stokes was a salesman he prevailed. Before we were fairly started on our day-long journey from Uyuni to the sea he had us playing bridge, with the Comandanta as his partner. I, who hate bridge, joined forces with "Pierre Palta" Popenoe, professional pursuer of plants for the United States Department of Agriculture.

So for hours as our long, slow train rolled through the Gran Salar de Uyuni, past lonesome adobe stations surrounded by blocks of glistening salt from that selfsame sea, past the great borax lakes, past fields of jagged rocks hurled in hotter days from the twin volcanoes, San Pedro and San Pablo, past hundreds of miles of sand and rock without one sign of green, Stokes abused

me for looking out of the window instead of into my hand.

"That 's the trouble with you tourists," he grumbled. "You always want to see everything."

As is the South American custom, we spent the day in the dining-car. There were welcome interruptions for the Spanish high noon *almuerzo* or six-course breakfast, for the inevitable English four-o'clock tea, for a desert sunset that appealed even to Stokes. Then came an ample five-course dinner and, soon thereafter, bed.

At six the next morning the Comandanta and I rolled out of vicuña rugs, Mexican serapes, American bath-robes, and English railroad blankets to greet Old Ocean at the sleeping port of Antofagasta. Stokes and Popenoe were already on the station platform. Within ten minutes we knew we were in the land of *más ó menos;* in Chile, the land of more or less.

As our taxi scooted along smooth asphalt streets we asked the Hotel Londres *portero* when we might catch a south-bound steamer. He promptly replied in Spanish, "In four days, more or less." After a heated, vain protest at the airless, windowless rooms at Hotel Londres,

the Comandanta inquired about *desayuno*. When might we expect that? The hotel *portero* or runner instantly answered, "*Alas ocho, más ó menos*" (At eight o'clock, more or less). Our Chilean breakfast of coffee and toast was served in our rooms at exactly eight o'clock.

Out on the street the Spanish-speaking Popenoe asked his way to the American consulate. "It is in that direction, señor, three squares, more or less," the black uniformed policeman answered from beneath his helmet. Popenoe found the consulate exactly three blocks from where the policeman stood.

"When will Mr. Matthews, the consul, be in?" Popenoe asked the *portero* at the door of the consulate.

"At nine o'clock, more or less," murmured the guardian of the portal. At nine o'clock Mr. Matthews walked into his office.

There were many price-tags in the shop windows, but when consulted by his clerk the shopkeeper invariably replied, "reduce that for *los Americanos* three pesos, more or less." Daily bulletins in the railroad station announced frequent changes in passenger tariffs, correspond-

ing to fluctuations in foreign exchange. But the hotel prices remained stable.

A neatly printed card hung on a wall in our room. It quoted the daily rate, including meals, at $32! We raised a row about that until the Jugoslav proprietor explained that in Chile our dollar-sign stood for the Chilean peso. At the current rate of exchange that meant that we were paying $3.20 a day for our board and lodging. We withdrew the protest, but not until we had complained bitterly at such an exorbitant charge.

The swarthy Jugoslav doubtless knew we were merely practising on him. Our Spanish was bad enough. He studied us with keen gray eyes, gently fondled his black mustache, and courteously said, "Como no?" Why not, indeed, for the rich North Americans when times were so hard in the nitrate country and the Chilean peso, which should be worth thirty-eight cents in American money, could be had at the banks for ten?

Along the waterfront streets thousands of brown-clad, brown-skinned men, women, and children loafed among their household goods waiting for the Government to send them from the idle nitrate fields to the more kindly central

valley, where houses, meals, money, and maybe work would be furnished by Don Arturo Alessandri, President of the Republic of Chile.

"Is it wise to ship these people farther south when there is no work down there?" I asked a government official.

"Como no?" he replied. "These *rotos* will then be near the capital where Alessandri can control them. We have too many I.W.W.'s and Bolshevikis up here. Our *rotos* are our best workers. We must keep them in hand."

"When will these *rotos* be able to leave the streets of Antofagasta and go aboard ship?"

"In a week, more or less," the courteous official replied. Happily it was less in that case, for most of the government charges departed ahead of us to join in Santiago the great throngs of the marching men in brown, and Antofagasta was left in comparative peace.

Antofagasta is unusual if not unique among the cities of the world. Encircled by the Pacific Ocean and the northern Chilean desert, its normal population of seventy thousand lives largely upon mining and exporting Chilean nitrate of soda, known also as saliter and saltpeter. Anto-

fagasta is the largest of several nitrate ports.

Geological ages ago some volcanic upheaval created the Chilean coastal mountain range and imprisoned between it and the Andes a vast salt sea. As the sea-water evaporated, beds of seaweed, bodies and bones of fish, and other marine growths became the nitrogen-bearing *caliche* that lies in great sheets beneath layers of gypsum sand or *chucha,* and agglomeration of chemicals and rocks called *costra* and a similar layer called *tapa.* In this barren region back of Antofagasta is the greatest body of mineral fertilizer the world has known.

For eight hundred years rival nations have battled for this unfriendly plateau overlooking Antofagasta.

Armies of the Peruvian Incas traversed its rugged hills and sandy *pampas* in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to exact tribute from Atacamas, Diaguitas, and Araucanians. The *conquistador,* Diego de Almagro, skirted its Andean edge when in 1535 with five hundred Spaniards and a horde of Peruvian Indians he descended from Cuzco to Copiapo and failed to conquer Chile. Five years later Pedro de Valdivia, Pizarro's master of camp, led another band

of Spanish adventurers across the Atacama Desert, paused where Antofagasta now stands, then marched to the Mapocho River, and founded Santiago.

In 1839 a Chilean army under General Manuel Bulnés crossed the unvalued nitrate fields, annihilated a Peruvian army at Yungay, and disrupted a Peruvian-Bolivian confederation.

The War of the Pacific, or the Nitrate War of 1879–83, was caused by Bolivia's attempts to tax Chilean-owned nitrate works at Antofagasta. This war cost Bolivia its seaboard, running from Antofagasta to Iquiqui, wrested the provinces of Tarapacá, Tacna, and Arica from Peru and added two hundred miles to Chile's coast-line. It also gave Chile a monopoly of South American nitrate and control of the world's nitrate supply.

From a strip of desert forty-five miles wide and 250 miles long Chile exported fifty million tons of nitrate before 1914. In 1913 this exportation amounted to 2,722,254 tons valued at $110,000,000 in American gold and representing 58 per cent of the world's consumption of nitrogenous substances of mineral origin. This production increased enormously between 1914

and 1919. In this connection the Chilean White Book of 1919 says:

> Chile, notwithstanding her small representation in the world, was a factor of immense importance, almost —and we use this word weighing well the terms of comparison—almost as important as the United States. Chile was the producer of the powder and explosives with which the allied powers carried on the war. Without the nitrate, *materia prima* indispensable for making them, the United States would not have been able to supply the belligerents with munitions.

The coming of peace found two million tons of Chilean nitrate at the mines or in the warehouses of the Association of Nitrate Producers or waiting sale in London, where the "pool" tried to fix prices and find markets. There were 250,000 workers or workers' families in the Chilean nitrate fields when the World War ended. As in other industries, war-time overproduction caused peace-time suffering.

Most of the 150 nitrate reducing and refining plants or *oficinas,* representing an investment of $200,000,000, closed. Only a few engineers and caretakers remained in charge of the fields from which the *caliche* is blasted and shoveled into crushers and boiling-pans and from which it is

shipped as crystallized nitrate of soda for the trade.

Antofagasta lost a quarter of its population, as did Iquiqui, Taltal, and other nitrate ports. The hostile desert—perpetually arid because the Andean range saps the west-bound trade-winds and the cold Humboldt Current prevents precipitation from the Pacific—was once more almost depopulated as we crossed it into Antofagasta.

The fierce winds swirled about the mammoth copper mine at Chuquicamata. It almost stopped the trains up-bound to La Paz. An occasional caretaker, mounted Indian, or tireless prospector wiped the grit from his eyes or shaded them from the blistering sun. But the nitrate fields, which for years had yielded 70 per cent of the national income, awaited sale of two million tons of over-production, while the mining corporations watched the development of nitrogen manufacture from the air. It was thus we found the nitrate country and its metropolis.

As it waited and watched with the remainder of the nitrate region, Antofagasta was, in aspect, not unlike some of the California coastal cities. It had miles of level streets well asphalted by an

SOUTH AMERICA
ENGLISH STATUTE MILES
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800
KILOMETERS
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000
Longitude West from Greenwich
CARIBBEAN SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
VENEZUELA
COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
PERU
BRAZIL
BOLIVIA
PARAGUAY
URUGUAY
ARGENTINA
CHILE
BRITISH GUIANA
DUTCH GUIANA
FRENCH GUIANA
CARACAS
BOGOTA
QUITO
LIMA
Callao
Cuzco
La Paz
SUCRE
Potosi
Cochabamba
Iquique
Arequipa
Tucuman
ASUNCION
Cordoba
Rosario
BUENOS AIRES
MONTEVIDEO
Porto Alegre
Pelotas
RIO DE JANEIRO
Campinas
São Paulo
Campos
Bahia
Pernambuco
Ceara
Para
Manaos
Santarem
Valparaiso
SANTIAGO
Concepcion
Talca
Valdivia
Puerto Montt
Puerto Madryn
Rawson
Gulf of St. George
Puerto Deseado
Santa Cruz
Punta Arenas
Strait of Magellan
TIERRA DEL FUEGO
Cape Horn
FALKLAND IS.
Port Stanley
SOUTH GEORGIA (Br.)
Mouths of the Amazon R.
Para or Tocantins R.
Blanca Bay
Gulf of Penas
Gulf of Panama
Mt. Sangay
Mt. Illimani
Mt. Darwin
Mt. Roraima
Orinoco Delta
Plateau of Matto Grosso
Plateau of Bolivia
Plateau of Mexico
Plateau of Brazil
Plateau of Paraguay
Plateau of Patagonia
Plateau of Chile
Plateau of Argentina
Plateau of Venezuela
Plateau of Colombia
Plateau of Peru
Plateau of Ecuador
Plateau of Guiana
Plateau of Uruguay
Plateau of Tucuman
Plateau of Cordoba
Plateau of Mendoza
Plateau of Rosario
Plateau of Buenos Aires
Plateau of Montevideo
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Plateau of São Paulo
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Plateau of Bahia
Plateau of Pernambuco
Plateau of Ceara
Plateau of Para
Plateau of Manaos
Plateau of Santarem
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Plateau of Plateau of Plateau of Mt. Roraima
Plateau of Plateau of Plateau of Orinoco Delta
GALAPAGOS IS.
(TO ECUADOR)
Same scale as large map.
C S Hammond & Co., New York

American company. Its public market was modern and clean. Its few small plazas were bright with palms and semi-tropical plants kept green with water piped two hundred miles across the desert. Although close to the tropic of Capricorn, Antofagasta has a year-around springlike climate, for the Humboldt Current is just offshore.

On brown surrounding hills massive signs cut into surface rock urged the public to patronize local merchants. But there was little purchasing in spite of *realizaciones* (bargain sales), *remates* (auctions), and other inducements to the trade. Nitrate was down, and business was bad. Money was scarce and food prices high.

Only the dogs and cats seemed to thrive in Antofagasta. Felines and canines attained startling proportions, especially the canines. Once upon a time there must have lived in Antofagasta a white English bulldog of mighty prowess and Chilean virility, for his progeny had populated the land. With broad jaws, massive shoulders, flat backs, bowed legs, and stumpy tails, the great-grandsons of that noble sire trotted haughtily about Antofagasta sharing the spirit of their upstanding masters who had made

the desert city the most modern of Chilean communities.

Good times or bad, there is no one in Latin America to deny the beggar his rights. Saturday was beggars' day in Antofagasta. Old men and women, husky boys and girls, sturdy children, all crowded the corners, preëmpted the sidewalks or stumped from store to store, dropping into practised pockets small coin donations or stuffing into well worn sacks food and small supplies contributed by merchants in observance of ancient custom.

By nine at night Antofagasta retired to cinemas, clubs, and family dinners leaving the dark streets to *cocheros* and newsboys. About the only sound would be the clatter of a troop of *caballería* or cavalrymen rounding the corner en route to some rendezvous. Only a few months before our advent Chile had mobilized twenty thousand armed men at the neighboring Peruvian border in response to a rumor that Peru was preparing for an invasion. Some said political powers in Santiago were seeking a diversion, but Chile is not adverse to showing its teeth and generally wins something by it. We wondered if another "invasion" impended.

Quite a bit of California enthusiasm was released at Antofagasta by Chileans, English, Americans, Spanish, Jugoslavs, and others. Nothing but optimism came from the lips of Señor Dr. Maxiliano Poblete C., in his seventh year as *alcalde* (mayor) of the city. He was a successful exponent of the theory that the public money should be expended for the public good. When not engaged in his medical practice he saw that Antofagasta got the asphalt streets, ornamented plazas, three-thousand-foot breakwater, and other improvements for which it was taxed. He fathered a law compelling erection of new buildings in stone, brick, or concrete instead of the mud and plaster characteristic of Latin America.

The punch and drive so typically Chilean were exemplified by José, who mounted the running-board of our taxi the minute we arrived in Antofagasta and who was never far from us during our stay. José was a *fletero* or transfer man. He sought our business as soon as he laid eyes on us and almost before we had laid eyes on Antofagasta. As we taxied from railroad station to Hotel Londres that first morning José produced a card from the steamship company

apparently recommending José. He seemed to know that the Comandanta, Popenoe, and I were going south to Valparaiso and that Stokes would stay at Antofagasta. We dismissed José tentatively because we were having our first argument in Chile, where many followed, over the taxi fare. In the end we left the case in Stokes's hands.

"What shall we pay this motor man?" I finally demanded in desperation.

"Let 's see. Four passengers and eight bags," the American salesman pondered. "Oh, I think we ought to give him ten pesos, more or less." So we paid the chauffeur ten pesos, about one dollar American, and turned our attention to other matters, among them José. He insisted on mattering.

There were three days of violent debate between Popenoe, our official spokesman, and José, who had produced a new card from my friend Archer Jones of Antofagasta, who endorsed José. The card was a forgery, but we did not know it then, nor did we know how José knew that we had secretly decided to abandon the all-rail route to Santiago and to sail south on the next ship.

BLASTING *caliche* IN THE NITRATE DESERT

A CHILEAN NITRATE MINING CAMP

ANTOFAGASTA, THE NITRATE PORT, HAS ASPHALTED STREETS

"Pierre Palta" Popenoe was an impressive orator. From near the apex of his long, lank frame issued a marvelous bass voice that rumbled and reverberated through the rambling hotel. José contended for thirty-five pesos as compensation for transferring our trio and our five trunks and eight bags from hotel to dock by cart and from dock to steamer by rowboat.

Popenoe stood firmly upon a platform limited to twenty-three pesos. At the end of the third day of spellbinding, during which I distinctly heard the eagle scream thrice, Popenoe definitely discarded José and engaged Ramón at Popenoe's figures. José departed in dudgeon. But he was too much of a business man to remain angry long.

As Ramón rowed us through the breakers toward the bobbing steamer, José passed us in his own boat with two passengers. He had attached himself to the Chilean bridal couple who had permeated Hotel Londres during our stay in Antofagasta, and who were also going south.

As José passed us, close enough to endanger our baggage, which perched upon our rowboat's bows, he waved grandiloquently as if to say, "You see, we Chileans do not recognize defeat!"

CHAPTER II

ISOLATION AND SELF-DETERMINATION

Between the Mountains and the Sea a Hardy Race Has Reared its Home

MATE an army of haughty, adventurous Spaniards with a tribe of indomitable American Indians, allow the two strains to mingle for four hundred years in a remote and rugged region, award the growing human group a long series of martial successes, and there arises South America's most militant nation, the Chileans.

Almagro, Valdivia, and others of Pizarro's devil-may-care followers who fought the Araucanian Indians to a standstill—their standstill, not the Indians'—found themselves in the wilds of South America because they, also, were untamed and untamable.

When the swashbuckling *conquistadores* began to steal Indian women and the Indians to

steal Spanish women, there was laid the foundation of the present population of Chile. The motto of modern Chile is *"Por la razón ó la fuerza,"* which is translated into "By reason or by force," or "By right or by might."

The Chileans are a proud, pugnacious, unbeaten nation of 3,750,000 fighters. They have fought for what they have. For what they may require they are as apt to fight as reason, although they may be counted upon to reason first. Just now they are reasoning with their Peruvian and Bolivian neighbors over the results of the Nitrate War of 1879–83, the *"Banquo's* ghost of South America."

Webster and experience teach that "chili, chile, or chilli" is Spanish for "red pepper." The encyclopedia says Chile, the country, derived its name from the Peruvian-Quechua-Indian words *"chiri,"* meaning "cold," and *"tchili,"* meaning "snow." Chile is, in fact, both hot and cold. It ranges from burning sands on tropical deserts to eternal snows on the Americas' highest mountain and to giant glaciers slipping into the southern polar sea. Although Chile is less than 250 miles wide, it is 2627 miles long from north to south, longer than from New

Orleans to the arctic circle or from New York to San Francisco.

The Chileans are a peppery people who supply the relish for Latin America's political table. Their ambitions have long seasoned South America's history. Through their restless activities they have made Chile a condimental country. Stir up Chile and you get a pungent suggestion of impending trouble. Meet the Chileans casually and they camouflage their national character by phrases most disarming such as their delightful *más ó menos.*

The Chileans are the offspring of isolation. The ancestors of the present inhabitants of this narrow lane between the Andes and the Pacific had to hustle for what they got. When they did not fight man they fought nature. Only within the last forty years has nature revealed its riches to the Chileans. Hence only the fittest have survived in Chile.

Survivors of the early Spanish expeditions into Chile returned to Lima, the City of Kings, with disheartening tales of a goldless country whose unconquerable Indians repelled the white man. In the years following 1535–46 such Europeans as had the stamina to venture into

Chile were compelled to climb the snow-covered Andes, trudge through hundreds of miles of deadly desert, or beat their way in cockle-shell ships around frigid Cape Horn or through the treacherous Magellan Straits. The few who reached their destination found nature smiling only in the Chilean Central Valley between Santiago and Concepción or in a few oases near the sea. Gold and precious stones were scarce. Chile was devoid of sinecures. Early arrivals, seeking plunder instead of development, found little fascination in Chile. For centuries Chile was one of Spain's poorest colonial investments.

Mountains were the millstones and the making of Chile. The Andean crest marked and still marks its eastern boundary. In the north this Andean range averages 15,000 feet in height; toward the center it soars 23,900 feet to the peak of Aconcagua, highest of all American mountains. Farther south, in "Swiss Chile," travelers may cross the divide into Argentina at an elevation of less than 4000 feet. Still farther south the Andes rise again, only to sink into the ocean off Cape Horn.

Many Chileans remember when the only short route between Buenos Aires and Santiago was

through a pass 14,000 feet above the sea penetrated on mule or horse, frequently in blinding blizzards. In 1910 the Transandine Railway, a traction and cog-wheel combination, climbed the sides and tunneled the top of the Andes. In 1914 the Panama Canal was opened to navigation. Chile was in touch with the world.

But during the long critical period of its national development Chile was almost as much of a hermit nation as Tibet. The centuries of isolation—while fresh Spanish legions came out to fight and intermarry with warlike aborigines, and nature was not prodigal with her gifts—bred a centralized, self-sufficient people. Chile became the land of the Chileans.

Chile is still the land of the Chileans. Its population has developed without much immigration. A few Germans came in the fifties to southern Chile. Their descendants are numerous. In Tacna and Arica and elsewhere along the Peruvian border are about 12,000 Peruvians inherited from the Nitrate War. In the nitrate fields are a few thousand Jugoslavs. Living principally in Valparaiso, Santiago, and the Central Valley are some 50,000 pure-blood Spaniards, 25,000 Italians, 15,000 French, and

10,000 English and Americans. In the whole country there are not more than 8000 natives of other Latin-American countries and Armenians, Turks, Syrians, Arabians, Hebrews, Japanese, and Chinese. There are very few negroes. Slavery was abolished in Chile in 1811.

These nationals have intermarried among themselves and with the Araucanians in the south, but fully 3,000,000 of the 3,750,000 Chileans are of Spanish-Indian stock. Immigration remains negligible. There were fewer foreign-born residents in Chile in 1920 than in 1907. From 1910 to 1920 the white people of foreign origin in the United States increased from 32,243,377 to 36,398,953. Chile is not importing population because it has little land for free grants. Chile continues to develop its population.

The Chilean death-rate is about thirty per 1000, largely due to infant mortality, but the birth-rate is about thirty-nine per 1000. Government figures show an increase in Chile's population of 1.52 per cent per annum from 1895 to 1907. "Only five nations increased in population more rapidly than Chile," says the Chilean Blue Book, "Argentina, Uruguay, Aus-

tralia, the United States of North America, and Brazil. But it should be remembered that all of these countries are continually receiving a great influx of immigrants, which is not the case with Chile."

Chile has worked out its own salvation within its borders and principally on its own resources. It has fought in several wars but has had only one revolution, in 1890, when President Balmaceda tried to rule against the wishes of the National Congress. Chilean political parties quarrel bitterly, but nothing happens to national unity.

State railways are equipped to transport troops from the southern port of Puerto Montt fifteen hundred miles through the interior of Chile to Antofagasta, close to the Peruvian border. Chile has two railroads reaching into Bolivia. Forty of Chile's sixty ports are visited by foreign shipping, or were until a new Chilean law limited all coastwise Chilean trade to ships of Chilean registry. Chilean capitalists are reaching out, particularly into Bolivia, to control resources and industries. Chile's control of the nitrate industry is perfected by a world-wide publicity organization. Chile has a snappy army

and, for South America, an efficient navy. It is harnessing its water-power so that it may become a great manufacturing nation.

Since emerging from isolation Chile has taken prominent part in world affairs. While acting as minister of Chile in London, the Hon. Augustín Edwards declared for American solidarity in an address before the Chile-American Association of New York.

"There was a time," he said, "when Latin America was haunted by a specter called Anglo-Saxon Imperialism. To-day not only does no one (at least in Chile) believe in the American peril but every one hopes and expects much of the imagination and effort of the American people. A century ago the intimate and friendly understanding which the illustrious Canning succeeded in establishing with President Monroe consolidated the independence and liberty of all the peoples of America.

"Canning's policy, turning to the New World, as a source of life for the Old, ended, in close coöperation with Monroe, the machinations of the miscalled Holy Alliance and its sinister designs of conquest and reconquest in our continent. Tradition, then, and the very origin of liberty

which we enjoy to-day, both proclaim that Latin America has nothing to fear and much to hope from the harmonious coöperation of the two great Anglo-Saxon powers."

This was the same distinguished Chilean journalist who became president of the League of Nations and presided over the Fifth Pan-American Conference held in Santiago, Chile.

It was a Chilean, Professor Alejandro Alvarez, who proposed to the Institute of International Law at Grenoble a new plan for a World Association of States, to link the League of Nations, the Pan-American Union, and those governments not members of either.

Chile has been able to take its place among the nations of the world because during its isolation the Chileans became a homogeneous people. Now they are "more or less" on their way. And they are going to have their way or know why.

CHAPTER III

THE CLIMBING CITY OF "VALPO" [1]

The San Francisco of the South Has Its Storms of Earth and Air

THE biologist, "Pierre Palta" Popenoe, undertook to get us off the steamer at Valparaiso.

Getting off the steamer at "Valpo" was much more of a sporting proposition than landing at Arica, Iquique, Antofagasta, Coquimbo, or other northern Chilean seaports. It was even more sporting than landing at Mollendo, Peru, where the Pacific waves roll high in the open roadstead and a steam-winch hoists your chair and you from a bouncing launch upon a thrice-welcomed quay. For Valparaiso was the paradise of *fleteros*.

Those initiated in South American travel will understand that, with the exception of Talcahuano-Concepción, the Pacific coast ports from

[1] Copyright, 1923, by Robert M. McBride & Company, Inc.

Panama to Cape Horn are but poorly protected roadsteads, where one lands, if at all, via launch, lighter, or rowboat. This explains why the *fletero* flourishes on the West Coast of South America. This bus man of the sad sea waves was especially numerous and vociferous in Valparaiso, because "Valpo" is the largest of the West Coast ports.

We had rescued Popenoe from the "flu" in Bolivia. He gallantly proposed to rescue us from the *fleteros* in Valparaiso.

From the upper deck of the *Santa Luisa* we surveyed the bobbing fleet of Chilean water taxis, while their chauffeurs talked volubly in sign-language. Each *fletero* displayed a license tag and number. Each pointed with eloquence to the size, color, and gaudy cushions of his skiff. The port captain, harbor police, health inspector, and steamship agent came on board, concluded their business, and departed. The *fleteros* rushed the ship. Those who were not knocked off the emergency ladder presently reached our deck and mobbed us. The air was smoky with conflicting prices and terms.

"Leave it to Dr. Popenoe," advised the

Comandanta. "He will see us through, while we admire Valparaiso," she added.

Popenoe's Colombian-Peruvian Spanish was, in itself, a rebuke to the crude Castilian of the Chilean boatmen baggage hustlers. Popenoe's eloquence and endurance were equal to those of the besiegers. After a few minutes, he shouted above the clamor to us:

"You take the large, blue boat—Fletero Number Twenty-two. He will carry you two, your four trunks and eight bags to the hotel for thirty pesos, three dollars. I am going in the green boat, Fletero Number Forty-three. So-long. I got to hurry. Lots of business for me on shore. Look me up when you reach the Royal."

We thanked him and put our faith in Fletero No. 22, who had deceived Popenoe as to the size of his craft. But, after shipping much water and nearly sliding our trunks into the sea, he landed us at the mole, pushed us gently through the perfunctory custom-house, and delivered us promptly at our hotel room. There we paid and tipped him as became rich Yankees.

Hours afterward Popeno put in an appear-

ance. In spite of his official credentials and government diploma, done in four colors and gold ink, he had been held up because his sample-trunks were filled with fancy fruit and flower specimens. The absurdity of their contents had confused the customs men. Why should a *Yanqui turista* carry such provender as this as personal baggage?

"The Good Samaritan always suffers," I remarked, hurrying away to survey "Valpo."

Valparaiso lies about one third of the way down the coast of Chile, approximately a thousand miles south of Peru. It is one of the great hillside cities of the world.

Awakening in its busy harbor and raising our eyes from the myriad liners, sea-tramps, warships, and lighters riding the water, we had seen to the east a metropolis rising from the sides of a huge horseshoe bay until it became a panorama a thousand feet high. In the picture were bits of Seattle, Messina, Constantinople, Trebizond.

To the commercial man, "Valpo" is, after San Francisco, the most important Pacific port in the Americas. To the historian, the Vale of Paradise reveals a violently checkered career. To the geogolist, Valparaiso is the scene of a dozen dis-

astrous earthquakes. To the laity, the city is surpassingly picturesque.

Cliffs and rocky *cerros,* rising rapidly from the shores, confine lower, older, and nearly level Valparaiso to one or two bay-side streets, excepting toward the north, where a little width has been gained by dumping resisting hills into a hungry sea. On this low-lying bench-land are handsome public buildings, commercial institutions of brick and marble, well appointed hotels, asphalted streets, and—in spite of limited real estate on this narrow plane—broad avenues with many statues, arches, and monuments of technical excellence.

Valparaiso is remote from other metropolitan cities. It is "farthest south" for most of those who journey through South America. The traveler may be surprised, therefore, to find hundreds of shops with varied stocks but a month behind Paris and London styles, and sales-people speaking a diversity of languages, including English.

It is pleasant to wander amid scenes of bustling civilization along the waterfront. Chile exports immense amounts of nitrate of soda and metals through the northern desert ports of Iquique and

Antofagasta close to the tropic of Capricorn. Much lumber and miscellaneous merchandise pass through the southern ports of Peurto Montt and Talcahuano-Concepción. Punta Arenas, nearer the south pole than any other city, is the port for Chile's wool-producing region. There are many other ports along the five thousand miles of Chilean coast-line. None of them equal "Valpo" in amount of business handled. It is the real gateway to Chile. It is also the Pacific terminus of the transandine railroad route to Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina.

A delightful day may be had in the cheerfully clean and colorful suburb and summer resort, Viña del Mar, just north of Santiago.

The real thrill, however, follows a trip by *ascensor* to the elevations where most of the two hundred thousand citizens of Valparaiso reside. In the United States we have Duluth and other cities built upon their hills. In addition to several in Europe and Asia Minor, there is Oriental Hong Kong. One may visit all of these and still stand spellbound at the view toward the sea from the hillside streets of upper Valparaiso.

Many flights of steps and scores of cobbled roads and paths lead to the eminence, but the

ON THE HIGH SPOTS NORTH OF "VALPO"

A FAULT OR RAVINE IN "VALPO'S" HILLS

"VALPO" CLIMBING UP FROM THE BAY

THE INTENDENCIA AT VALPARAISO

ascensor is the most popular and practicable method of reaching the heights. A Valparaiso *ascensor* is an open-air elevator operating at an angle of some twenty degrees, more or less, from the vertical. One is reminded of the "Angels' Flight" in Los Angeles, or the cable-car up Lookout Mountain, as he steps into a cage after paying from two to five cents, according to the current rate of exchange, and during a doubtful moment or two is hauled up the side of the landscape. When he steps from the cage upon a shelf of rock and looks about, his language is a jumble of adjectives.

The old, yet new, city falls away in front, to the right and to the left, in seemingly endless terraces, gardens, palaces, hovels, churches, alleys, avenues, markets, factories, plazas, bathing-beaches. Far below along the ocean side, there is the rapid movement of traffic typical of Chilean commerce. In the crowded harbor ships fly the flags of all nations.

The *ascensores,* of which there are a dozen or so, carry their passengers to an elevation of five hundred feet, *mas ó ménos.* Above the *ascensor* stations rise other heights dotted with homes which in humble or artistic architecture define

particular quarters, subdivisions, or districts. In the early days only the poor clung to the hills, and thousands of their wooden or corrugated iron houses are but partly camouflaged under dun-colored paint. During the last decade the wealthy have invaded the hills, and many mansions look far out to sea and to the city hundreds of feet below.

One can wander for days along the narrow, curving, ambling alleys of this side-hill city, where every few feet may bring a new and more appealing vista, a quainter or more intriguing nook, a more novel shop, church, or walled yard. Motor-cars occasionally penetrate to this region, but they do not ascend on high. More often they twist their way from slope to slope, much as mountain goats crisscross on the face of their feeding-grounds. Not infrequently a delivery-truck will back out of a side street and up a hill crab-fashion, to take advantage of all possible power. But most of the deliveries along the hills of Valparaiso are made on horseback. The Chilean green goods, canned groceries, and other purchases from the "down-town" shops come up in panniers swinging to the sides of sturdy horses or mules. The milk-wagon has four feet in Val-

paraiso. Sometimes the milk-cans are counterbalanced over the horse's back, and the milkman serves his *leche* from door to door, the housemaids appearing with the liter or half-liter measure that represents the daily household demand. At other times the milk merchant drives his stock in trade, and the Chilean partakes of the donkey- or goat-milk fresh from the hoof. If the customer prefers fresh cow's milk, he gets it "from the foot of the cow," according to a literal translation of the Spanish-Chilean idiom. Then he takes it home and boils it.

In the Chilean spring of September and October Valparaiso's floral display is amazing. Apparently all Chileans love flowers, and all nature in Chile is kind to flowering things. The watered terraces are brilliant with wisteria, poppies, roses, pansies, and a rich variety of blossoming trees, shrubs, and plants. So that one may choose an especially advantageous spot, and behold a hanging garden five miles long and hundreds of feet in height. Such a sight would turn old Babylon green.

Of course not all of Valparaiso's flowers are on the far-reaching hills. Out in the swagger Viña del Mar region, and as far along the road

to Santiago as the Jockey Club, Miramar, and Quilpue, there are acres and acres of formal gardens, as well as gardens without apparent design, where the flowers are perpetually indulging in colorful riot. California poppies run wild, recalling the days of '49, when Valparaiso was the way-station for gold-seekers sailing around the Horn. The plants and bushes find keen competition in the acacia, hawthorn, and flowering almond-trees. No wonder Chilean bees are half drunk all of the time.

The most spectacular view of "Valpo" is from the sea or on a return trip along the beach from Viña del Mar after nightfall. No need to paste such a picture in your memory-book. Behind a half-circle of electric lights abreast the bay rise tier on tier of other twinkling points until the more remote of them disappear over the extreme top of the ridge that forms the back drop of nature's stage. From certain perspectives the sharply inclined streets look like an illuminated spider-web, the lights along the curbs winking back at ships' lights in the bay. Even old residents find an ever fresh delight in this super-sized electrical display.

Named the Vale of Paradise in 1536 by the

Spanish *conquistador,* Don Juan de Saavedra of Valparaiso, Seville, it has spread from the wretched Indian village on a narrow bit of beach to a modern metropolis which has filled in the sea and climbed the encroaching *cerros* or hills, compelling nature to give it room to grow.

It was but a small hamlet of a dozen houses, more or less, when Sir Francis Drake sacked it in 1578, and it had barely recovered from this visitation before Hawkins sailed into its harbor and repeated the Drake exploit. Wearied by these experiences and by the subsequent descents upon them of the Dutch pirates, the settlers of Valparaiso added to the charm of the Vale of Paradise by installing eight guns sent from Lima by the viceroy of Peru. In 1684 the Vale became a military post through the erection of a fort on the Cerro de Artillería, near where the naval academy now stands.

In 1791 the Spanish governor, Don Luis de Alvala, made Valparaiso a municipality. It then boasted a population of four thousand.

Man and the elements have repeatedly disputed Valparaiso's right to exist. The little city was virtually destroyed by earthquake in 1730. It was burned in 1818 by the retreating Span-

iards after the final battle of the War of Independence, fought at Chacabuco. There was another disastrous earthquake in 1822. The fire of 1843 caused a loss of $1,000,000. Another fire in 1858 cost the citizens five times that sum. The Spanish navy bombarded it severely in 1866. A great flood descended from a broken dam on the hills in 1888. In 1906 an earthquake snuffed out three thousand lives and destroyed $100,000,000 in property. The city has suffered from many other earthquakes. To-day "Valpo" is one of the finest and most progressive cities in South America.

The unexpected and, for South America, unusual crispness and cleanliness characteristic of the better sections of Valparaiso may be due as much to the large proportion of Anglo-Saxon citizens as it is to the dominance of Caucasian over Indian blood in the population. There is an impressive number of blond men and women, ruddy of cheek, on the streets and in the stores.

Many of the blonds may be German, but repeated experiments in conversation convince one that while English may be "spoken as far as the letter S" in one place, and while, according to another sign, "broken English is spoken here,"

Valparaiso is an English-speaking community.

That there is a cosmopolitan population is demonstrated not only by the shop-signs and street dress but also by government figures. In Chile the Government wants to know about all new-comers. This interest is not merely an exhibition of the far-famed Chilean hospitality. There are many strangers within Chilean gates, some of whom are not in favor with the Government or any other Government. This is the way the Government in power sees it, at any rate. So the chief of police craves your photograph and thumb-prints, and will gladly give you a copy of each to carry about in your pocket, much as is done in Peru. The photographic portrait in this little red-covered *cédula personal* brands you forever as a criminal wretch, but the finger-marks are true to life.

If the non-native should fail to present himself to the police within a certain period, he may be fined from twenty to four hundred pesos. This official identification is particularly insisted upon by the police of Valparaiso and Santiago, the country's largest cities.

Almost as interesting as the terraced hills and the foreign population of "Valpo" are two other

characteristic features of the big Chilean port, the women street-car conductors and the volunteer firemen or *bomberos*.

During the War of the Pacific, the Nitrate War of 1879–83 between Chile and the Peruvian-Bolivian allies, the demand for Chilean men at the front brought women into men's jobs. They began to collect fares on the trams and have been doing so ever since. After a ride or so on the street-cars of Valparaiso, Santiago, or other Chilean cities, the traveler may agree with the dictum that women's place is in the home.

It is not so much the untidiness of these lady tram bosses that intrigues the attention as it is their devil-may-care hats. These models of martial millinery vividly recall the horrors of war, about which General Sherman spoke so eloquently. Constructed of black straw or black patent leather or imitation thereof, the diminutive tram-toppers tip up behind and tip down in front. They might be fetching if they were not so disreputable in appearance. Happily—or unhappily, if you happen to lean toward the bizarre—the old order changeth and a new order from the tram company is banishing the war-

time tram lady's bonnet for a less jaunty but more orthodox cap.

The women tram employees belong to the same union as do the motormen, but the men are better groomed than their feminine co-workers. However, the women work as many hours as do the men and strike just as readily. They all struck, without warning, at four o'clock one summer morning, leaving the street-cars just where the cars happened to be.

Happily there is one Chilean organization that never goes on strike and is always ready for work. It is the volunteer fire-brigade.

It is said that the volunteer fire-department, which is one of the high-color spots in Latin-American life, flourishes with exceptional vigor in "Valpo." At any rate these civilian firemen or *bomberos* of the Fire-Brigade Corps of Valparaiso celebrated the corps' seventieth anniversary in 1921. There was a "march past," a distribution of medals and prizes, and various ceremonies consonant with so auspicious an occasion. Eleven fire-companies were present, and some members of each company received from the first *alcalde* of the city medals for heroism.

The great event of the anniversary was the bestowing of a medal upon Mr. J. D. F. R. Budge, who had completed his seventieth year as an active member of the volunteer brigade. Confined to bed by illness, he received the coveted mark of honor through his son, also a *bombero*.

In countries accustomed to the efficiency of a paid fire-department, there is an inclination to find some amusement in the performance of Valparaiso's volunteer fire-fighters. When the fire whistle blows, they are said to run home for their uniforms before running to the fire. But the *bomberos* do a great deal of real fire fighting, have some modern apparatus, and constitute some of the most valuable social units in Latin-American communities.

That it is not all parade and pastime with the *bomberos* of "Valpo" was disclosed at the seventieth anniversary celebration. The Eleventh Company, composed of British residents, was the loudest in cheering two German boys who had just been released from six months of hospital treatment for injuries received while fighting fire in Valparaiso. Many a volunteer has lost his life in Latin-American fires.

Another element, water, has taken many lives at "Valpo."

Although Valparaiso is the largest port on the Pacific coast of South America, it has a long history of marine disaster to its discredit. The bay is exceedingly deep; anchorage is therefore difficult. There is no natural protection on the north, from which come the most severe storms of the Chilean seaboard.

Hundreds of wrecks lie at the bottom of the bay. Others may be seen along the shore. Millions of dollars of damage has been done to shipping at Valparaiso.

A recent storm came up so suddenly that many ships were unable to hoist anchor and get to sea. It is the custom to seek safety in flight when a "northwester breaks" at "Valpo." Sailors from foundered vessels floated to the landings at the quay, only to be beaten back by the waves. Immense barges were lifted over the new port works. Among the ships that went down were some of German ownership. They had been marooned in the harbor during the World War. One ship sank less than a hundred feet from the shore, but so sharp is the slope of the bottom at

the edge of "Valpo" Bay that only the tip of the wreck's mainmast shows above the water. All the men on board were drowned.

An English corporation has the contract for the extensive harbor works now under construction at Valparaiso. It is expending millions of dollars and accomplishing engineering marvels in placing huge concrete monoliths at various lines of defense decided upon. But the harbor of "Valpo," like so many other harbors on the Pacific coast, is in the wrong place.

After the earthquake of 1906, when whole streets of the business section were in utter wreck, the broken walls were made the basis for new street grades, and the new asphalt surface was laid from four to six feet higher than the old. It was proposed, during this period of reconstruction, to build a new harbor basin in a less exposed place. Such a basin might have been dug at a point midway between the present business center and Viña del Mar, or at Viña del Mar itself. In the latter case influential Valparaiso would have lived in "Valpo" and done business in Viña del Mar, whereas, in a general way, more or less, it may be said that influential "Valpo" now does business in Valparaiso and lives in Viña del Mar.

Viña del Mar is the home of "Valpo's" fashionable set all the year, but it is the gayest spot in all Chile during the summer months of January, February, and March. All of society, including the first, second, and third families from Santiago, is there. Horse-races, tennis, golf, bathing, and the usual round of field sports afford the pleasure-loving people of Chile the opportunity dearest to them—to meet often, converse much, drink somewhat, gamble heavily, and at all times to wear the smartest creations the French modistes can produce.

If it requires something of a stretch of the imagination to describe Valparaiso as the Vale of Paradise, only the carping critic can complain of the name conferred upon Viña del Mar. It may no longer be a commercial vineyard by the sea, but the air and environment of Viña surely put wine into one's blood. It is five hundred miles nearer the equator than is Newport, Rhode Island, and is at about the latitude of Wilmington, North Carolina. The north-bound Humboldt Current laves its abrupt beach with waters fresh from the antarctic. Only the hardiest of Englishmen and Yankees linger in the surf. But Viña del Mar is the Newport of Chile in that

it is, during the Chilean summer, the best place to see the "best people" of Chile at play.

It is also an excellent place to forget that so large a part of Chile's population is "submerged" and that the wealth and culture of this friendly and attractive "California of South America" is confined to some 5 per cent of its people. The swagger Viña del Mar Club, the big hotels, the *quintas* or gardens brilliant with roses, calla-lilies, lilacs, and wisteria, are eloquent of the opulence of those in Chile who have this world's goods. The crowds at the race-course club-house, along the beach, or at the balls in class and costume recall the most expensive watering-places of Europe. So do the prices at which seaside cottages may be leased for the season.

Chile is extending her seaside playground far to the north of Viña del Mar. A magnificent ocean drive winds above the rugged shore to Con Con. This newest of Chilean summer resorts, whose name was bequeathed by the indigenous Araucanian Indians, is twenty miles from Valparaiso. A glorified road-house awaits one at Con Con. There, sheltered by a grove of Australian eucalyptus, which like the Lombardy poplar is making itself at home in so many parts

of Chile, one may feast his eyes on a blue Pacific whose gentle swells are only occasionally whipped into waves by the dreaded winds from the northwest.

One best appreciates the "Valpo" of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow on the motor ride from the Con Con of Araucanian name back along the rocky, deeply indented shores, on the edge of red eroded bluffs where summer castles are supplanting the herdsmen's huts, to Viña del Mar, whose playtime palaces and rumbling cotton and woolen mills contrast the occupations of the leisure and working classes.

Slowly but steadily, manufacturing is finding its place in the scheme of things Chilean. The wealth-producing nitrate deserts of the far north, the gentle fruit-yielding valleys near Coquimbo, Serena, and Huasco, the great "break-basket" between Santiago and Puerto Montt and the Andes and the Coastal Range—a break-basket six hundred miles long and fifty miles wide—the enormous copper mines of Chuquicamata and Rancagua-Sewell, the fisheries of the sea, and the lumber of the southern, rain-soaked archipelago—all these will produce the wherewithal for the nation's life. But manufacturing

in the modern sense of mass production is to be the industrial salvation of the "Swiss of South America." The Viña del Mar mills are, therefore, significant signs of the times.

More signs of times present and times that were are found when the car has rolled into old Valparaiso along six miles of highway paralleling the steam railroad that shuttles the fifty thousand commuters between Viña and "Valpo."

Valparaiso has not forgotten the great earthquake of 1906. In its way, and in proportion to its population, the Vale of Paradise was quite as hard hit as was San Francisco in the same year. Save for photographs which are still for sale in "Valpo," there is almost nothing to recall the ruin caused by *temblor de tierra,* fire, and flood. Where the ruin of 1906 was greatest are avenues with asphalt pavements, long rows of restored wholesale houses, and the white stone arch surmounted by the British lion and erected by the British colony as a gift to Valparaiso when Chile celebrated its hundredth year of independence from Spain. There are palm-bedecked plazas, commemorative pillars, fountains, the beautiful National Library, and other structures apparently designed to last forever.

But the dwellers in the Vale of Paradise remember that when the earthquake came in 1906 blocks of buildings in the lower section of the city—that portion builded on the sands and mud-wash from the hills—tumbled into ghastly wreckage, while the upper town escaped almost unscathed.

So as Valparaiso grows it grows upward.

The great banking center, where there are more banks from more different countries than one would think could live in so small a city, clusters close to Plaza Sotomayor, which lies between the mole and the hills. Plaza Sotomayor is on solid ground. The rocks are all around it. In its center is a monument to Chile's great naval hero, Captain Arturo Prat. On either side are housed the shipping concerns. Like the wholesale houses they must remain near the water's edge. Back of Plaza Sotomayor, almost in the shadow of the *cerro,* is the Intendencia, or palace of the governor of the department.

Clinging to the sharp slopes above are thousands of corrugated iron and adobe shacks, homes of the poor who live an eery, precarious existence. But within the last ten years more and more of the wealthy have joined this colony of cliff-

dwellers. Mile after mile, street after street, the hills about Valparaiso are being peopled with those who build well and for years to come.

"In the hills we shall not suffer from earthquakes," these builders say. "Moreover, the air is purer, the water safer, the view more entrancing than for those on the lowlands."

Thus Valparaiso climbs, and as it climbs so climb the growing towns along the shore from Viña del Mar to Con Con.

Perhaps the south-bound voyager of another generation, as he welcomes the green hills of "Valpo"—after days of dreaming along a dreary desert coast—will gaze amazed at a city which, in growing out of its swaddling clothes, has, because of environment, attained the stature of a giant.

CHAPTER IV

ONE SUNDAY IN SANTIAGO DE CHILE

Morocco, Spain, and the Western World Mingle in Chile's Capital

THE city of Santiago, soul center of Chile, stirs in the Sunday sun of a warm October morning. The green of a belated spring stretches across the longitudinal valley and half-way up the Andes, whose snow-caps overlook the capital, pride of the Chilean nation.

On Alameda de las Delicias *roto* street-sweepers, armed with fiber brushes, scatter dust from clay-covered promenades, such being the manner of sweeping in South America. The earliest of the Sunday loungers retreat before the advancing cloud or cling philosophically to their enveloped benches. The bronze lion, gift of the Swiss colony in Santiago, all but coughs on his granite pedestal at the corner of Delicias and Calle Riquelme.

Hurrying to the first of the Sunday masses

celebrated in Santiago's hundred Roman Catholic churches between the hours of six and twelve, thousands of black-clad girls and women dodge the dust-disturbers, the rolling *coches,* or the speeding taxis. In their somber garb—accentuated by the black lace mantilla or the close-wrapped black *manta,* which continue to hold against the hat for church attire—these devotees mourn for husbands, fathers, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and more remotely distant relations, including cousins four times removed. Not many of the dominant sex are en route to church, for most men in Latin America worship vicariously.

Brilliantly painted milk-wagons dispute curb space with gaudily colored wine-carts, each intent upon its Sunday morning delivery of beverages in greatest demand. Each two-wheeled vehicle is mounted high, behind spirited horses with ears always pricked forward. One horse draws the precious burden between orthodox thills. A companion draft-animal pulls abreast, with tugs attached to an extra singletree. If there is an unusually heavy load, a third horse takes exposed position on the right flank of Horse No. 2. Be-

tween delivery stops, the equine squad moves forward with imposing celerity.

If, in scrubbing a front door-step or airing a corridor, Margarita, the maid, leaves the street-door ajar or the window-shutter swung back, the itinerant bottle-buyer, fish-seller, or orange-peddler bawls his supplication through the providential opening and will not be denied.

Masculine youths of the land begin to assemble in the plazas and boulevards, where they preen themselves for Sunday appraisement of the Chilean beauties who will soon pass in review. Suburban electric trams and heavy American motor-cars slip toward the budding country, carrying those who believe that communion with nature is the preferable form of religion.

There are services in the Union Church for believers not of Roman Catholic or Episcopalian persuasion. The Scotch-Canadian minister preaches to an audience of sixty, almost equally divided between the sexes. His conservative sermon, liberally interlarded with text and quotation, is addressed particularly to the American boys and girls before him. There are

hymns approved by the Presbyterian churches of many countries.

The church melodeon is attuned to just such a self-conscious choir as one may find on a Sabbath morning in Red Oak, Iowa. Present in the front row of volunteer singers are the proverbially pretty maidens who peek demurely over their hymn books and muffle the voice with modest lips. My Comandanta turns, by accident, to the hymn of her least liking, "Work, for the Night Is Coming," and is immensely relieved to discover that she has the wrong number.

These union services have a semi-cheerfulness, a rejoicing in the Lord, not experienced at the Episcopal Memorial Church, where venerable rector and unimpassioned English devotees go through the form and ceremony of the established church, and permit the visitor to escape, unaided and unwelcomed, into the blessed sunlight.

Between the hours of eleven and twelve all the churches and the cathedral discharge their feminine congregations. The señoras assemble on sun-drenched benches in preparation for the Sunday *paseo*. The señoritas, now garbed in

gay organdies, march arm in arm in endless procession around and around the Plaza de la República while the military band plays popular or operatic airs and the handsome señoritos parade in opposite direction or survey the scene in solemn motionless rows.

Beneath the band-stand, where the ancient Plaza Hotel overlooks the square, the most critical of these gallant *caballeros* form compact ranks and give connoisseurs' attention to this Chilean beauty-show. Cadets from the Military Academy or the San Bernardo School for Non-Commissioned Officers, soldiers and sailors in active service, frequently tip the hat to chance acquaintances or exchange comments upon the girls under observation. The mere civilians are less ceremonial. Members of the latter class of admirers may occasionally raise the hat to an *enamorada.* But in Chile, as in the world at large, the warrior's uniform and the maiden's eyes have mutual attraction. And, because it is *costumbre* (custom), the Chilean girls walk with determined step, shoulders squared, and head erect, and look straight in the eye of youths whose audible and quite personal remarks do not offend their subjects.

With the Comandanta in the lead, we work our way through the mass of masculine and feminine beauty as it mills about the broad dirt promenades of the Alameda de las Delicias, which also has its quota of Sunday paraders. There is little vacant space here at this hour, although it is more than three hundred feet between the bordering mansions of marble, brick, concrete, and stucco; and there are tiled walks, asphalted thoroughfares for vehicles, cobbled street-car tracks, four wide paths, and two wider thoroughfares for pedestrians. Many of the latter are indulging in *dulces* and *pasteles* or cakes, sold by the itinerant merchants whose activities gave the avenue its last name.

Past the monuments to unforgotten heroes, erected in this and other public gathering-places with commendable prodigality, we force our way to the flower-market at Delicias and Calle Estado. On long wooden tables beneath the poplar-trees the *rota* women have spread a hypnotizing array of floral beauty.

These women have appraised the "North American señorita," just as the Santiago peddlers of puppies have assayed me. There is a sharp, almost acrimonious debate between the

Comandanta and the flower retailers, and we return to our home, Calle Riquelme 40, in state and a debilitated Victoria. The Comandanta's arms encircle a brilliant mass of those spring-time blossoms she can never resist.

At an expenditure of nine pesos, equivalent in value to less than one dollar of United States currency, she has acquired one dozen pink peonies, three huge bunches of white star-flowers, three dozen corn-flowers, a large bowlful of sweet peas, a generous sheaf of ferns, and a sweet-smelling shock of white *ilusión* whose delicacy is irresistible. The last two items come under the head of *llapa.* One must always contend for *llapa* when purchasing at the Chilean markets. The word, as used by the *roto* of Chile and the low-caste Peruvian *cholo,* has not the dictionary meaning, "quicksilver for amalgamation." It is probably of Quechua Indian origin and corresponds to the Mexican *propina,* meaning "gratuity." As the unorientated Yankee is overcharged about 100 per cent, we accept our *llapa* with feelings of limited thanksgiving.

Of course there must be a Sunday morning photograph of the flower-bearing Comandanta as she stands amid the palms, orange-trees, grape-

vines, roses, and eucalyptus of our garden. Our flowers are made to grace the patio and dining-room, replacing the roses, flags, lilacs, California poppies, and peach-blossoms of a previous purchase.

After the bountiful one-o'clock breakfast demanded by the mundane Yankees, who are not fully sustained by the toast and coffee of Chilean *desayuno,* there is a long walk around the Cerro Santa Lucía, through the Parque Forestal to El Palacio de Bellas Artes, and a call upon Señor and Señorita Patrick Pescador, recently arrived from Cuba.

Comes then a survey of the Pescadors' new home on Calle Merced, with many audible comments, accompanied by certain reserved comparisons—for one always likes one's own nest best—and at four o'clock we are homeward bound. The evening chill of Santiago's springtime streets does not subdue the gaiety of groups and troops of students costumed as Harlequins and Columbines, clowns and courtiers, or masked by charcoal and grease-paint, celebrating El Día de la Raza (the day of the race). Mingling with those on *fiesta* are marching companies of uniformed boys and girls from parochial schools,

marshaled by nuns and priests in preparation for the great religious procession in honor of the Virgin of Carmen, patron saint of the army.

The Carmen procession blocks our path from the Alameda de las Delicias to our house in Riquelme, and so we take position nearer a palm-tree on the parkway as the thousands who line the route crowd closer to the curb. The brass and crash of military bands is heard far down the avenue. The *rotos,* or poorer classes, mass around us on the ground; the upper classes have places of vantage in the windows of houses over the way. A *chicha* peddler sells his grayish fermentation of the grape or maize at two centavos the glass. This drinking receptacle is common to the multitude, a Chilean loving-cup. An Indian woman squeezes into the Comandanta's comparatively choice position and sits down to nurse a baby.

The chattering of the crowd, which is probably carrying its proportion of the five thousand small-pox cases flourishing among Santiago's half-million inhabitants, increases as the vanguard of the pageant reaches our station. We exchange comments upon the dubious situation. But one does not see a Carmen religious procession every

day. And there is no escaping the crush even if we will; so we stay.

In answer to the charge that the men of Chile are not interested in their religion, there is enranked, near the head of the demonstration, a regiment of bareheaded civilians who march solemnly in column as mute evidence of the strength of the church in this South American state. Company after company, they tramp by, silently, eloquently, impressively. The warmth of the spring sun is now thoroughly dissipated in the gray gloom of the evening. Chilling winds blow down from the clouded mountains. The men continue their slow, dignified parade. Of various ages are these witnesses for the church that they attend so seldom. White, gray, and black hair crowns faces of great earnestness and intelligence.

There is more chattering by the *rotos* when the first military band plays past, just ahead of the national colors. All hats are doffed to the Chilean flag—broad red stripe, short white stripe, and white star inset on the cornering field of blue. Excitement increases as chanting priests prepare the way for a spectacular float, emblematic of military power on land or sea and in air. A

whirling aëroplane propeller projects from the front of a wide platform rolling on four huge wheels; field-pieces and naval guns point fore and aft; a model of the earthly globe supports a highly colored image of the Virgin, in whose arms is borne the figure of a large child with pendent golden curls and long white dress.

The *rotos* bare the head and cross themselves with muttered supplication. Mounted bands and bands on foot alternate with the rigidly erect company from the Escuela Militar, a battalion from the crack Puedeto Regiment, the rumbling field-artillery, and a squadron of lance-bearing *cazadores*. The polished brass of the helmet spikes, the field-gray uniforms, the stiff, snappy carriage, the immaculately clean and new accoutrement bespeak the German régime that passed with the World War.

Four blocks away, in front of the Presidential Palace or Moneda, the *policia montada* or mounted police are herding into side streets a marching, singing, but obedient mob of unemployed. Red banners and incendiary speeches have been resorted to in their demonstration before the seat of government. Now the marching men in brown are working their way back toward

the River Mapocho and the north side of the city, where the state has given them food and barracks in the slum section.

As darkness falls, hundreds of hurrying motor-cars pass into and through the Alameda. The greater number come from Club Hipico, the million-dollar race-course where ten thousand Chileans have shouted their ecstasy or chagrin at the results of the thoroughbreds' running and one hundred thousand Chilean pesos have changed hands at each race.

Entering the Alameda from the east via Plaza Italia are other Chileans, for the most part on the two-storied German-made street-cars. They come from the Sports Field at Nuñoa and are excitedly discussing the latest match in the International Soccer Ball League. Thousands emerge from especial Sunday cinema matinées, still laughing at Carlitos Chaplin in "El Pibe" ("The Kid").

All make haste toward a tardy tea, either in the tea-shops of the "center," at hospitable homes, or in the clubs. The more socially favored attend some exclusive *te danzante,* which may last until nine o'clock. Others take seats for the first evening program of pictures

and mild vaudeville at the cinema, running from six thirty until nine. By government order saloons or *cantinas* are closed on Sunday as well as on Saturday night. Those who belong to clubs, of which the Latins are especially fond, may linger at liquid service *ad libitum;* but most of Santiago sits down to Sunday dinner by nine thirty Sunday night, and the large family circle is generally complete.

At such a family dinner there are served, perhaps, a cocktail or two, from six to eight courses with one or two light wines, and a concluding *café con leche.* There may be from ten to thirty guests, for the Chileans are patriarchal when it comes to family ties. And at midnight the day is over and Santiago has taken itself to bed.

As the magnet about which the nation revolves, Santiago is subject to much criticism and has had bestowed upon it much praise. It is the home of most of Chile's clerical and educational institutions; the residence of her wealthiest and most aristocratic families; the Mecca for all Chileans who have social or intellectual aspirations; the scene of the majority of the year's important political, religious, and financial assemblies; the curator of the country; the director of

its destinies. Most of its homes are built on the patio plan inherited from Morocco. Since Pedro de Valdivia surveyed it into Spanish squares in 1541 it has been a city upon which Chilean civilization has centered. Throughout the succeeding years it has retained one tenth of the country's population.

In spite of scattering slum districts, Sántiago ranks as a relatively clean metropolis, with many broad avenues, well kept parks, delightful drives, cultural advantages. It was a busy municipality before the inception of Boston or New York. It has flourished and developed through the days of Spanish *conquistadores,* Araucanian Indian massacres, and bloody battles between soldiers of a revolting colony and armies of a determined mother-country. It has seen civil combats, disastrous earthquakes, sanguinary wars with Bolivia and Peru, and visitations of fire, pestilence, and sudden death.

To-day it is metropolitan and cosmopolitan, after its own fashion. For generations many of its first families have been educated in Europe. There is a marked French atmosphere about the shops. The better-class women dress in the Parisian mode six months in advance of their sisters

in North America. One had only to be in Santiago when General Mangin—hero of Verdun—paid his diplomatic visit to realize the strength of the French colony. There is a large English representation in commercial circles. The President of the Republic of Chile is of Italian strain, although his mother was a Chilean and he was born in Chile. German newspapers, clubs, drug-stores, public-service corporations, and even kaiser-like mustaches are in evidence. The United States is sending more of its men and women to the Chilean capital each year. At almost any public gathering one may hear half a dozen languages spoken.

But with all its accumulation of foreign influence, Santiago is typically and distinctly Chilean. With its stimulating climate, at the head of the country's most productive valley, four hours from the sea, it has assimilated while it has been influenced, until it has become almost a replica of Mexico City, plus an intangible touch that appeals in a manner individual among South American capitals.

CHAPTER V

THE MARCHING MEN IN BROWN

The Roto, Who Does the Nation's Work, Exhibits His Consciousness of Class

A MARCHING mob of brown-clad beings thumped over the coblestones of Calle Riquelme in the gloom of a November night. Through the barred door and the tightly closed shutters of our Santiago domicile, the Comandanta and I heard, above the clatter of wooden-shod feet, the melancholy wail of an unmusical proletariat. I shifted my reading-lamp, relighted my pipe, and glanced comfortably about the cozy, well rugged room. The noise without increased. The wail became a dirge-like hymn, discordant, pathetic, depressing. The clatter of wooden-shod feet became annoying.

"The *rotos* are out again," I remarked, turning the pages of Laura Jorquera's "En Busca de un Ideal" (In Search of an Ideal).

Margarita, our Chilean maid, silently removed

the after-dinner coffee-cups from our *sala.* I called her back.

"What 's the row about to-night, Margarita?" I inquired.

"It is the idle *obreros* [workers] from the saliter fields. It is the demonstration for the starving Russians and the imprisoned Italians," she replied in her Spanish idiom, and pattered to the kitchen.

I grunted and returned to "En Busca de un Ideal." Outside our ground-floor windows the march continued. The wail attained a higher key. The women were bringing up the rear. I threw down "En Busca" in despair.

"Guess I 'll go out and see what the beggars are demonstrating about to-night," I remarked, found my hat and stick, released the great iron bar from the front door, and sallied into the dark.

Trailing the procession of singing, tramping *rotos,* I caught up with them in Alameda de las Delicias, which stretches its broad way from Plaza Italia at the junction of Parque Forestal and the Mapocho River to the great Estado Railway near Quinta Normal. Alameda de las Delicias is the main artery of Santiago's life.

It is the parade-ground of all Chilean classes. Between its palaces and beneath its flowering trees occur the *paseos* of the socially secure and the mass-meetings of the classes rising from the depths.

The *rotos* had stopped near the monument to San Martín, liberator of colonial Chile. Impassioned speakers bewailed the fate of their brethren in far-off Russia, who, having overthrown a vile aristocracy, were now starving for want of recognition. They reviled the United States of North America for imprisoning the Italian patriots Sacco and Vanzetti. They demanded that their President, Don Arturo, right these and the many wrongs they suffered. They were idle and hungry.

The speakers pointed to crudely printed and dimly illuminated signs carried by their brethren. The brown-faced, brown-clad mob cheered the legends, "Viva el Trotsky!" "Viva el Lenine!" "Viva el Revolución Ruso!" "We Demand the Liberation of Our Comrades, Sacco and Vanzetti!" "Down with the Bourgeois Régime!" "Down with Tyranny!" "Let Us Form Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils!" (these of course in their idiom).

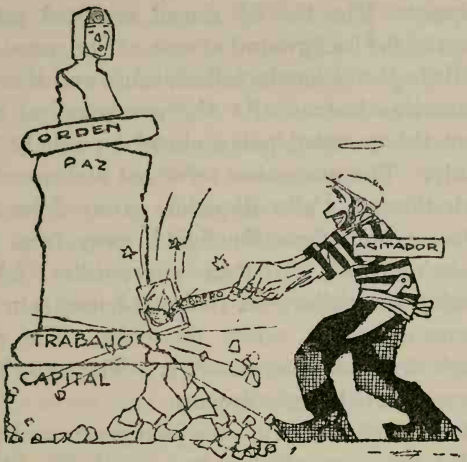
IN SANTIAGO'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT

SANTIAGO'S SKY-SCRAPER, THE ARISTIA

A BIT OF ALAMEDA DE LAS DELICIAS, SANTIAGO

EL AGITADOR EN ACCION

Tomado del diario que aparece todos los días titulado, "El Obrero Ilustrado"



No quiero capital, no quiero trabajo, no quiero patria, no quiero paz ni órden. Sólo quiero huelgas, mitines, revolución social, anarquía, comunismo, bolcheviquismo; quiero colectas para mí, quiero que todos coticen para mí, y yo no cotizar para nadie, no quiero ser gobernado por nadie y yo quiero gobernarlo todo, quiero ser en una palabra, absoluto en la potencia del salvajismo

El Obrero Ilustrado
SAN ALFONSO 63

ANENT THE PROFESSIONAL LABOR LEADER

This typical Santiago newspaper cartoon represents the "Red" as smashing *trabajo* (labor) which rests on capital and supports liberty, order, and peace. The text, roughly translated, is:

THE AGITATOR IN ACTION

I don't want Capital. I don't want Work. I don't want Patriotism. I don't want Peace or Order. I only want Strikes, Mutinies, Social Revolution, Anarchy, Communism, Bolshevism. I want Collections for me. I want to Fix Prices for Myself but for no one else. I want to be Governed by no one, I want to Govern every one. I want to be absolutely the Last Word in all Power.

The mob milled about and grew more excited, more tense. The speakers waxed more eloquent. The heavily armed mounted police stood in the background at ease. The *rotos,* led by their professionals, talked, sang, and cheered themselves hoarse. At the psychological moment the mounted police closed in, calmly but firmly. The procession reformed and marched back through Calle Riquelme, away from the palaces, away from the lights, away from the flowering trees to their *conventillos* (slum courts), their *albergues* (lodging-houses), in the tenement section across the river. The evening's demonstration was over. The *roto* idealists were left to their dreams.

In daylight or dark, such pictures formed and faded before us during our months in Chile. They were the panorama of Chile's labor problem. They were the cinema of the social question in a struggling nation at the far end of South America.

If I picked up a daily paper during breakfast in our sunny garden, there would be the story of a battle between the police or soldiers and *los albergados de San Ignacio* (idle workers) or of some other part of the city, with lists of dead

and injured. Or my eye would alight upon an illustrated account of a mass-meeting of laborers in the plaza facing El Teatro Municipal to do honor to the funeral cortège of "Albergado Luis Reveco," killed in action. On the following day there might be a two-column discussion of the grave danger of the typhus epidemic; on the next, the exultant announcement that at a special meeting of the faculty of medicine of the University of Chile, the distinguished Señor Arturo Atria had discussed the discovery of the agents that produced the *viruela* (smallpox) then so prevalent.

Young men in military uniform called periodically at our door and politely insisted on seeing a vaccination certificate for each one there resident. They stopped vehicles and pedestrians with the same insistence. They even made young women exhibit their vaccination scars. In one such case the ceremony was observed in a convenient doorway on a busy street; the scar was near the knee.

It all went back to the *albergados*. There were thousands of these idle men in Santiago, brought there by a centralized Government in the hope that they might be shipped out to some

job-furnishing region. But Chile, like countries less remote from the World War, was in distress. The Chilean peso cost us ten American cents where we should have paid thirty or more. It was as if we were home in Chicago living on dollars that cost us only thirty-three and a third cents. It was delightful for us but difficult for our Chilean friends.

It was most difficult of all for the *rotos.* After waiting three hundred years for their promised land they had arrived, politically, only to find it barren. In nitrate fields, copper-mines, iron-mines, coal-mines, farms, forests, and fisheries there was no market and no labor. They were children at sea, cheerful but benumbed.

Then arose the professional agitator. He bobbed up from New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, London, Paris, Moscow, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon. Some one, something had plugged the cornucopia that hung over the *rotos'* heads, and nothing but grief oozed upon them from the horn of plenty. Why? It was easy work for the professional agitators. Undoubtedly Chilean labor, with few exceptions, had been getting a rotten deal from capital.

Chile has an abundance of national heroes,

many of them worthy. Statues of Caupolicán, the Araucanian Indian warrior; Pedro de Valdivia, who founded Santiago; San Martín, who crossed the Andes to fight for Chilean liberty; of Simón Bolivar, who finished lifting the Spanish yoke from South America; General Bernardo O'Higgins, first ruler of the republic; Manuel Montt, President during the progressive years 1851–61; and a score of other men of national note decorate Santiago and other Chilean cities.

But when Santiago wants to rear a statue to her outstanding national hero, it will be that of a half-caste, the Chilean *roto.* He has done the work and fought the battles of his nation since it stepped from its swaddling-clothes. He can and will work harder and longer on less food than any other human being. He demands fewer creature comforts than the Japanese, the Chinese, or the negro. He is powerful, loyal, fearless, dirty, immoral, and, when he has good luck, drunk. But he is imbued with the dauntless spirit of his Spanish-Indian ancestors, blessed with a sense of humor, and, in the last decade, endowed with a growing consciousness of class.

He is still the same *roto* at whose strength Darwin marveled in 1833. On most of the

Chilean farms, he is still the semi-servile *inquilino* who lives on a bit of his master's estate and is constantly in debt to his overlord. In the Lota coal-mines, he is a persistent creature who labors long hours under the ocean bed for small wages, which he wastes in drunken riots at the end of each month, then lays off until he sobers up—unless he has fallen in some brawl with the *carabineros*. He has long been the victim of circumstance and of medieval social institutions, but he is coming into his own. Like most Chileans he has fought to get a toe-hold.

During most of the time I lived in Santiago, he was marching, marching, marching. He was idle and the ward of his Government, but he did n't like it. The papers uncovered a scandal in connection with the supplies of food and drink he was supposed to get. He indulged in a demonstration in Alameda de las Delicias.

I saw that demonstration. The *rotos* gathered in response to a public announcement of a "mass-meeting to protest against current conditions," this time at the foot of the Simón Bolivar monument. A paid employee of some interest, I know not what, mounted the steps of the monu-

ment and read a long harangue against the Government. At each climax some zealous one would shout, "Down with the Government!" whereupon a mounted policeman would ride into the throng, and drag the offender out where a policeman on foot could kick him viciously, after which two mounted men would seize the offender by the hands and gallop with him to the police station. That was one way the authorities had of spotting the ringleaders. Some of them needed spotting. They were making fools of the *rotos,* and they were for the most part outlanders, imported agitators.

The Chilean prefers to keep his own house in order. This was emphasized repeatedly in the Chilean papers. The professional agitator was represented in the local cartoons as smashing the rock of "Trabajo" (Labor), which rested on Capital and supported Liberty, Order, and Peace. The *rotos* undoubtedly had a strong but badly handicapped friend in President Don Arturo Alessandri. They had made him, and they expected him to make them. They called upon him often, and he did the best he could for them. I called upon him often,

also. During one of my calls I put the question, "What does your Excellency regard as Chile's most pressing problem?"

His answer was, "The social problem."

"How do you propose to solve it?" I queried, and he replied slowly:

"The solution of the social problem affects national production and the welfare and happiness of the greater part of my countrymen, more or less; so I feel bound to give it special attention. I believe the best solution will be found in giving the people liberal education, in fighting alcoholism and social evils through propaganda, and in wise administrative and legislative measures.

"I uphold with due enthusiasm, the granting of a labor code by our National Congress which sustains the principles of Clause Thirteen of the Versailles Treaty and also those adopted by the New York Conference of October, ninteen nineteen. This code establishes conditions surrounding a labor contract; compels clean and economical quarters for laborers; establishes eight hours as the day's work and fixes salaries therefor; provides for indemnities for accidents to laborers, and for old age, sickness, and death insurance;

DON ARTURO TALKS TO HIS BACKERS

CHILEAN *rotos* WHO DO THE WORK OF CHILE

A CHILEAN TENEMENT IN SANTIAGO

and in general looks to the physical, moral, intellectual, and material welfare of the laborer.

"The code recognizes the laborer's right to a certain degree of comfort, because he is a human being. It also recognizes him as an economic factor who will be more efficient and valuable if to his physical strength are joined a moral standard and a cultivated intelligence.

"These laws, proposed and defended by my Government, are meant to harmonize Capital and Labor, taking as a basis human solidarity and social justice. Capital and Labor are the great economic factors of a country, and—well aware of their immense importance—my Government works for the solution of these problems with all the energy it can muster.

"The problem of employment is only transitory with us. As soon as the nitrate plants begin to work again, all the unemployed will find work and maintenance. In the mean time my Government has started emergency work on railways, highways, seaports, and drainage."

Probably I shall never again come so close to witnessing a revolution as during those days in Chile. Clashes between *rotos* out of jobs and police or soldiers shooting to kill were so fre-

quent that I became calloused. I lost sight of their significance. But a hungry mob is a hungry mob. In Chile the *roto* mob was meat for the agitators, who spent many busy hours in filthy slum courts fomenting demonstrations that frequently ended in death.

Such a demonstration occurred outside the Congreso, where the National Congress was in session. Certain senators had been petitioned by the *rotos* and had not responded satisfactorily. The brown-clad *rotos* sought audience as the senators passed into the building. There was a dispute. The police were called. Some of the *rotos* fell. The rabble was dispersed. In the National Library overlooking the scene, I continued my conversation with Señor Ramón Laval, assistant librarian; its thread had been broken while he remarked, "Ah, yes, the *rotos.*"

Three hundred thousand Chilean laborers—largely *rotos*—were organized at that time, organized and unionized, with some good men at their heads. When they became organized, they automatically became *obreros,* a higher class. I believe the good men among the *obreros* kept the country out of civil war, al-

though they kept the unions on strike much of the time.

When tobacco factory employees in Valparaiso struck for an advance of from 20 to 40 per cent in wages, all the union men in Valparaiso struck in sympathy. Docks, street-cars, *ascensores,* bakeries, factories, were idle for three days. The street-cleaners were assaulted and their brooms broken; policemen were stoned. "Viva el Soviet!" was heard through the city.

Similar strikes occurred in Santiago. Yet there was organization in the strikers' action. And, in the end, the powers made peace with them. There was something tangible about such demonstrations. With mobs of idle *rotos* or *albergados,* it was different. They felt their common want and sought blindly in every direction to satisfy it. Nine men were killed in battle at Lota, in the coal fields, in one day.

For a number of weeks, the safety of the nation depended largely upon the personality, the persuasive powers, and the popularity of one man, Don Arturo Alessandri, President of Chile, and upon the armed force represented by the army and the navy.

CHAPTER VI

A *REVISTA MILITAR*, AND OTHERS

All Chileans Applaud Their Army, Made by Germans, and Their Navy, English Trained

CHILE'S Fourth of July falls upon the eighteenth of September. On that day, in 1810, a Council of Government, formed in Santiago, forced the resignation of the last Spanish colonial governor, and the Republic of Chile was born.

Like our own nation, Chile had an adventurous youth, but because the Chileans are fundamentally Latin they have happily preserved the *fiesta* habit. The greatest of their *fiestas,* the Dieciocho, celebrates one day, the eighteenth of September, but lasts a week.

The Comandanta and I had hurried from Cuzco, Peru, via La Paz, Bolivia, to join in Chile's great national celebration. We reached Santiago on September 16. On the following day we saw the first part of the Dieciocho—the

revista militar, or Chile's annual dress-parade.

Among the bromidic questions foreigners ask Chileans is, "Have you a good army?"

To which, the unvarying reply is, "The finest in South America!"

Pride is one of Chile's virtues. If the visitor fails to fire with enthusiasm, the Chilean says: "Go out to Parque Cousiño and see the *revista militar.*" And there we were.

Parque Cousiño is the Central Park of Santiago. It is about a mile long and a half mile wide, green with eucalyptus, acacias, poplars, magnolias, myrtles, and a variety of shrubs, vines, and grasses. In the center is a great, grassy oval, flanked by a grand stand.

We took our grand-stand seats facing the snow-topped Cordillera, which is the glory of Chile. Surrounding the parade-ground were thousands of motor-cars and wooden carts, mingling the new day and the old. Back of these, in shade and sun, were other carts, in and around which a mass of common Chilean humanity ate *dulces* or *empanadas,* Chilean cousin of our own dear pancake, sang to the thrumming of guitars, solemnly danced the national "Zamacueca," or hilariously drank the national *chicha.*

Horses, dogs, children, and parents joined in the family lunches. Brown-ponchoed *huasos* from the country rode high on tough and tricky Chilean horses, whose sides they pricked with great silver spurs, as became Chilean cowboys. The Yankees are not the only folks who enjoy Fourth of July picnics.

At two thirty his excellency Don Arturo Alessandri, President of the Republic, in his red and blue state coach—followed by other silk-hatted gentry in highly colored carriages, and by a brilliantly uniformed staff and the imposingly arrayed commander-in-chief of the division, General Don Luis Altamarino, accompanied by the Lieutenant Colonel Don Ignacio Caviedes, Mayor Don Mauricio Hartard, Captain Don Arturo Paredes, and Captain Adjutant German Vergara—reviewed the crack troops drawn up in line. The regimental bands played, and the troops sang the national hymn, while grand stand, motor-cars, and citizens on foot applauded. The President and his staff returned to the *tribuna* or reviewing-stand, and the annual military show was on.

For an hour or more, regiment after regiment passed in review. Each regimental band—a

German-looking band with German instruments and instrumentation, playing a simple German *ta-ta—ta-ta—ta-ta-ta-ta-ta—ta* march—led until it reached the reviewing-stand, where it wheeled to one side, while its regiment in battalion formation and gray-green uniform with spiked or plumed helmets gave the goose-step salute to the President and the military men of the hour. Then the band fell in behind, while its regiment marched stiffly to the end of the parade-ground, wheeled about, and came to rest in one of the parallel lines facing the reviewing-stand.

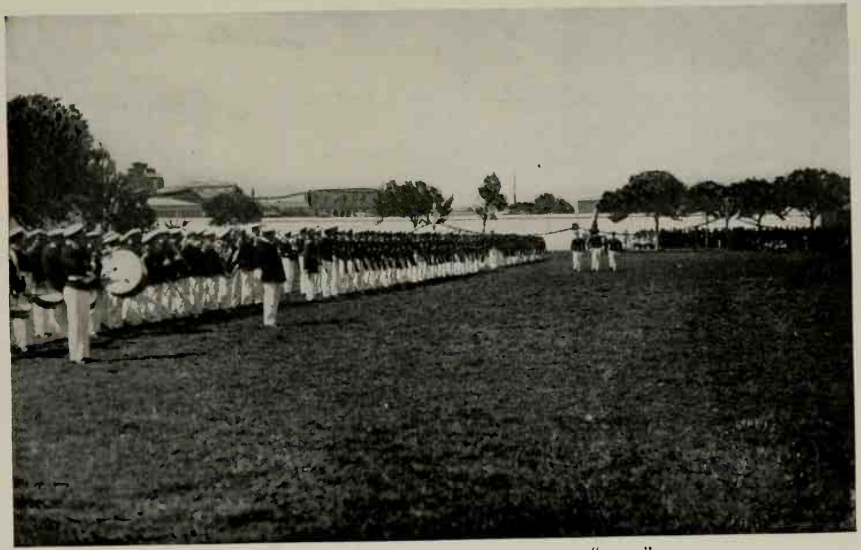
As the different smart organizations from the Santiago Military School, the school for non-commissioned officers, the Buin Regiment, Pudeto Regiment, Ferrocarrillos Regiment, the mountain artillery, the Tacna Regiment, and the cavalry regiments executed this manœuver the Chileans roared approval.

Then they roared in amusement. For a mongrel brindle pup, scion of all the dog families in Chile, had volunteered for the day. As each regiment goose-stepped past the President of the Republic, the brindle pup dropped in behind the regimental color-bearer, proudly trotted the length of the grand stand, faced about at the

end of the field, and hurried back to repeat the performance with the next regiment. He was the most popular pup among the myriad pups attending the annual *revista militar,* and the Chileans voiced their sense of humor without reserve.

Even President Alessandri joined in the joke. Every one laughed but the troopers. Straight-faced, straight-backed, straight-eyed, straight-legged, they snapped past their chief of state in speckless uniforms and glinting armament. I wondered how the French General Mangin had felt when that same group of crack regiments had exhibited the same German efficiency before him not so many months before, during his visit to South America. I had to admit that the Chilean army as I saw it looked like an army ready and willing to fight. It exhibited plenty of pep. The German military mission had gone, but its imprint remained. Perhaps the new British military mission can put a new stamp on it.

The real Dieciocho, the giving of thanks for a land set free, was the Te Deum in the cathedral facing the Plaza de la Independencia the next day, Sunday. In its way it was quite as dramatic as the *revista militar.*



CHILE'S NAVAL CADETS ON DRESS-PARADE AT "VALPO"

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN GYMNASTIC DRILL

THE CHILEAN VERSION OF THE GERMAN GOOSE-STEP

SANTIAGO FIREMEN ON ANNUAL PARADE

Coming out of the brilliant September spring sunshine, we followed John Martin, secretary of the American Embassy, into the gloom of the ancient building and up the long nave to our places adjoining the altar. The venerable archbishop quaveringly intoned the service. The mixed choir from the loft over the cathedral door responded in robust harmony. In front and to our right, rows of brilliantly uniformed military men stood or knelt as the ceremony dictated. To our left, the frock-coated diplomatic corps did likewise. Crowding the aisles of the nave were black-clad men and women. Only the Comandanta and two other women wore hats. The women of Chile wore short lace mantillas or the nun-like *manta* of the country. Following the brief Te Deum, the procession of priests and acolytes, state officials and many prominent personages, marched solemnly around the plaza, thus ending the sacred portion of the Dieciocho.

After that procession came the *paseo*, the semi-military passing in review of Santiago's feminine beauties, before the military and civil masculine judges who were as earnest and discriminating as though it had been, indeed, another *revista militar*. Then the setting sun scattered the

parading flock. The Santiaguinians scurried to cover as did their forebears in the days when nightfall meant seeking security behind ramparts and iron-barred doors.

A few weeks later the Comandanta and I attended the Chilean navy and army field-day at Club Hipico, the million-dollar race-track and club-house where Santiago holds its Sunday Derby. The Maritime League of Chile, created by Presidential decree in 1914 and directed by the leading journalists and statesmen of Chile, sponsored this annual military-athletic event.

If the agile young men who participated in the day's contests and exhibitions were not intrigued by the beauty-show that Chilean girls informally presented, they must have been inspired by other scenic surroundings. For the stage was set with impelling artistry.

Brilliant flower-gardens flanked winding walks that led from imposing gates to three far-flung concrete grand stands. The graceful grand-stand towers pointed into a clear, blue sky, and the broad, cantilever roofs reached toward the eternal, snow-topped Andes, beyond which lay Argentina. And the Chilean girls—

The Comandanta reminded me that we were

present to view the pick of Chile's manhood in feats of dexterity and daring. I fixed my gaze upon the white-fenced track, the green carpeted inclosure, and the Andean horizon.

His Excellency Don Arturo Alessandri, President of the Republic, appeared on the *tribuna* in the middle grand stand, accompanied by his military aides, silk-hatted members, and patrons of the show.

Promptly at two o'clock, a regiment of dark-skinned, square-backed, magnificently mounted *carabineros* in olive-drab, with pennanted lance in stirrup, marched down the track to harmonic calls from their bugle corps, while fifteen thousand Chileans cheered.

The *carabineros* are the constabulary of Chile. They maintain order in the cities and along the lonely mountain paths. They are, perhaps, the most popular of all Chile's armed forces. But the Tonis promptly snatched the spot-light from them. How quickly the Chilean reacts to comedy.

The Tonis, or clowns in harlequin costume, mounted on refractory mules and gloved as though for the boxing-ring, were no funnier to me than any amateur clowns at an American

football match, but they were screamingly comical to the Chileans. When one Toni fell from his mule and another Toni leaped into the fallen one's seat, the grand stand rocked with joy. The comedy in its various manifestations did not grow stale throughout the afternoon. Blessed be a sense of humor! What wonders a Slivers Oakley could accomplish with a Chilean crowd!

The Chilean chiefs were good showmen. The exhibition was staged with the speed of a three-ringed circus. There were 100- and 200-meter dashes; 800- and 1500-meter foot-races, running high jumps, shot-putting contests, lance and discus throwing, 110-meter hurdle-races, broad jumps, obstacle-races and running high jumps, all ending with massed choral singing, whose volume proved that the athletes were still lusty of lung.

Then the *carabineros* performed equestrian evolutions and did some Wild West target lancing, Cossack obstacle jumping, standing Roman race riding, and "pony express" mount-changing. They picked up "wounded" comrades from the ground while riding at full speed and finished

with a sort of lancers' quadrille, saluted and retired.

Riders from the National Cavalry School gave their own variation of the *carabineros* program. Chileans are among the world's best riders.

Youthful Chilean marines broke their own speed records in breaking down and reassembling Lewis machine-guns. With poles, ropes, and pulleys they rapidly crossed an imaginary unbridged river with their light artillery. They indulged in hair-raising bayonet practice. There was a sham battle with first aid from Red Cross nurses, and competitive field-gun drills by crews from Chilean war-ships.

Quickly changing from uniforms to white gymnasium suits, the flower of Chilean youth marched upon the green oval and in graceful unison went through their setting-up exercises, followed by pyramid building, gymnastic high jumping, and bits of strenuous military games. The naval contingent exhibited its skill in jiu-jitsu and marched in columns, by squads, singing Chilean songs.

As a finale, the whole two thousand white-clad Adonises, supported by a band of two

hundred pieces, sang the "Yungay" in a manner to make the heart leap. Throughout the afternoon Chilean aviators flew low before the grand stand or high into the wonderful Chilean sky, blue home of their national bird, the condor.

"I had got the impression from watching the *paseo,*" I confided in the Comandanta, "that the Chilean youth was a half-grown Don Juan, devoting himself to feminine conquest. I know better now. He 's just a normal lad with a leaning toward athletics."

Many weeks later I saw another revelation of Chile's strength when, as the guest of President Alessandri, I watched the two hundred cadets from the Valparaiso Naval School, the Chilean Annapolis, parade in full dress before the President and members of his cabinet, civil officials, and Admirals Joaquín Munoz Hurtado, Miguel Aguirre, Luis Langlois, and Agustín Fontaine, Captains Legario Reyes del Rio and Arturo Swett, and representatives of the Japanese, Argentine, and Brazilian navies.

I did not blame these distinguished Chileans for voicing pride in their future naval officers as the young fellows in white and blue came up to receive their medals and diplomas from their

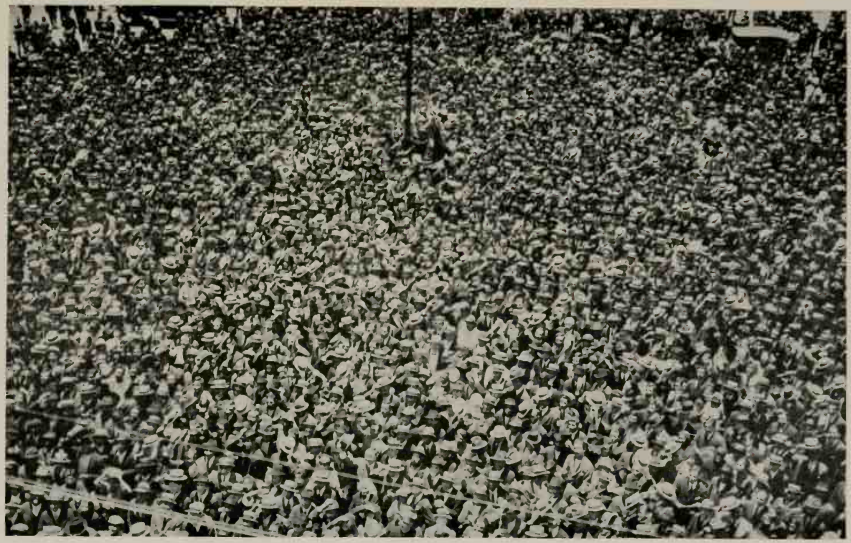
President as reward for particular well-doing. It seemed to me that the state was making a good investment in giving each of those lads—prize-winners and the rank and file on parade alike—five years of schooling in the arts, sciences, higher mathematics, gunnery, navigation, hydrography, and naval construction.

Most of the boys bore Spanish names, but on the list of naval cadets I saw a Searle, Germain, Harnecker, Elton, Ropert, Braun, Byers, Verbal, Langlois, Mackay, Medina, Schiefelbein, Ellisetche, Humberto Romo, Foxley, Fishwick, Joffre, Fontaine, Frederick, and Kerbernard—Chileans all. They have their own little melting-pot. But the Chilean navy is trained by a British naval mission, and most of the war-ships are made in Great Britain.

It seemed to me as if some kind of *revista militar* was held nearly every day in Chile. If it was not Japanese sailors, formed for review in a Santiago park, or our own "gobs" marching in formation past the Moneda while the Chilean President applauded from the palace balcony, or the stunning cadets from the Chilean West Point going over the same route, I would find the *bomberos* or voluntary firemen attending,

in military manner, their own *revista militar* or the funeral of a brother *bombero*. Or else it was the Santiago city police armed, uniformed, and marching like the soldiers they are, or can be on call.

How much of this impressive military display in Chile springs from the Latin's love of pomp and ceremony, and how much from the centuries-old national belief in preparedness? Ask any ten men on a Chilean street, and nine of them will reply, emphatically, "Chile is not militaristic, but it is prepared, more or less."



THE CHILEAN *roto* MOB GREETING ALESSANDRI AT "VALPO"

PRESIDENT ARTURO ALESSANDRI OF CHILE

CHAPTER VII

"DON ARTURO," THE DEMOCRAT [1]

Chile's First Commoner President Meets His Many Problems

HIS Excellency Arturo Alessandri Palma, President of the Republic of Chile, sweltered on a balcony of his palace, the Moneda of Santiago. The December sun was hot and he had a mob to deal with.

Before him, filling the plaza from palace wall to opposite Army Building and from Edificio de "El Diaro Ilustrado" on the east to Calle Teatinos on the west, the President's most insistent constituents milled and muttered. At any moment they might turn from muttering to murders.

They were of the proletariat of Chile. Politically they were Radicals because they hated the Conservatives, the old Chilean aristocracy.

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Socially, through class inheritance, they were *rotos,* out of jobs.

They had elected "Don Arturo" to the Presidency, these small, swarthy, powerful *rotos.* He was one of them. He had told them so. He had always been a Liberal or Radical. He had never been of the aristocrats. He was for democracy, for them.

When they addressed him as "Don" it was not with the old Spanish meaning of "Gentleman" or "Mister." It was in a more affectionate intimate sense, much as the Yankees of Norte Americano spoke to their "Teddy" when that great man visited Chile. "Teddy" was the great commoner President of the Estados Unidos; "Don Arturo" was the great commoner President of Chile, their first ruler chosen from outside "Chile's first hundred families."

The Radical *rotos* were fond of "Don Arturo," their champion. But he had promised much before election, and little had come forth. Therefore, they called upon him in force, for the twentieth time. What did their "Don Arturo" propose to do about matters of the moment?

Did they but know it, their beloved President was in the same difficulty as many other states-

men of the time. He had n't the slightest idea of what he was going to do. But his political backers who thronged the Plaza de la Moneda were hard men to handle. Their Spanish and Indian blood flamed in their faces. They wanted action.

These childlike *rotos* were easily managed when they had food, *fiesta,* wine, and money. But when the world went wrong they were frightfully handy with the knife. Not the straight-edge knife of commerce. Not the bowie-knife of North America. But the *curvo,* which at one skilful stroke disembowels the victim. All Chilean *rotos* are expert with the *curvo.* "Don Arturo" knew that. So he pulled the brim of his soft felt hat over his eyes, leaned over the balcony rail, and summoned those oratorical powers bequeathed him by an Italian father and a Chilean-Spanish mother.

"Don Arturo" usually knew what to talk about. His skill in public speech raised him to the Presidency. Upon one day he might speak of the hateful Peruvians and Tacna-Arica. Upon another he might hint at better prices for saliter, the Chilean nitrate of soda. Upon still another occasion he might attack the oppressive,

greedy landholding oligarchy, those wealthy *hacendados* who opposed him in Congress. That was always a dependable subject. It always explained his inability to carry out promised reforms, especially reforms affecting the laboring-man.

To-day, to the keen-eyed, lithe little men surging about his balcony, their hero grew eloquent upon the prospect of finding work for them, for them and other idle men living in the *albergues* or free government lodging-houses. He, their President, felt that soon there might be employment for them in the grain-fields of the great central valley. Or, if the spring were too far advanced for that, in the timber-lands farther south. In any event the Government—his Government—would take care of them. If they were moved to some other city, it would be on state railways at state expense. If they remained in Santiago, the Government—his Government—would continue to feed them.

"You are suffering! We are suffering! All Chileans are suffering," shouted the first citizen of Chile. "It is for *neustra patria,* for our country. We must defend ourselves from enemies

within and enemies without. I am fighting for you with my back to the wall."

The *rotos* roared with approval. That was the stuff! Congress was tying the hands of their President. The Peruvians and Bolivians were always threatening the northern border. But "Don Arturo" would find a way out. He was feeding them and giving them shelter. That was something. More roars of approval. Then silence.

From the mass of jobless working-men came the strident voice of an unconverted malcontent:

"If you do not stop your *policia* from giving us the smallpox vaccination we will go to the Senate about it."

"For God's sake don't go to the Senate with anything more," cried the exasperated President of Chile. "I have troubles enough with the Senate already."

"Don Arturo" backed from the balcony into the protecting privacy of his palace.

"I can't do anything with them to-day," he complained. He turned to Major Zanartu, his military aide, with: "Please ask Captain Castro to get the *carabineros* out in force and to

push my *roto* friends across the river into their *albergues*. Tell him not to shoot unless he has to." The aide departed in haste.

Presently there came from beyond the balcony the sounds of iron-shod horses, scrambling along slippery cobblestones, the rattle of sword and scabbard against revolver, bayonet, and carbine-barrel. The constabulary of Chile was gently herding the protesting common people into regions removed from the eighteenth-century mint that housed the heads of Chilean Government.

"Don Arturo" sighed as he eased himself into the red silk cushions of a palace chair.

"It is but one more incident of the day," he philosophically murmured. "I hope none of them are killed. If it were not for the opposition of the *senadores* and *diputados* in coalition against me I could—"

Any president of a republic who seeks to guide an overloaded ship of state through a hostile majority of Congress need not worry about Satan and his own idle hands. It is his idle subjects who are possessed of the devil. And the situation is more trying if, as in Chile, Congress is supposed to pass the budget and does n't; and

the cabinet ministers rigidly support the rule, "One out, all out," and resign in a body if any one of them is miffed.

I cannot tell you how many cabinets President Arturo Alessandri has appointed since he came into office on December 23, 1920, nor how many cabinets his Excellency may appoint before his term expires in 1925. During the four months I lived in Chile the daily papers were almost continuously discussing the cabinet crisis that approached, the cabinet crisis that was upon us, or the cabinet crisis that had passed.

One of Alessandri's cabinets remained in office just twenty-four hours. It was one of several coalition cabinets. Properly enough, it was composed of six ministers: the ministers of the interior, foreign affairs, justice, finance, war and marine, and public works. There are seldom less than six active political parties in Chile, such as Radicals, Liberals, Conservatives, Socialists, Balmacedistas, Nationalists, and variations of each. Presidential elections are effected by alliances of political parties. The President of Chile rarely has the backing of a majority of Congress. That elective body, composed of senators or *senadores* and deputies

or *diputados,* is supposed to give each incoming cabinet a vote of confidence. If this vote is not forthcoming, the cabinet is promptly outgoing. President Alessandri's twenty-four-hour cabinet holds the record for brief tenure of office; but life is never dull in Chilean politics—and politics is a recognized and respected profession in the Land of *Más ó Menos,* the Land of More or Less.

Frequently, the Chilean lawyer, landowner, or man of letters abandons all other pursuits and sets up office as a practical politician. His fellow-citizens who are not professionally in the practice of politics recognize the wisdom and virtue of this change of occupation.

"It is well," say they. "Señor Gonzales will now look after our affairs of government while we attend wholly to our private matters. If our friend of the politics receives little or no salary as member of Congress, he shall be entitled to such reward as the gods may bestow upon him." This is a convenient arrangement not without points in its favor, as many of our statesmen and private citizens will testify. Happily, most Chilean gentlemen of political ambitions are also gentlemen of ample means and with pretty well

defined ideas as to patriotism. And, somehow, the business of government limps along as cabinets come and cabinets go.

"Don Arturo" and I were of the family and official group which upon many evenings gathers after the usual nine-o'clock dinner in what is, in effect, the "living-room" of the Presidential Palace. My visit was one of several which followed a first formal audience, during which his Excellency produced a cordial personal letter from President Harding and then made it plain that the Alessandri family would always be at home to the May family after 9:30 P. M., unless, of course, he might be out on social or political appointment. So the Comandanta and I had "dropped in" that night just as we would "drop in" on any other unpretentious friends.

Excepting upon state occasions, calling upon "Don Arturo" after office-hours is merely a matter of walking past the two tawny sentries who stand at the palace door in gray uniforms and black-leather, brass-spiked helmets, past a room on either side filled with soldiers of the guard, past another sentry who paces before the doorway to the President's suite, thence up a long flight of steps covered with red velvet, to an

ununiformed attendant who takes one's hat, coat, and stick and shows one into a reception-room, rather red with much furniture and hangings.

There "Don Arturo" presently wishes you "Buenas tardes" or "Buenas noches" and conducts you into the "front room," where sit in social session the Presidential family.

On this particular evening there were the Señora Doña Rosa Ester Rodriguez de Alessandri, with seven of her eight children. Fernando, the second son, who holds the chair of *derecho procesal* in the School of Law; Jorge, the third son, a professor in the School of Engineering; Rosa Ester Alessandri de Matte, with her mother's fair hair and clear complexion, and her own "palace baby," adored by Grandpa and Grandma Alessandri; Herman, the fourth son, graduating from the School of Medicine, with his fiancée, an exquisite girl in a golden gown; Marta, sixteen years old, finishing her education with a tutor who came to the palace; Eduardo, a younger son, in the School of Law; Mario, youngest son, with the bashfulness of fifteen years' standing, half concealed by doorway curtains, his tongue protruding.

"Come in, Mario," urged his father, "but

with your tongue more or less inside." Mario did as commanded, and the circle was complete, save for the eldest son, Arturo, Jr., away at law school, where he occupied the chair of *derecho civil.*

It was a typical middle-class Chilean family, all looking exceedingly young, "Don Arturo's" brown, curly hair, parted over a smooth face, blue eyes and prominent nose, and the Señora de Alessandri's round, unlined cheeks and musical voice reappearing in her numerous progeny. Rosa Ester was sewing upon a baby's garment. From time to time the children adjourned to an adjoining room, where a phonograph furnished music for a fox-trot. "My Man" was the name of the melody.

The President of Chile could not appear at will before Congress; hence part of his Congress appeared before him. Came the springy young Señor Don Juan Jorquera, lawyer and Radical *diputado,* preening himself for place in a coming cabinet. Came, also, the lean and lantern-jawed Señor Don Alberto Alveraz with the message that the Senate was in nasty opposition to "Don Arturo" at the current evening session in the Congreso Nacional.

The mature and matter-of-fact Señor Don Ismael Torcornal, minister of the interior, arrived with the youthful and efficient Señor Don Barros Jarpa, minister of foreign affairs, to discuss the recent reception of the ambassador from the Estados Unidos, Dr. William Miller Collier, just arrived from Washington via England, France, and Spain.

"Your new ambassador," remarked Señor Torcornal in his easy English, "made a splendid impression upon us. He is a cultured gentleman. He speaks with faultless Spanish. Those two things are of great importance. We will understand each other. He spoke of the unbroken friendship between Chile and the Estados Unidos, of the two hundred million dollars of your capital invested in Chile, of the prospect of our summer fruits selling in your winter markets, of increasing travel between the countries, of exchange of professors and college students. In all those things we take pleasure and pride.

"President Alessandri was happy in his reply," Señor Torcornal continued. "Speaking of the Monroe Doctrine, our President said: 'It is now a concrete expression of moral and economic solidarity of the New Continent, to which

we render enthusiastic belief, and adhere with sincere good will. We know that the might and power of the United States will continue to be the security and support needful for the development and prosperity of other American nationalities, as we know, also, that each one of these is a valuable element in the making of American advancement and prosperity.' "

As with others of those social-political sessions in the home of "Don Arturo," it was all very informal. The President stood or sat at ease, just as did his guests. Sometimes he read a memorandum and made verbal or penciled comments thereon. More often he disposed of a subject in brief conversation. At times four or five men in public office would chat with him at once. Much of the policy of government was shaped in this fashion. It was there, for the most part, that the political chessmen were moved.

During a break in the procession of political runners I turned to the third son, Jorge, who speaks and understands English better than his father.

"His Excellency is having difficulty in keeping his preëlection promises," I suggested.

"That is true," Jorge admitted, "but it is because the world is upside down. No one buys our nitrate of soda. Since 1883 most of our national income has come from that. There is no business, but much distress in Chile. Nevertheless, my father is the first President of Chile to hold office by popular vote. He is the first commoner to rise to the Presidency of Chile. The people, as you will see, are still for him, though Congress is against him.

"The leaders in our long war for independence from Spain were scions of Spanish hidalgos who came here to found their fortunes. They fought hard for what they got, but they opposed the rule by the people. Yet in our constitution of 1823 we deposed our great liberator, Bernardo O'Higgins the Dictator, and declared for government by all the people. We have clung to that ideal in spite of a hundred years of rule by the Unionist-Conservative party, composed of men of wealth and power in church and state. Almost without exception the President of the Republic has been a man of high birth, good family connections, and great wealth.

"The country was, therefore, taken by sur-

prise, when the Liberal convention nominated my father, 'Don Arturo' Alessandri, for the Presidency of Chile. He was a prominent *abogado* or lawyer and had been a *diputado* and cabinet minister, but he was a poor man and outside the social and political pale.

"His opponent was Señor Luis Barros, historian, teacher, barrister, noted public man, nephew of an ex-President, representative of all the Conservative ideals. Señor Barros stood for the old régime, when the people were little more than the common herd and the Government was in the hands of a small body of wealthy, powerful, and conservative men.

"My father stood for equality and justice for all, regardless of wealth or social class. He was particularly pledged to the uplifting of the laboring-men, to their education, and to their protection from disease and vice.

"It was a hot campaign. The vote was close. Congress could not decide which candidate was to be President. The Unionist-Conservative party controlled Congress. There was danger that my father would be counted out. Public opinion forced the appointment of a 'tribunal

of honor' to examine records and decide whether Señor Arturo Alessandri or Señor Luis Barros had been elected.

"There were seven gentlemen on this tribunal: the president of the Senate, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, two Chilean ex-Presidents —Señor Ismael Torconal and Señor Emiliano Figueroa—and Señores Armando Quezada and Guillermo Subercaseaux, and one other Chilean. Five of these gentlemen belonged to the Unionist-Conservative party, only two to the party of my father. Each candidate was represented by an *abogado* or solicitor. My eldest brother, Arturo, represented my father. We won, because right was on our side. Now my father has many grave problems to meet."

Although President Alessandri is frequently described by his opponents as a *roto* and a disturbing demagogue, and does not stand high in the Chilean social register, his father, Pedro Alessandri, was son of the first Italian minister to Chile. His mother, Susana Palma, was of good rural Chilean stock and Spanish ancestry. "Don Arturo" was born in the village of Langavi, province of Linares, in 1868. His early education was acquired in the Sacred Heart

School of Santiago. During several subsequent years he worked in the National Library and studied law. He was admitted to the Chilean bar in 1883. Soon afterward he joined the Liberal Progressive Club. Later he became secretary of the executive committee of the Liberal party. The Liberal Alliance, which included the Radical party, brought about his election to the Presidency of Chile.

In the United States "Don Arturo" would be known as a "people's party man." Among the reforms to which he is pledged are workmen's compensation, national prohibition, and actual universal male suffrage. His election was comparable to that of President Alvaro Obregon of Mexico. He neither drinks nor smokes. He carries democracy to the details of his daily life.

Custom demands that the President of Chile lend his official presence to countless social functions. Whether it be the charity ball in the Teatro Municipal, the annual opening of the official exhibition of the Exposición de Bellas Artes, the Sunday afternoon races at Club Hipico, the annual review of the *bomberos* or volunteer firemen at Parque Cousiño, the *revista militar* or the Army and Navy Field Day

at Club Hipico, the laying of the corner-stone of the new home for the Chilean League for Social Hygiene, a championship soccer game between the Chilean and Argentine elevens, or graduation exercises in public or private schools, all these and hundreds of others each year must be held *con asistencia del Presidente de la Republica* (With the assistance of the President of the Republic), and forth to each function he must fare, garbed in top-hat, cutaway coat, striped trousers, and patent-leather shoes. Even La Exposición de Animales, the annual live-stock show, cannot be inaugurated without his official presence.

At the Dieciocho, or eighteenth of September, the celebration of Chile's natal day is begun by the appearance of the President before the grand stand in his state coach of dark red body and wheels and blue satin lining.

"Don Arturo" must also be present in formal dress at divers and sundry diplomatic and other official functions, where he gets along very well, as becomes one of Latin blood. But he likes most to appear in simple, dark sack suit, with a white "sailor" straw hat in summer—December,

January, February—and a soft felt or derby hat during the remainder of the year.

His predecessors in the President's chair went in for form and ceremony and hence rarely went out unless in state coaches and surrounded by body-guards. But "Don Arturo" does not so conduct himself.

In spite of thousands of restless and revolutionary unemployed at large in Santiago, the President goes about the city alone, excepting for his wee dog "Tony," also of humble origin. The twain may be seen almost any morning, walking up the Alameda de las Delicias to Santiago's celebrated rock, Cerro Santa Lucía.

The streets of Santiago are dismal enough after sundown. The night life of the capital is behind the mud and plaster walls of its Moorish houses, which stand flush with the sidewalk. There are few lights. The thoroughfares are practically deserted, excepting for the little policemen who, far apart, signal each other with shrill whistles. Yet a night prowler in Santiago may meet the President of Chile taking the air on these lonesome streets in the middle of the night, solitary and unarmed. One has to meet

the *bandidos* of Chile, as I have met them, to realize the risk "Don Arturo" thus takes.

Probably he would tell you, jokingly, that the greatest risk he takes is when, at the opening of the racing season, he leaves the Presidential box to sit with his friends on the plank seats of the paddock. For he must drink from the first glass of *chicha* presented to him by one of his fellow-citizens. Usually some *roto* has the honor of presenting the cup. *Chicha* is the native Chilean drink. It is found in many South American countries. It contains anywhere from 6 to 60 per cent of alcohol. It may be made of corn, wheat, barley, or some fermented fruit. It usually has a dirty gray color. The Chilean *rotos* are valiant but not particularly sanitary. The popular tradition has it that in making *chicha* the *roto* women thoroughly masticate the materials and then throw them into a receptacle where they ferment. "Don Arturo" handles his potion gingerly at the Dieciocho. With this one annual exception he does not drink alcoholic liquors. The Chileans are supposed to be hard drinkers. Chile produces excellent wines. He does not use them.

Wherever he went during my residence in

Chile the common people cheered "Don Arturo." I am sure that the cheers were as much for the man as for the office. But the erstwhile ruling class—the aristocratic 5 per cent—and those who sought their social eminence, were silent when their President appeared, even when they stood to the playing of the Chilean national anthem, as all good Chileans should—and do, for the Chileans are almost rabidly nationalistic.

The great social gulf that yawns between the Chilean commoner President and the socially elect of Chile was painfully pictured to the Comandanta and me as we sat at table in the Club de Señoras upon the night of the reception to Señor Juan Antonio Buero, minister of foreign affairs for Uruguay.

President Alessandri, Señora Alessandri, Señor and Señora Antonio Buero, and others of the official party appeared at the door of the dining-room, which was crowded with the society people of Santiago. The party hesitated a moment, then proceeded across the floor to the Presidential table close to ours. After his guests and Señora Alessandri were seated the President of Chile looked about him straight into the eyes of those at near-by tables. Not a person gave

him the slightest sign of recognition, nor did any guest rise, nor was there the feeblest attempt at applause or any other form of greeting. It was the coldest reception I ever witnessed.

"Does no one honor your President in this country?" I asked my neighbor.

"Not at social functions," he replied. "We are better than he is here."

Although I saw him many times I got my best slant on "Don Arturo" as his guest on a journey to Valparaiso, Chile's principal port city. His Excellency was invited to preside at the presentation of medals to students of the Escuela Naval, the Annapolis of Chile. Among the President's other guests were the minister of war and marine, Señor Don Samuel Claro Lastarrio; Señor Don Remigo Medina Neira, deputy (congressman) for the department of Arauco; Señor Don Briones Luco, deputy for Tarapaca; and Señor Don Wenceslas Sierra, deputy for Atacama. Señores Claro Lastarria and Wenceslas Sierra spoke English and knew the United States from personal experience, the former as an attorney, the latter as buyer of Chilean state railway equipment.

Before we boarded the Presidential car at

Santiago, "Don Arturo" ran true to Rooseveltian form. He walked forward to the American locomotive on our train and shook hands with engineer and fireman. Excepting that the Mapocho Railway Station at Santiago is more imposing than the station in an American city of five hundred thousand population and that the employees are more polite, I might have been campaigning in Illinois with Governor Frank Lowden.

No sooner had we disposed ourselves in the smoking-observation section than "Don Arturo" engaged himself with some penciled notations. Señor Wenceslas and I, having found a fraternal bond of sympathy, began to talk shop and exchange addresses. His address puzzled me.

"How does it happen," I asked him, "that you are a deputy for a department in the extreme northern part of Chile and yet have your home at Calle Dieciocho five fifty-two, Santiago? In our country a congressman must live in the district he represents."

"We do things differently down here," he explained. "I represented Atacama a year before I even saw that part of Chile. Our people go on the principle that if they want something

from the Government they must have a friend at court. So each province or department tries to elect some representative who knows what 's going on in Santiago. The more he knows—the more he is on the inside—the more he can get for his district. A great many of the Congress reside in Santiago. Very often we get what we go after for our people. Señores Briones Luco, Medina Neira, and myself are Radicals. We helped elect the President. Señor Claro Lastarria, although he is in the cabinet, is of the opposition. But he is a very able man."

"Is his Excellency rehearsing his approaching speech?" I queried, indicating the penciled sheets in Alessandri's hand.

President Alessandri understands English better than he speaks it. Through Señor Wenceslas he instantly replied:

"I never prepare my speeches. They are impromptu. I am reading my secretary's digest of the morning papers."

The President of Chile finished his reading in a brief moment thereafter, for we had reached the first stop, Llai-Llai, and the station platform was jammed with brown-skinned, brown-clad followers. They yelled for their "Don

Arturo." The latter stepped to the door, bareheaded. He waved his hand. Many cheers from the *rotos*. He descended the car steps, while a Chilean village band played as do village bands in the United States.

The committee on presentation was there with scrolls and flowers. *Rotos* crowded about him and his party. Natives on the outskirts peered from trucks, barrels, poles, trees, and other places of vantage. An old half-caste woman kissed his hand. Several wrinkled dames thrust fruit upon him; for Llai-Llai is a junction-point, and there is much sporadic traffic in things to eat. Schoolchildren appeared with banners dedicated to "Don Arturo."

His Excellency shook hands with those nearest him. The train conductor blew upon his whistle. The locomotive replied in kind. "Don Arturo" and the rest of us climbed aboard while belated admirers were thrown off the train. "Don Arturo" waved his hand again. More cheers from the multitude. Then he pulled out. Señor Wenceslas, much alarmed, picked from his sleeve a typhus louse.

This same business was repeated with increasing crowds at Calera, Quillota, Limache, Puerta

Blanca, Quilpue, El Salto, and Viña del Mar. Occasionally the President offered a bit of variety. With his keen vision he picked out the prettiest girls who came to greet him and talked intently to them while the manhood of Chile stood hopefully about, awaiting words of wisdom from the man of the hour.

At one stopping-place an admirer in the crowd yelled *"Cholo!"* at him. A *cholo* is a low-born, half-caste Peruvian. The Peruvians are Chile's hereditary enemies. But the appelation, coming from a friend, was accepted by "Don Arturo" and party as a good joke. It was as if a yokel in Nebraska should shout "Greaser" at President Harding. Rather rough wit, but it went with all parties concerned. For the *rotos* were having their first inning in the history of Chile.

There was a terrifying rush of *rotos* to our train at Viña del Mar, Chile's fashionable watering-place, but it was vastly outnumbered by the mass of unwashed humanity that greeted their commoner President at "Valpo." If the authorities had evolved any plan for handling the situation it was engulfed in a wave of wild enthusiasm.

Through the thousands of cheering adherents

who stormed his car "Don Arturo" pushed his way. Flanked by Señor Lastarria and Señor Alberta Phillips, *intendente* of Valparaiso, the President of Chile walked with bared head across Plaza Sotomayor to the Intendencia, where our party was quartered and from the balcony of which "Don Arturo" addressed his best friends in Chile. I don't know how many there were packed in that bay-side square of Valparaiso. There were not less than thirty thousand, mostly port-workers or men from the idle nitrate fields. But they were wild men, all. Major Zañartu and I had found that out in trying to trail the President. The aide-de-camp was from twenty to fifty feet behind his Excellency all the way across the square. I was about as far behind the aide-de-camp. They nearly wrecked the major, and they quite wrecked me. But "Don Arturo" and his companions walked unharmed. He assuredly understood his *rotos*.

So I stood by him on the balcony of the Intendencia while he responded to their shrill yells for a speech. The most insistent problem before Alessandri and his subjects was that of employment for the loyal voters. But "Don Arturo" did not dwell on that. The Tacna-Arica

question was up again for public discussion. Chile had proposed to Peru that the two nations finally decide the ownership of South America's Alsace-Lorraine. For nearly forty years Tacna-Arica has been a sure-fire subject for all Chilean as well as Peruvian politicians. "Arturo" made the most of it.

As an exhibition of spellbinding it exceeded any political performance within my North American experience. And how they did hang upon his words and cheer themselves almost into asphyxiation whenever he stopped for breath! After the tumult and the shouting had died, there was an official picture—in the Intendencia, an informal although official luncheon at which "Don Arturo" tasted none of the liquids placed before him excepting the water, and a drive along the sea-coast cliffs to the south, where the Chilean Naval School paraded in snappy fashion. Then there was much pinning on of medals for merit, and more picture-taking of his Excellency and the dignitaries by whom he was surrounded. One hoped he liked that sort of thing, he had to endure so much of it.

Señor and Señora Phillips gave a rather formal dinner at nine o-clock that night, during

which Lastarria and Seño Don Luis Gomez Carreno, *contra-almirante* of the Chilean navy, regaled his Excellency and roused my ire by telling him how national prohibition had failed with us and what absurd and insulting regulations were enforced by our customs officials. "Don Arturo" was greatly intrigued. So were Señor Don Joaquín Menoz Hartado, vice-admiral of the Chilean navy; Señor Don Briones Luco; Don Ismael Carrasco, prefect of police for Valparaiso; Don Carlos Jara Torres, *alcalde* (mayor) of Viña del Mar; Major Zañartu; and my good friend, Enrique Chirgwin Coo, secretary to *Intendente* Phillips and former student at Columbia University.

Admiral Gomez is one of the big men of Chile. For nearly thirty days during the devastating Valparaiso earthquake of 1906 he kept the city under martial law, shooting and hanging looters without mercy. He has traveled in many countries and is popular in many parts of the world. But Gomez and Lastarria took huge delight in ragging me.

Finally I broke in with, "Señores Lastarria and Gomez, just what is it about the United States you particularly dislike?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," promptly responded the attorney and minister of war.

"What about the *Baltimore* case of twenty years ago?" I insisted. "I hear much of that."

"It happened long ago," said Lastarria. "Two sailors from your war-ship, the *Baltimore,* got drunk on shore leave in a disreputable part of Valparaiso and were killed in a street fight. Your Government made us pay enormous damage by cable demand. But we have got all over that."

"What about the Alsop case?" I continued.

"Chile had assumed certain obligations of Bolivia, held by a commercial house in which Americans were interested. The case was decided against us by British arbitration, and we paid. That was also many years ago."

"And that 's all?" I insisted.

"That 's about all," he assured me. "We have no grievance against the United States."

And thus the dinner-party ended.

"Don Arturo" and I had adjoining rooms in the Intendencia and shared the same bath. At seven o'clock the following morning he was up and on the job with his official henchman awaiting audience at the *desayuno* (breakfast) of rolls

and coffee served on a little table in the hallway outside his room. He had discarded the top-hat and accompaniments of the afternoon before for the sack-suit and straw hat he best liked.

He rapidly disposed of a large amount of mail and many telegrams and many visiting delegations. He glanced hurriedly at the morning papers. There followed a long automobile ride along the north coast to Con Con, a resort destined to rival Viña del Mar.

That evening, while walking two blocks along an aristocratic avenue from the swagger Viña del Mar Club to the President's private car—with "Don Arturo"; Claro Lastarria, secretary of war; Alberto Phillips, *intendente* of Valparaiso; and Chirgwin Coo, the *intendente's* secretary, just in front of me, and Major Zañartu, the President's military aide, just behind me—some of Alessandri's *roto* constituents picked my pockets of two hundred pesos!

My last evening .before my final departure from Chile was spent in the Moneda at the invitation of "Don Arturo." He had prepared, in English, answers to my extended questionnaire, which he signed in my presence. He had also prepared for me an autographed photograph of

his Excellency. Upon the back of it he had written in Spanish, "With all affection for my good and sympathetic friend, Mr. Earl Chapin May."

I asked a few questions as to his hopes and plans for Chile.

"We shall soon solve our pressing problems," he replied. "The Tacna-Arica question must be disposed of. Revival of nitrate demand will take care of our unemployed. I believe in prohibition for myself and the nation, and it will come. We must and shall improve our labor conditions, by law. We shall no longer depend upon nitrate for our national income but shall diversify our industries. American capital is welcome, is coming, is protected, and will give us the necessary help. More and more do we look to the United States with friendly eyes."

Then he embraced me, cheek to cheek, after the manner of Chileans. I returned the salute with true American awkwardness. And so I left him, to fight his battles for the common people.

CHAPTER VIII

JOSÉ MARÍA LEADS US TO A HILLTOP

The Chilean Pedagogue Marshals His Flock on Cerro San Cristobal

I HAD made a speech before the young men and women of the Pedagogical Institute of Santiago.

It was a pretty poor speech. About the kind I usually make. But in spite of that the audience did not titter. In fact, it simulated polite interest. It was an English class, that is, a class in English, but it understood much less English than did its gifted teacher, Dr. José María Galvez. I doubt if it understood any of mine because I speak with the tongue of a custard. My emunciation is nil. Nevertheless the good Dr. Galvez spoke kindly of it and insisted that the Comandanta and I should accompany him and some of his pupils on their next regular Sunday hike. The young men and women of the English class of the Pedagogical

Institute applauded the suggestion, feebly. But the Comandanta and I went.

Our rendezvous was to be Plaza Italia, not far from the overwhelmingly monumental group given, before the war, by the German colony of Santiago. Our destination was to be the top of San Cristobal, a conical hill twenty-one hundred feet in height. On our way to Plaza Italia the Comandanta and I decided to train a bit by climbing Cerro Santa Lucía, four hundred feet high.

Few cities have so convenient or fruitful a conning-tower as has Santiago in its Cerro Santa Lucía. You take a *coche,* motor-car, trolley, or foot-power from Hotel Savoy, Hotel Oddo, Hotel Pullman, or wherever you happen to be, and after a mile or so along the Alameda de las Delicias you are at the broad gate and stone steps leading to the terraces of Santa Lucía. Athens has its Acropolis, England its Durham, Exeter, and Shrewsbury, New York its Central Park block-house, Edinburgh its Castle Hill, and Dumbarton its Castle Rock; but none of them equals Cerro Santa Lucía in inherent beauty or in beauty of the panorama its ascent unfolds.

Cerro Santa Lucía is an irregular, jagged rock, jutting up from the Santiago plain, and landscaped by succeeding generations of architects to an amazing, sometimes mystifying extent. But it is the handy playground of Sunday Santiago. Along its rugged sides are paths, tunnels, cemeteries, hanging gardens, restaurants, lovers' benches, grottoes, observatories, band-stands, flowering acacias, fish-ponds, memorial tablets, chapels, stone steps, iron ladders, and—a statue of Pedro de Valdivia. It is the only statue of any of the Spanish *conquistadores* on either American continent. Truly the Cortés-Pizarro school of exploration and destruction, with all its disdain of danger and suffering, left a bad impression upon American minds.

We wondered how much that statue meant to the large family of little *rotos* in their shabby Sunday best who looked lovingly at the great masses of red geraniums dripping down the rocky walls, and wistfully out across the flat roofs of Spanish Santiago to the green slopes, the brown sides, and the white tops of the massive Cordillera that overhangs the Chilean capital.

Much water has tumbled down the Mapocho River since Valdivia laid the foundations of Chile and its capital, but it has n't helped the *roto* much. Father Roto, staring vacantly at the marble statue of the first Chilean, probably knew in a vague way that he had been born into conditions little better than those under which his Indian forefathers had fought Valdivia. But the *roto* knew, definitely, that his Government was enforcing and spending a million dollars annually in providing for compulsory primary education. He may even have known that three hundred and fifty thousand Chilean boys and girls, including his own, were attending thirty-five hundred primary public schools at government expense. The *rotos* know much more than they did ten years ago. Perhaps as Father Roto gazed over the ancient crumbling brick balustrade at the mighty Andes he got a glimpse of life as his children would see it when Chilean democracy had triumphed over Chilean aristocracy.

It would be a dead Chilean soul who could not sing, "This is my own, my native land," from the top of Santa Lucía. The picture is like that from Chapultepec Castle in Mexico City except

SANTIAGO FROM SANTA LUCIA

AT THE FOOT OF SANTA LUCIA, SANTIAGO

THE REST-HOUSE ON THE SIDE OF SAN CRISTOBAL

that, in place of distant Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, the higher El Plomo, San Ramón, and Tupungato are almost near enough to touch. They gloriously fill the western sky.

The Comandanta and I counted it as a week wasted in which we did not climb to Cerro Santa Lucía's top. On this perfect Sunday morning with the sound of many bells ascending in the clear mountain air, we reluctantly returned to the Alameda de las Delicias and joined Dr. Galvez and his charges in the Plaza Italia. Then we were glad we had kept our tryst with them, for we met Chile in the making. We met boys and girls preparing in Chile's Teachers' College to mold the thought of the republic.

There were Eduardo Alvear Usrutia and Hugo Melindez from Santiago, Eloisa Lautdices V. from Vichuquen, Leonidas Hurita Z. from Linares, Estela Avila Molina from Cauquenes, Ana Munoz from Arauco, Fresia Prayo Planella from Chillan, Terca Casanueva from Iquiqui, Clara Correa C. from Valparaiso, C. Arturo Gajar S., Lidia Santilices V., Emilia Pulido A., and Luis Palacios Hurtado from Santiago. There were a dozen others. It was explained that the final initial in many Chilean proper

names stood for the mother's family. Some Chileans used the name instead of the initial, thus doing full honor to the feminine side of the family. But in addressing Chileans it was the custom to ignore the last name or initial. Hence Señorita Estela Avila Molina was, in conversation, merely Señorita Estela Avila, while Señor C. Arturo Gajar S. became Señor C. Arturo Gajar. But I thought the Chilean use of the final name or initial a rather pretty tribute to Chilean feminism. When applied to me the result was interesting. I was addressed or referred to not as Earl Chapin May but as Señor Earl Chapin. The Chileans took it for granted that my mother was a May, whereas her maiden name was Susan Short. I did n't mind the Chapin so much, but I was constantly confused with Charlie Chaplin, whom all Chileans knew and loved. As a matter of fact, our only resemblance is in the feet.

The Sunday hikers ranged in age from seventeen to twenty. They represented half the provinces of the republic. They were of Spanish-Indian stock, the Spanish predominating. They spoke English. They were keen about Chile, the United States, and the world at

large. And they were so courteous! They actually convinced us that they were delighted to have two middle-aged Middle-Westerners on their hands for a whole day.

Dr. Galvez, sturdy, dynamic, Rooseveltian in his enthusiasm, blew his police-whistle, and the cavalcade crossed the Plaza Italia, dodged a phalanx of reckless taxis, crossed the brawling Mapocho, trod the worn Aqueduct Walk where proud *doñas and dueñas* strolled in colonial days, and began the ascent of San Cristobal. The Galvez system was in operation. We marched under orders.

The Pedagogical Institute is coeducational. Chilean boys and girls are taught to associate together, but Dr. Galvez is a practical theorist. When the journey began he paired us off by name and assigned a boy to pilot the Comandanta and bright-eyed Eloisa Lautdices V. to keep me company. The Galvez system was scientific. When any couple began to loiter or otherwise show more interest in each other than in the scenery, the Galvez police-whistle blew and all changed partners! Or if the cavalcade halted for a bit of breathing upon the part of the guests of honor, it did not resume its upward march

until the whistle blew. If Dr. Galvez had not become head of the department of modern languages of the Pedagogical Institute, which has the same relation to the University of Chile as Teachers College has to Columbia University, he would have become a great traffic policeman. After all, one is as much of an executive as the other.

What charm the Chileans possess! Each time the Galvez whistle blew me away from Eloisa, Estela, Frescia, or Tercea, there came loud remonstrances from the young lady thus bereft. She protested. She did not want to leave the nice man from the Estados Unidos. I was in the same state of mind. Quite disturbed about the enforced separations. But how soon does youth heal all sorrow! Two minutes after each blast of the whistle my erstwhile *enamorada* was in fascinating conversation with Eduardo, Hugo, Leonidas, Luis, or Arturo. I would not have had it otherwise. Neither would that Solomon called Galvez.

December is not a cool month in Santiago. San Cristobal is a barren hill surmounted by a heroic statue of the Virgin, to which many pilgrimages are made, particularly on December 8.

A broad, hard automobile highway winds to the summit. A narrower, rougher foot-path zig-zags to the statue. Merry pilgrims politely shared our foot-path. At the foot of a wooden cross half-way to the summit a ragged *roto* knelt bareheaded in the broiling sun, his hands crossed upon his breast, his enraptured face raised to the Virgin's statue. His swarthy features shone, not so much from the light without as from the light within. What would a skeptic give for a belief like that! I bared my head in homage to the *roto*. The Galvez whistle pierced the air. Our chattering cavalcade resumed its pilgrimage. We joined thousands of other pilgrims at the summit. The rough scramble from valley floor to hilltop was worth the effort.

Far below us to the west lay the checker-board city, laid out in the rectangles beloved by founders of Spanish towns. Rising almost at our feet was the lesser hill, Cerro Blanco. To the right of that the white monuments and mausoleums of the *cementerio parroquial*. To the left of the *cementerio parroquial* was the glistening expanse of the *cementerio general* flanked by the great Hospital Alemán, the greater Hospital San José, and the still greater Hospital of

San Vicente de Paul. Farther to the left beyond the ribbon of Mapocho were the evergreen Parque Forestal and Parque Centenario. To our east was the subdivision of Providencia with its Swiss chalets and English-looking houses and gardens, beyond which lay the Santiago Golf-Club and—the mighty mountains. Above us towered the snow-white Virgin. Around us the pilgrims worshiped.

The Galvez whistle sounded. We descended to the tile-walled, thatch-roofed rest-house just opened. Dr. Galvez stood treat. We partook of lemonade and other soft beverages. A healthy, youthful, rainbow-colored mob invaded the balcony above us. The leaders discovered Dr. Galvez. The mob gave a sky-rocket yell like the *siss-boom-rah* of our colleges, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar—and a Chilean tiger for Dr. Galvez.

"That is one of our younger classes from the Pedagogical Institute. They are having what you call a peekneek on San Cristobal to-day," Eloisa explained.

"Is n't it nice that they should cheer so loudly for Dr. Galvez?" the Comandanta replied.

Dr. Galvez, from the other side of the table,

grunted. "I am about to pass upon their examination papers; hence the enthusiasm," he remarked. He waved to his youthful admirers. They yelled again, then disappeared.

Dr. Galvez herded us into an uncompleted ball-room of the rest-house. "We are greatly honored by the presence to-day of our distinguished friends from the United States," he began, looking toward the Comandanta and me from his improvised rostrum, a building-block. There was polite hand-clapping and a tentative "viva" or so. I modestly stepped forward. Dr. Galvez brushed me to one side. "We will hear," he announced, "the gifted Señora Mayo on the feminist movement in North America." The gifted Señora Mayo obliged with a few illuminating sentences and a general invitation from the women of the United States to the women of Chile to join in the emancipation of the sex. Señorita Emilia Pulida A. and Señor Luis Palacia Hurtado made graceful reply. Then the Catholic-born agnostic, Dr. José María Galvez, took from his coat pocket a tiny volume of Marcus Aurelius and read the following:

"If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word,

anything better than thy own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason and in the condition that is assigned thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best."

On the way down Cerro San Cristobal, past permanently abandoned rock-quarries, toward the green plain below, the little, blue-goggled Señor Usrutio told me how the city had taken possession of the hill and would presently park its beautiful sides. Then we turned to religion. He told me he was an agnostic, as were most Chilean college students.

"Why?" I demanded.

"We are thinkers. We cannot agree with the dictates of the Catholic Church," he replied.

"You are under too much French influence down here," I protested.

"We think for ourselves, more or less," he insisted.

"When you ceased to be a Catholic, why did you not become a Protestant? There are a hundred Protestant missionaries in Chile."

"There is but one church," he answered.

"Your agnosticism is a youthful pose," I countered.

He was silent.

"You were born a Christian, were baptized a Christian, will die as a Christian," I added.

"I do not think so," was the polite reply of the little earnest-souled Chilean.

Near the base of the hill, as we were passing some Lombardy poplars whose ancestors were imported by monks long dead, I asked young C. Arturo Gajar S. what he thought of the Yankees of North America. "You Chileans are often called the Yankees of South America because you have so much push and go," I suggested. "Do you really like us, or the comparison?"

"Perhaps I had best answer your question by reading what our distinguished educator, Professor Enrique Molina, who with others of the progressives has opened a new university at Concepción, says in 'El Mercurio' of Santiago." He extracted a clipping from his pocket and, translating as he read, enlivened me with the following:

"The North American student is without doubt more of a boy, more healthy and more ingenuous than

the Spanish-American student of the same age. In regard to his morality, he seems to me, on the average, sober and pure. His religion is not dogmatic, nor subject to struggle with practice or ritual, but manifests itself in social service. They are more or less happy, noisy, always singing. I did not find there the type of our dandies who display the elegance of their apparel on the public streets or in the monotonous *paseo* of the provinces. Neither did I encounter there the romantic youth of pale face tormented by dreams and chimeras which the world cannot satisfy. These North American students are individualistic, but not egoistically individualistic, but of an individualism which prepares itself for social service, for fighting political and commercial battles."

"That," I nodded in approbation," seems a very sensible way to look at it."

Young Señor C. Arturo Gajar S. smiled gently. "Perhaps you might also be interested in this," he said, extracting another clipping from another pocket. It is by Señor Julio Cambo, who, like Professor Molina, has been to your Estados Unidos and who writes in 'El Sur' of Concepción." He read, translating into English:

"In what does American liberty consist? Before disembarking in New York, a doctor turns our eyelids

inside out to see if we have trachoma, while another employee of the Government examines our purse to see what we are worth, more or less. If we are worth less than thirty dollars we cannot land in the Land of Liberty. Neither if we are ill.

"Suppose that we have money and we have health, that our social position is not that of a single woman, that we are not carrying feathers for hats, that we are not accompanied by an illegal wife, and that we are not President Castro of Venezuela. Given all these conditions and a few others relative to the color of our hair, landing in New York is not impossible.

"But once we are in the United States what liberties do we have there that we cannot enjoy elsewhere? The liberty of erecting horrible sky-scrapers. The liberty of spending the day chewing gum. The liberty of entering into another man's office without removing our hat. The liberty of stepping on another man's corns and of jabbing him with our elbow. The newly arrived in the United States learns soon that these things are the general custom, and since it is done to him, he in turn can do it to others. It is in that that American liberty consists."

"He is not so flattering," I confessed.

"Which witness shall I accept?" asked young C. Arturo Gajar S.

"I 'm afraid you will have to come to my country and make your own choice," I answered.

CHAPTER IX

A CHILEAN CHARITY BALL

Smart Society Dances in Santiago's Teatro Municipal

"YOU will not see opera in our national opera-house this season. Times are too hard. So you had better go to the annual charity ball in our Teatro Municipal. It will be the smart affair of the year, more or less, in one of Chile's most imposing institutions."

Thus advised one of our Santiago friends. The tickets were three dollars, American, each. We went.

In orthodox evening garb, sitting in state in an ancient *coche*—always more intriguing than any closed car on a balmy December summer night—we ambled down Calle Riquelme to Calle Agustinas, then swung to the right past the Bank of Chile and the Catholic University and the British Club to a little plaza at the corner of Agustinas and San Antonio, where a great

crowd of black-garbed spectators from among Santiago's lesser breeds quietly massed in front of a great, gray building.

Falling in line behind limousines and town-cars, we edged in front of traffic policemen, eventually reached broad, stone steps, dismissed our *cochero,* and entered the brilliantly illuminated Teatro Municipal. The double circular staircase carpeted in red, the check-rooms to right and left, were no more crowded than at similar functions in our country. The gentlemen, hundreds of them, were in conventional evening garb. The ladies were in gowns designed by famous Parisian modistes, by Santiago *confeccionadoras* less famous, and by mothers, sisters, or cousins of the wearers. Live colors were being worn that season, and those who had most recently returned from Paris were adorned in vivid rainbow hues, in brilliant oranges, in peacock blues, in flaming taffetas. The omnipresent fan, which no one wields so well as the woman of Spanish blood, was present in multicolored ostrich-plumes. High Spanish combs set with precious stones surmounted the coiffures of black or brown or red or auburn hair. Eyes flashed or drooped or gazed with

steady concentration as suited the owner's mood, for the arts of conversation and of fascination are taught the Chilean *señorita* with her earliest prayers.

Entering the ball-room, the main floor of the theater's auditorium, we mingled with Santiago's smart society. At the early hour of ten the floor was crowded. Rows of red, plush-covered chairs ran around three sides and filled the space below the first of the four horseshoe balconies. Here again stunning *señoritas,* watchful *señoras,* and gallant *señores* were on display in meticulous garb.

Midway along the sides of the huge auditorium were tiers of boxes. In one box sat the most fascinating beauty I saw in all Chile. Exquisitely gowned, brilliantly bejeweled, passively accepting the attention of a group of cavaliers, she surveyed the scene from soul-haunting eyes set in a cameo face. She seemed indifferent to music, dancing, or gallantry or the kaleidoscopic scene. She remained seated for hours, the constant recipient of expressed or mute admiration from those who thronged around or before her. Her one expression was of unutterable sadness. The Lady with the Mournful

Eyes! I had read the chapter of her tragic story as had many others in both Americas, but she seemed indifferent to that as to everything else in a troubled world.

On the opposite side of the room was the Presidential party. The quick-witted sons of Don Arturo Alessandri, picking us out of the press, nodded with Western friendliness. In the center of the first balcony were the Sanfuentes, the Tocornals, the Ossas de Valdes, the Conchas, the Edwards, the Huneeus families, the Balmacedas—all those who counted among Chile's four hundred.

Elsewhere in boxes and lower balconies and on the dancing-floor were alert members of Santiago's younger generation, clear of eye, erect of bearing, very sure of themselves and of their social position.

At the upper end of the ball-room, opposite the immense double doors, an orchestra of eighty pieces occupied the stage, from which Theodore Roosevelt once spoke, and upon which had appeared opera companies from Paris, Madrid, and Milan.

The American Ambassador, William Miller Collier, and Mrs. Collier were there, as were our

military attaché, Major Furman Edgar MacCannon, with the chic Mrs. MacCannon. Mr. and Mrs. Lester E. Grant were down from El Teniente mine. Everybody was there. It was an exhilarating crush.

There was a smart cotillion and the inevitable flash-light photograph. The banquet tables were spread in the dining-rooms below. There was an elaborate menu with inspiration in many forms. Bare shoulders and arms, elaborate coiffures, fortunes in jewels, other fortunes in gowns, snow-white shirt-fronts, patent-leather shoes, well waxed dancing-floor, walls of red and gold reaching into the distant dome, enormous chandeliers ablaze with electric lights, cigarettes, wine, cocktails, cigars, graceful dancers weaving in and out of the press, interesting couples promenading in the many galleries. It was an enchanting panorama; and we went home before midnight! Why? Because there were too many things to do in Santiago.

There were noontime meetings of the American Society in Chile in the Savoy Hotel, where a half-hundred men from the States partook of hors d'œuvres in the shape of assorted cold meats, fresh asparagus served as a separate

COMMENCEMENT AT SANTIAGO COLLEGE

SANTIAGO'S TEATRO LA COMEDIA

THE MUNICIPAL THEATER, SANTIAGO

ALWAYS RECEPTIONS AND BALLS IN SANTIAGO

course, boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce, creamed spinach and lyonnaise potatoes topped with custard cup, cigars, coffee—and speeches.

There were sessions with Librarian Dr. C. Silva Cruz in the Biblioteca Nacional, whose thousands of rare volumes were to be moved from the old building near the Palace of Congress to the palatial new library in the Alameda de las Delicias.

There was Armistice day, when the single-starred flag of Chile mingled with the Stars and Stripes in American homes, with the Union Jack in British homes, with the Tricolor in French homes, with the flag of Italy in Italian homes, for Santiago was the adopted land of them all. There was an Armistice day celebration at the British Athletic Club grounds with cricket, football and a Balaclava Mêlée. There was another Armistice day celebration for the Americans in an adjoining park, where the Saints (missionaries) wolloped the Sinners (commercial men) in a red-hot game of baseball.

On other days there were meetings of Americans and Chileans at the Club de la Unión, famous for its "eggs à la opera" and other things.

There were meetings of Chileans and Americans at the Club de Setiembre, another old Spanish social institution. There were the Comandanta's Thursdays at home, to which Chileans, Bolivians, English, French, and Americans came. There was that December afternoon with the Selovers at Los Leones, where we sat under the great walnut-trees in the garden and ate loquats from adjoining trees, and that other memorable afternoon motoring with the Millikens through Parque Cousiño and the gardens of Quinta Normal along avenues of pink-flowered acacias and blossoming chestnuts. There were dinners at the Fritz Mellas', the Walter Judsons', the Norman Rowes'.

There was the session of the Chilean League for Social Hygiene, the reception at Quinta Normal to Ambassador Collier, with two hundred and fifty Americans present, and the Sunday afternoon reception at the home of the Chilean writer and club-woman whose pen-name is Vera Zouroff, where every one present spoke pieces—except the Comandanta who could not remember the second verse of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

There were Sunday mornings at the Union

Church, or at the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school where the Boomers preached the gospel to the native Chileans, and the Methodist Santiago College commencement, where Chilean and American girls received their degrees in an American mission-school. There was a delightful evening of light opera given as a benefit performance by the Woman's Auxiliary to the American Society of Chile.

And teas, teas, teas—at Gath & Chaves's (the Marshall Field's of Santiago), at any one of forty places where the men quit work, met their women-folk or some one's women-folk, and drank oceans of tea. We had tea with our friends—formerly our German enemies—before entering the "vermouth" performance or "supper show" given by an Argentine company in Teatro Union Central. Tea with the Jack Wards, who took us to the vaudeville in Teatro Comedia, where we endured the ventriloquist, the comedians, the dancers, while waiting for brilliant Amalia Molina, who appeared in songs, dances, and costumes of Granada, Sevilla, Cadiz, Córdova, Jaen, and Málaga. Tea before this and after that. The English have lived in Chile for three hundred years.

When we first settled down in Chile, the Comandanta and I undertook to keep a daily record of the things we saw and did. Then we decided, after a few weeks' experiment, to record only the most important. Our own wedding anniversary was completely forgotten in the whirl of Chilean *fiestas* and social events.

We had dinners at home with American and English guests, bridge at home and elsewhere. We hurried to the Senate one day to see something sensational—the accusation of a former President or something like that—and found the accuser seated at his desk reading monotonously from typewritten pages, while the few Solons present dozed, read papers, or smoked, much like Washington and our own congressmen. We rushed out to a church one morning because an earthquake had caved it in, and a pretty good wreck it was.

We danced at the Club de Señoras until I had to take the Comandanta home. Along the way we stopped for breath and read the book-titles in a near-by book-store window: Dryden's "All For Love," "A History of the English People," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," "International Civil and Commercial Law," "Prin-

ciples of Commerce," "Enoch Arden," "Gulliver's Travels," "Text-Book of Land Drainage," "Principles of Agronomy." It was a Chilean book-store. There were also copies of "A Modern School," "Foods and the Household," "The Teaching of English," "A Hand-Book for Weavers."

One day, like the two little pigs we were, we went to market and returned with five pounds of peas, three pounds of cherries, a pound of asparagus, two large bunches of carrots, one large bunch of onions, a one-and-a-half-pound chicken, a five-pound leg of lamb, two dozen eggs, a pick-up-and-deliver boy, and a *coche* and driver. The total expenditure in cash was $3.60 American money. We purchased flowers with equal abandon and at about the same relative cost. Santiago furnished the most deliciously melting macaroons I have ever tasted on any continent.

One day, wandering out to see the babe in the Street of the Lions, we found the infant Roberta Wrench thriving on burro milk. One mother burro and child were riding away to the farmlands in a high Chilean cart, while another burro baby and mother, the latter guranteed to give

more milk per day, were installed in the Wrench back yard. In the front yard was a sign reading: "Se vende leche de burra" (burro milk for sale).

We hastened from a dramatic reading to the dedication of a hospital or church or public building, to a lecture, to the *cinematógrafo* to see Charlie Chaplin, Clara Kimball Young, Dustin Farnum, or some other movie actor or actress from the Estados Unidos.

Is it strange that we did not linger at the Chilean charity ball beyond the midnight hour?

There was plenty of activity for us who lived in the Land of *Más ó Menos*. It was a charming place to live, but Santiago was, oh, so busy!

CHAPTER X

GETTING THE NEWS IN CHILE

A Surprise Finish is the Feature of "El Diario's" Story

LINGUISTS who know their South America will tell you that the best Spanish on the continent is spoken by the little circle of pure-bloods in Bogotá, capital of Colombia. The small number of educated natives at Quito and Guayaquil, Ecuador, use a Spanish of almost equal excellence. In Lima, Arequipa, Chiclayo, Trujillo, Cuzco and a few other centers of Peruvian culture the Spanish is much like that of the mother-country because Lima, the City of Kings, was for generations the seat of the greatest of South American vice-royalties and home of Spanish colonial aristocracy.

But Bolivian Spanish is not so good as the Spanish of Peru; the Spanish of Peru does not equal in quality the Spanish of Ecuador; nor does the Spanish of Ecuador reach the standard

of Colombian Bogotá. And this contrast between mode of expression and general cultural development becomes more pronounced from north to south until the traveler reaches Chile.

Chile proudly describes itself as a "white nation," in contrast to its northern neighbors. For the Caucasion blood in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia is in puny percentage compared with the Indian, negro, and Asiatic stocks. In Chile there is such a strong Spanish-Germanic-Saxon strain that the country is much "whiter" than many parts of the United States of America. Yet the Chileans speak the poorest Spanish on the West Coast.

The average Chilean muffs his s's, misses his l's, and generally swallows his words, so that one who has known Spanish in Spain or elsewhere must newly attune his ear and train his tongue. Only among the Argentines is Spanish handled so roughly in South America.

The Chilean's lack of polished diction may be due to the fact that only the hardiest of Spanish adventurers braved the northern deserts, the snowy Andes, or the stormy seas about Cape Horn to fight the pioneer's battle in Chile, a country of little gold but much labor. As in

our own West, the Chilean fighting stock came first and the cultivated class last.

Or the Chilean's loose method of using the Spanish language may be charged to his constant speed, to his dominant desire to get something done. He is the most energetic of all South Americans. Although a true Latin in his ready politeness, he is less given to form than to action. At any rate, Chile produces the best newspapers on the West Coast, but even the natives criticize the style and construction used. The Chilean newspapers print such protests in their own columns.

First in literary standard and physical plant among Chilean newspapers is the " 'Mercurio' string." This includes the morning "Mercurio" in Valparaiso, Chile's chief port; the morning "Mercurio" of Antofagasta, center of the great Chilean nitrate industry; and the morning "Mercurio" of Santiago, capital of Chile. The afternoon editions are under the title "Estrella," corresponding to our Evening Star, or "Las Ultimas Noticias," The Latest News. Equipment and buildings in Valparaiso and Antofagasta are modern.

By 1927 "El Mercurio" of Santiago will be

housed in one of the most elaborate newspaper buildings on the West Coast. "El Mercurio" will then celebrate the centennial of its first issue, which came from the Valparaiso office in 1827, largely through the activities of an American printer named Wells.

"El Mercurio" claims the distinction of being the oldest Spanish daily in either of the Americas. Its staff and contributors include some of the foremost Chilean men and women of letters. It handles its news in dignified style. The Jesuit, Father Emilio Vaïsse, literary editor, reads the books and periodicals of five languages. He works with fierce enthusiasm from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.; then he adjourns to the "Two-Chair Club" in the little book-store on the corner opposite the Chilean Hall of Congress. There he shop-talks with Domingo Amunateguí Solar, rector of the University of Chile; Miguel Luis Amunateguí Reyes of the university faculty; Tomás Thayer Ojedo of the manuscript department of the Biblioteca Nacional (the National Library); and other pals, until a quarter to eight, when the informal literary club adjourns for dinner.

"El Mercurio" illustrates the influence of

Anglo-Saxon stock upon Chilean civilization, for its chief owner is Don Agustin Edwards, Chile's ranking diplomat in Great Britain. English and Irish names are frequently encountered in Chile. The Edwards family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in the country. Don Agustin follows the traditions of his family in devoting his life to journalism, law, politics, and diplomacy. A great many of his years have been spent abroad in diplomatic service, but he has an active and able partner on the home job in Carlos Silva Vildósola, by many regarded as Chile's leading journalist.

Señor Silva Vildósola has resided in London, Paris, and other European cities, is the author of a book comparing Chilean and European newspaper methods, and is enthusiastic in expressing his friendship for the United States. This attitude has become more pronounced during the past five years. In politics the " 'Mercurio' string" has kept to the middle of the road, while its chief owner has continued to discharge important foreign missions to the credit of his country.

The vigorous baby of Chilean newspaperdom, "La Nación," has, on the contrary, supported

the Radical party since the paper was established in 1916. The Radical party elected President Arturo Alessandri. Carlos G. Davila, director (publisher) of "La Nación," is a product of the "Mercurio" school. He is a snappy little chap who speaks English, has built up one of the largest circulations in Chile, and, in his plans for a new building and methods of accounting, printing, and handling news, is following models furnished by American papers, particularly the "Detroit News."

Señor Don Carlos Davila does not speak English so fluently as does Señor Don Carlos Silva Vildósola of "El Mercurio" or so readily as J. H. Livingstone, city editor, news editor, and general responsible party on "El Diario Ilustrado," third of the Santiago morning dailies. The "'Mercurio' string" and "La Nación" reflect the English influence, but "El Diario Ilustrado" is strictly Chilean in style. Mr. Livingstone learned his English in his native Chile. He is all Chilean, although of English-Chilean ancestry. He and his staff learned all they know of the newspaper profession in their own country, Chile. Yet Livingstone is a good newspaper man and "El Diario Ilustrado" is a

good newspaper, as I shall attempt to demonstrate.

When I first met Livingstone he had reached his thirtieth year; during fifteen years he had been an employee of the paper whose news he was then editing. In addition to his job and his paper, he was responsible for a wife and four children. For several years before our meeting he had been getting out "El Diario Ilustrado" seven times a week, each edition running from fourteen to twenty-four pages, each page in size and type-face carrying as much copy as our average American paper. And until December, 1921, the paper had not had a typewriter in the editorial-rooms, or an assignment-book on its city desk, or a dummy as guide for the final make-up.

Livingstone did carry a little vest-pocket notebook in which from time to time he would jot down items that he wished to comment upon at a later date. But to all intents and purposes he carried the paper in his head, read practically all the copy, which came through his desk in free-hand pencil form, kept his staff photographers everlastingly on the jump, made up his own paper at one o'clock each morning, and

rarely let the other morning papers beat him on an important piece of news.

To evaluate properly this performance you must understand that, in spite of what is to us the peculiar manner in which Chilean news is handled, "El Diario Ilustrado" carefully "covered the town." It covered the country with equal care. It had close news association with "La Libertad" of Talca, home of many Chilean "first families"; "El Diario Austral" of Temuco, in the Chilean Indian country far to the south; "La Aurora" of Valdivia, the German town of Spanish origin; and "El Osorno" of Osorno, on the edge of the southern lake region. "El Diario Ilustrado" had two or three hundred other "country correspondents" in addition to a special bureau in Valparaiso, where much of the shipping and commercial news "breaks."

In proportion to its size and circulation, the Chilean newspaper carries much more cable news than do the newspapers in the United States, because the Latin-American is much more familiar with international matters than are the provincial citizens of the great United States. Yet only rarely is there any news lead to a Chilean newspaper story. Chilean news writers are

CARTOON FROM "EL DIARIO ILUSTRADO"

A daily of Santiago, representing the Chilean President Alessandri carrying the "poor fish" of the Chilean *roto* on his back, previous to squeezing the oil out of him. (Cod liver oil is advertised and sold throughout South America.)

just beginning to learn the Yankee trick of telling the story in the first paragraph and amplifying it afterward. The editor, such as Livingstone, who has to cut and boil to fit the closing forms, faces a difficult situation at the make-up hour in a Chilean news factory.

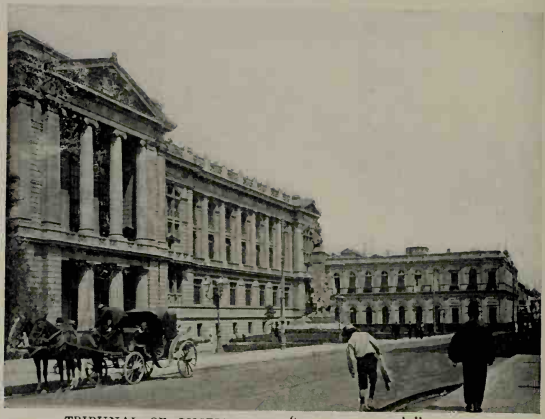
Livingstone's versatility fascinated me. I was glad to find that his achievements were made possible by the support of a modern and nearly all-American mechanical equipment.

As further evidence that Livingstone was to the newspaper manor and manner born, he refreshed himself on Sunday, his day of rest, by playing soccer football until 9 P. M., when he went to work again. In other words, he never quit. The rival teams, representing "El Mercurio," "El Diario Ilustrado," "La Nacion," and the weekly illustrated "Zigzag," contested fiercely each Sunday afternoon for the Santiago Press League pennant. Much money was won and lost and some good blood spilled in the encounters, for the Chilean version of soccer ball is no ladies game.

There are three outstanding differences between the average American daily and the "big three" of Chile. The Chilean daily caters to a

HOME OF "EL DIARIO ILUSTRADO"

THE COMANDANTA, SEÑORES SILVA, LYNCH, MAY, AND LIVINGSTONE



TRIBUNAL OF JUSTICE AND "EL MERCURIO'S" HOME

A LABOR DELEGATION IN "EL MERCURIO'S" OFFICE

public engrossed in the profession of politics, which is played up in news and editorial columns even when good news must be killed. The news story in a Chilean paper is not a news story in our sense; it is a narrative. The Chilean newspaper, although its editor may indulge in duels outside the office, is conducted with rare decorum; the Yankee visitor rarely sees shirt-sleeve journalism in Santiago.

After the clatter of the typewriter battery in the "Chicago Tribune" local-room, for instance, it is rather uncanny to step inside the immaculate *crónica* or local-room of "El Diario Ilustrado" and there find eight carefully dressed young gentlemen, each one sitting at a neat little table whose red cloth top supports a pad of white paper over which quietly speeds the busy and informing pencil of the Santiago newspaper reporter. There is a waste-basket and cuspidor for each table. The floor is reserved for pedestrian purposes only.

Writing a news story in Chile is a serious matter, if it be for a Chilean paper. For the Chilean news does not appear in the head-lines nor in the subject-matter until nearly every other detail of the day's doings has been attended to.

If it is a "sports" story, the whole page may be and sometimes is devoted to a game between Argentina and Chile to decide the soccer ball championship of South America. It is much as if a New York paper were covering a game of baseball between the champions of the United States and the champions of Canada, supposing for the sake of argument that the Canadians should happen to produce a championship baseball team.

The streamer head, telling nothing, goes clear across the top of the seven columns. The introduction and the first column or so will describe in great and illuminating detail the state of the weather, how the President of the republic and his official party were received by the multitudes in waiting, how fascinating the girls appeared in their latest importations from Paris, and so on, down to the first kick-off.

Then the author of this football novelette gets into the running story, jotting down each score as it is made, until toward the end of the seventh column the patient reader discovers, in very small type, which team made the most points. And yet they say that the Latin is temperamental! At times he is patience personified.

His day is of twenty-four hours, *más ó menos.*

If the Chilean newspaper is reporting a murder story, the narrative begins with the rumor that something untoward has happened. This is followed by a journey to the reputed location of the alleged occurrence. Then comes the opening of a door indicated by some resident of the neighborhood, the discovery of a dead body, and the conclusion that foul murder—or murder of some kind—has been done upon the person of the deceased.

Covering fires in Santiago, with its half-million souls, its *bomberos,* or volunteer firemen who respond to the ringing of a watch-tower bell, and its custom of locking up the proprietors of burning buildings, adds zest to the life of the Santiago newspaper reporter.

If the fire is of minor importance and "breaks" many hours before the paper's dead-line or closing-time, it is the custom to permit the police department to cover the fire by a formal report, which comes along about two hours after the fire. But should the bell in the city tower sound the alarm shortly before the presses start the police reporter does his own leg-work. First he hustles to the fire, in company with the *bom-*

beros, who have paused to don their uniforms at home; then the reporter hustles to the jail to talk to the owner of the fire, then back to the news shop to write his story.

In Chile, as in many other South American countries, the citizens call a fire an *incendio* and lock up the owner of the burning premises as soon as they can lay hands on him. If he can give a big enough bond, the fire sufferer may get out of jail in time to see the last of his property go up in smoke; but he usually paces the floor of his dungeon until the flames and firemen have done their worst. Then the victim has an opportunity of proving himself innocent. In any event the story comes out in the paper about like this (it is a literal translation):

The *Incendio* of Last Night

Last night at 12:20 an *incendio* was produced in Calle San Diego No. 8 near the corner of Concepción.

This locality was occupied by a negotiation (business) declared upon questioning to be the property of Laureano Ferroz.

The fire propagated itself at the house signified with the number, which had a security of $10,000 in "La Catalena."

Assisting, more or less, from the first moments were judicial functionaires and police.

A force of police of the Fourth Comisaría preserved order.

After an active work the companies of *bomberos* obtained domination of the fire.

The cause of the incendio is, nevertheless, in ignorance.

The above is, I should say, an incomplete report. For it does not mention the arrest of the person whose property was on fire.

"El Diario Ilustrado" is printed in Santiago's most imposing newspaper plant. In keeping with custom, the edifice boasts, among other features, a circular lobby roofed with highly colored cathedral glass, a winding marble stair, an oaken furnished convention-room for the free use of the public, and a "nineteenth hole."

I know it will grieve the brethren in the States to learn that Chilean journalists have merely to step across the hall from the local-room to get any liquid refreshment required, but such is the sad case. Chilean wines of good quality may be purchased at from eight to twenty cents a liter, American money—in Santiago. Whisky and beer are more expensive—so I was told. Lest

this information cause unwarranted excitement in Yankee newspaper ranks, I will add that Chile will be going dry in ten years, more or less. It is, therefore, doubtful whether reporters trained only in English would find it worth while to journey to South America and buck up on Spanish for five or six years, just to get the local color and effect.

It was Señor Victor Barros Lynch, general assignment man on the staff of "El Diario Ilustrado," who took me to the Department of Identification in Santiago, where I was thumb-printed, photographed, and given number 0197597 and a little red book bearing my signature and certain pertinent details about my life and looks and entitled: "Cédula de Identidad Personal, Gabinete de Idenificación, República de Chile." The booklet cost me ten pesos (one dollar at the current exchange), including a stamp-tax of fifty centavos, but it was worth it.

Each reporter on a metropolitan daily in Chile carries a *cédula*. It is the badge that gets him through police and fire lines. It is also the reporter's card of introduction. Señor Octavio Vergare of "La Nacion" produced his *cédula*

when he called to interview the Comandanta and me at our Santiago home in Calle Riquelme, No. 40. Each foreigner is, and, as the system is perfected, each citizen will be required to show his *cédula* in Chile upon the request of any policeman or public official. The plan has been proposed for the United States as one method of preventing fraudulent voting.

My *cédula* was worth one dollar to me because it was handed me just after the staff photographer of "El Diario Ilustrado" had done his prettiest for the Comandanta, me, Livingstone, Lynch, and Señor Felipe Silva, a debonair gentleman with a neat black mustache who covers army and navy assignments. The journal's staff photographer made me out quite a decent sort. The government photographer revealed in me criminal tendencies that I had only vaguely suspected. The government artist put me in my place, first by giving me a sitting in the midst of a mob of intensely interested and vicariously bathed Chilean *rotos* or Spanish-Indian working-men, and later by presenting to me the finished likeness of what the Santiago papers had flatteringly described as *"El Intelec-*

tuale de Chicago," "un gran periodista norteamericano," and *"el presidente del Comite Colsultivo de la Asocición Editorial Internacional."*

The welcome given us throughout Chile was so in contrast to what we had been led to expect that I may be pardoned for making further reference to it. During our two months in Peru we had been warned that while nearly all Peruvians were keen for the Estados Unidos we would find in Chile "one country where they hate the Yankees." This feeling would, in our case, we were told, be accentuated because we would enter Chile from Peru via Bolivia, Peru's old ally against Chile. I was so impressed with the possibility of a hostile reception in Chile that I wrote several letters to American residents, in Chile explaining that I contemplated going direct from Bolivia into Argentina and avoiding Chile as "unsafe territory." The assurances of safe-conduct given me by these Americans were ably supported by the Chilean press.

Twelve hours after Lawrence Haas of the United Press in Santiago presented me to Señor Carlos Davila, publisher of "La Nacion," that daily devoted nearly two columns to the Comandanta and me. Other papers in Santiago

and in southern Chile were equally friendly. This was true in many other Latin-American countries. Even in Argentina, where friendship for the United States is not traditional, "La Epocha," the government organ, interviewed and photographed me at 4 P. M. and had the interview and cut on the front page and on the street at five o'clock that afternoon. No, it was n't an extra; just a regular edition. I think the newspaper men did it just to show their speed. But in Chile and elsewhere the publicity was given to a national, not to an individual.

I made my newspaper headquarters in Chile in the city room of "El Diario Ilustrado" largely because I was so intrigued by Livingstone, and I liked the atmosphere of his shop. To me, the prettiest feature of "El Diario Ilustrado's" daily schedule was the afternoon gathering of the society reporters. In Santiago, when a young girl wishes her name and likeness to appear in the local paper she does not trust to the telephone or mails, both notoriously uncertain in Latin America; she prepares the news about herself in most attractive form, and with her society associates marches down to the editorial office, copy in hand.

One has to know the Chilean girls with their positive stride, their direct gaze and general air of self-sufficiency, to visualize the full beauty of a newspaper lobby filled with them on a bright summer January afternoon in Santiago—and the impossibility of any city editor's refusing to publish any of the news thus submitted. The Chilean girls are worth a special edition every day.

CHAPTER XI

I TAKE THE AIR AND LOSE MY BREATH

Chile's School of Aviation Views my Fearful Flying Stunts

IN Chile, the Land of Más ó Menos, it is the custom to indulge in a *fiesta* in celebration of almost any important event, such as the coming of spring, the anniversary of the nation's independence, or some great man's birthday. The Comandanta of our *corps familia* therefore announced that October 23 would be devoted to celebrating the anniversary of my birth.

In token of her determination to neglect nothing which might complete the gaiety of so signal an event, the lady of my heart presented me at breakfast a pair of blue-gray socks, secured at a very especial *gran liquidación* or bargain sale in Calle Ahumanda, and a delectable dish of fresh spring rhubarb, discovered at the city market on the Street of San Pablo.

When the first demonstration in honor of my

nativity had, in a measure, subsided, the Comandanta put on her new spring hat and announced that Señorita Laura Jorquera F., in her valued capacity as guide and custodian, would convey us to the Chilean National School of Aviation, there to watch the flying-machines in their setting-up exercises.

Thrilled with the thought of so venturesome an enterprise, I buckled on my blue-gray spats, to match my socks and my lady's hat, and journeyed by German-built tram through the slums of southern Santiago and the arboreal beauties of Victoria, past the scene of Chile's final battle for independence, to Chile's budding flying school on El Bosque Field.

Young Mr. Seabrooke, from England and Australia, was explaining that the imposing array of wholly wrecked, nearly wrecked, and partially wrecked aëroplanes upon which his assistants exerted their mechanical ingenuity represented the smallest known proportion of "crashes" to flights, about 4 per cent. It was quite interesting, especially that part of the descriptive matter which mentioned that while the machines "get knocked about a bit, the fliers get off quite free, usually."

"This one," said young Mr. Seabrooke, indicating an Avro biplane, "had nothing left intact but the tail end of the fuselage. Both pilot and student observer were burned to death in a bad landing. But we shall soon have the machine ready to sail again."

One gets a trifle bored by much sight-seeing, and the Comandanta was half-way through a smothered yawn when the imposing General Luis Contreras, with a merry twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"It is more or less customary at this school, when we have the honor of a call from a honeymoon couple, to separate bride and groom and send the husband up in an aëroplane. Are you ready?"

The latter sentence was addressed to me. The Comandanta yawned no more that day, for I said, "Yes," to the chief of Chile's Aviation School.

It might have been half an hour, but it seemed only half a minute before busy boys of the flying school had me bundled into full-length, one-piece dungarees and green goggles and Captain Oswald Manning, popularly known as the Wizard of the Air, was boosting me into the back

seat of an Avro and buckling a life-belt about my palpitating waist.

"Not at all necessary," grunted the Wizard, "but it will make you feel safer. Be sure and keep your feet behind that cross-bar, and your hands off that joy-stick. Let 's go."

While I was twisting about, trying to ask Seabrooke whether it was really true that these big instruction planes could not be used for stunts, there was a terrifying explosion, a roar—and, into a wind like ten thousand Kansas tornadoes, we bumped across the turf for a second or so, and then took the air.

That is, the Wizard and the Avro took the air. I had to fight for mine. For the ship sailed into the zenith at an astonishing angle, and when I had felt the belt and taken a first look over the side I was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a shrinking world. Then I was sharply alarmed lest it should suddenly cease to shrink and should expand with fatal effect.

The Wizard "banked for a turn." I gazed down the lower wing slithering through the air at an angle of fifty degrees. The uproarious racket of the motor, the violent vibration of the fuselage, the singing of the stays in the tramon-

tane gale, produced a certain nervousness near my diaphragm. I feard the Wizard was not in prime condition and might commit an error in judgment. But as I searched for a telephone or speaking-tube through which to discuss the matter, the ship rolled upon an even keel and soared once more.

Then even I, most timid of middle-aged mortals, was enthralled by the aërial panorama of Santiago Valley. On the west rose the geologically young Coastal Range of green-clad mountains. On the east the tremendous snow-capped Cordillera cropped up through mist-clouds. Their tops were nine thousand feet above the valley floor. The latter was now but a broad, verdant chess-board, with clumps of Lombardy poplars or pepper-trees and scattered yellow houses representing the chessmen. Only in irrigated regions may one behold so tidy a landscape.

"Zwish-h! Zroum-m!" The Wizard lost control of his ship! It swooped toward earth with just such a sound as a night-hawk makes when it plunges through the Illinois dusk, seeking unlucky insects. Involuntarily my hands grasped the rim of the cockpit. Heaven and

earth were rolled up as a scroll, inside which the Avro did a loop, while my insides looped in anxious sympathy.

Came flitting through my agitated mind the sage admonition given by the mother of Patrick Pescador, "If you must fly, my son, for the love I bear you, fly low—and slow." The flower bedecked fields of bewitching Chile lay two thousand feet beneath me. The loop had been accomplished.

The Wizard of the Air turned about in his seat and grinned at me through insufficient windshield. He required only short horns on his leather helmet to impersonate a flying devil. I forced a smile and waved one hand—one hand, only—in token of extreme exhilaration at the somersault.

Silly bravado!

I had no sooner won a heated argument with my gullet than the pilot climbed to new and greater heights, side-slipped to the right, side-slipped to the left, climbed once more, and did a sort of a twisting loop! Nature rebelled. For a time it looked as if nature would triumph. But in the end will-power reigned.

The Wizard grinned back at me again, and

ON PANGAL RIVER BELOW EL TENIENTE COPPER-MINE

CAPTAIN DIEGO ARACENA, MASTER CHILEAN AVIATOR

GENERAL LUIS CONTRERAS, CHIEF OF CHILEAN FLYING SCHOOL

again I grimly returned grin for grin. This time I made the salute more pronounced, using both hands. It was an asinine simulation of serenity. It spurred Oswald Manning the Wizard to more diabolical deeds. The Avro climbed again until all that was near and dear to me was a minute speck. But only for a moment.

With a flirt of its tail the Avro stuck its nose toward earth. The Wizard released the star trick from his bag, and the entire aggregation went whirling down in a tail-spin, the world revolving with sickening horizontal velocity. Just as there flashed through my mind the thought that my accident insurance does not cover aëroplane accidents, the Wizard vindicated his title by "flattening out," taking two turns around the field by way of tapering off, and then sliding gently to a bumpless landing.

During the fifteen minutes of flying, I had lived ten years. With rare presence of mind I waved both arms above my erect hair and registered joy and confidence as the ship struck the sweet, sweet clover of Chile. Then came the most frightful sensation of the day. For the Wizard said:

"Better back out on the fuselage and jump to the ground. It 's only ten feet."

General Luis Contreras, Major S. T. P. Scott, the entire flying school, the personnel of the department of mechanics, Mr. Seabrooke, and the Comandanta lined up to see how I "took it," knowing that on the previous day a neighboring nation's military attaché came down from a non-stunt trip as blue and white as his country's flag.

Some are born lucky, some achieve luck, and others have luck thrust upon them. In the present instance I paused a moment in silent supplication, leaped—and my loyal legs did not double up! In fact they carried me steadily across the sward to the critical spectators.

So much for one mature person's first flight in an aëroplane.

It was nothing to my credit that I carried the nonchalant rôle to extremes. That I stood on one foot at a time and divested myself of the dungarees without stumbling, something I could not do again in a year. That I assumed hat, cane, and gloves, offered cigarettes to Captain Manning, and casually asked:

"Manning, was that the usual sort of ride?"

Neither was it to my credit that I puffed up a trifle when he said:

"Hardly. I gave you one of everything I had. And that is the first time in the history of this training field that a wife has been present when a husband took his first flight."

Said General Contreras through Señorita Jorquera:

"And she never even whimpered," raising his hat to the Comandanta.

So we all walked to the gate, while Manning and I discussed aviation.

"I 'm pretty well fed up on this job," he confessed. "I 've been out from England a year. They treat me fine here. But during the war we used to get a fortnight off every now and then to rest up. At this school I average four hours of student flying daily. It 's got on my nerves until I have to kick myself into a machine when I have to carry a passenger. But of course I know that after I have been back in England three months without flying I shall be hunting up almost any kind of a job that puts me back in the air again.

"As for stunt flying, there is absolutely no risk

if you keep high enough. The ship may slip sidewise or down by the tail a bit, but if you keep pulling back on the joy-stick the heavy motor is bound to bring the ship head down, and after that it is a very simple matter to flatten out at least into a volplane."

All of which I believed implicitly. In fact I believed in Manning entirely. I 'm very keen for him. He gave me a thrill. For that I owe him much. He inoculated me with the flying virus. Ever after, as I heard the humming of Manning's or his Chilean students' planes, I dropped all other business to gaze aloft and envy those sailors in the Chilean blue. They are sailors of the sky as well as of the sea, those Chileans.

Every boy in the Chilean Aviation School yearns to fly over the Andes. Some of them have tried; and some have died. The Andean Cordillera at that point is fifteen thousand feet high and two hundred miles wide, as far as the flier is concerned. He has to reach fifteen thousand feet to top the lowest pass, and there is no place to land for two hundred miles of the mountain flight. With or without permission, Chilean aviators began attempting to cross the range

in 1913. Some crashed without killing themselves. Others were not so lucky.

The Argentine fliers also sought the distinction of being first over. Newberry, one of their best, fell to his death before he topped the crest. General Contreras' son and a companion stole an aëroplane from the Aviation School hangar one morning and started for fair Argentina. They crashed on the Argentine side, not fatally. Young Contreras telegraphed the news to his father with the concluding comment, "I 'll come back if you 'll send me a new nose."

General Contreras is a disciplinarian. "It is not nose you need," he telegraphed his son. "It is face." The son delayed his return to Chile.

After many attempts, many of them ending tragically, Lieutenant Godoy of the Chilean Aviation School crossed the Andes from Santiago to Mendoza, Argentina, in 1919. He was given ovations by Chileans and Argentines. Others duplicated his feat. Late in 1922 Captain Diego Aracena, with the same Arthur Seabrooke who introduced me to the wrecks of Chilean aëroplanes, flew from Santiago across the Andes to Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Rio de

Janeiro, two thousand miles over mountain, plain, sea, and jungle.

Since then the Aëro Club of Chile, affiliated with the Federation Aéronautique Internacionale and the Pan-American Aëronautic Federation, has offered twenty-seven thousand dollars in prizes for the fastest aëroplane triangular flight from Santiago through Mendoza and Viña del Mar (Valparaiso) back to Santiago without changing planes. Other prizes totaling fifty thousand dollars were offered for winners in marksmanship, acrobatics, handicaps, and speed events.

This Chilean aërial tournament, scheduled in connection with the Fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago, was merely in earnest of the Chilean's ambition to excel in air as well as on sea and land. I shall not be surprised if within a decade or so the favorite transandine route from Chile to Argentina will be through the air in flying buses. Almost any one would reach such a conclusion after a few minutes' talk with General Luis Contreras, a typical Chilean soldier and gentleman. The Chileans irradiate faith in themselves.

CHAPTER XII

PEÑA, THE PERSISTENT PROHIBITIONIST [1]

How Señor Fernandes, with Pointed Pen, Assails a Drinking Chile

MY friend, a broker in breweries, suggested that, as I was going to South America anyway, I might participate in trade expansion.

"South Americans," he explained, "are buying and installing many North American breweries. Competition with German and English concerns is keen, but we Yankees are getting the business. I will supply you with all necessary data, letters of introduction, and a commission contract. You make the sales. I 'll deliver the goods. You 'll get your ten per cent commission as fast as I get my sales money. Your profits should cover the expense of your South American tour."

His proposition seemed fair enough.

I had never sold a brewery. But, after all,

[1] Copyright, 1923, by International Magazine Co.

life is only an experience. So I stowed the brewery broker's blue-prints, specifications, letters, and commission contract in my office trunk, where they traveled with me for one year and for seventeen thousand miles.

It so happened that I did not present my letters to prospective brewery buyers. Neither did I try to make a sale. But I did see a tremendous amount of alcoholic liquor sold and consumed in South America. I also saw in many parts of the southern continent busy Latin-American Pussyfoot Johnsons. The busiest of these was Dr. Carlos Fernandez Peña, of Santiago de Chile.

Prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcoholic liquors is approaching in South America, approaching what the intrenched wine-makers in some South American countries —particularly Chile—regard as the danger-line. If the Latin-American prohibitionists ever put prohibition over, nationally or continentally, it will be through the persistent efforts of such dynamic personalities as Dr. Fernandez Peña.

I heard of Dr. Fernandez Peña the day I entered Panama. I heard more of him as I traversed the West Coast country through two thou-

ONE OF THOUSANDS OF CHILEAN VINEYARDS

DR. CARLOS FERNANDEZ PEÑA

A LABOR-PROHIBITION DELEGATION CALLING ON CHILE'S PRESIDENT

sand miles of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. After I reached Chile I met him often. Dr. Fernandez Peña was present in the papers, on the stage, on the streets, and in the lime-light generally. Long after I had left Chile and passed through Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, even as I sailed from Trinidad for New York, I heard prohibitionists revere and anti-prohibitionists revile the black-eyed, black-bearded, big-spectacled man who is going to dry up Chile or know the reason why.

The fight for prohibition in South America rages around Dr. Fernandez Peña because Chile is the most aggressive and most alcoholic of South American nations. And, like most Chileans, the chief Chilean prohibitionist has never been beaten and would not know a beating if he met one. If Chile goes dry, so goes the continent. Thus many declare and many believe. The statement is correct, I think, with reservations. The Latin temperament will have much to do with the progress of any reform in South America.

Dr. Carlos Fernandez Peña is the most prominent person in the battle for prohibition now waging in Chile, because he is head of the

National League for Social Hygiene, which is blood brother to the Chilean League against Alcohol, of which he is the moving spirit. He is also secretary of the National Council of Public Instruction and a lot of other things, and then, preëminently, he is himself.

His side partner is Don Arturo Alessandri, President of the Republic of Chile. Dr. Fernandez Peña picked Alessandri to win, pledged him to a prohibition platform, and got the *rotos* behind him.

When Alessandri became their President, Chileans ceased to look upon Dr. Fernandez Peña as a joke. The Chilean League for the Defense of the Wine Industry took him very seriously. There is a fine fight on in Chile between the wine-makers and wine-bibbers on one side and the extreme prohibitionists on the other. The prohibitionists threaten the extinction of an industry that rivals that of California at its grape-growing best.

There are about 164,000 acres of vineyards in Chile, worth 300,000,000 pesos. That means, at current exchange, $45,000,000 to us. It means $300,000,000 to the Chileans.

These vineyards produce the finest wines in

the world. Even the prohibitionists admit that. The vines are owned by the rich landholders who control both branches of the Chilean congress. Although 30,000 of the 300,000 organized laboring-men in Chile are employed directly by the vineyard owners, the *roto* laborer is taking the lead in the fight for prohibition. The *roto* has refused to unload liquor in various Chilean ports. He is responsible for street signs reading, "Alcohol is a poison; it must be destroyed." He is the majority of the 3,750,000 Chileans. He, as a class, drinks most of the 127,997,860 liters of wine, 22,328,000 liters of *chicha*, 6,580,000 liters of hard liquor, and 45,623,400 liters of beer consumed in one year in Chile. He drinks really more than these 1920 government figures show, for he makes his own *chicha* when he can.

Including the 4,104,085 liters of champagnes and other beverages imported, Chile is credited with an annual per capita consumption of only 55.14 liters of alcoholic drinks, but the average Chilean drinks much more than that. He drinks so much, in his unspectacular way, that Chilean prohibitionists are insisting Chile must either be preserved from alcohol or preserved in it.

The problem is to find some means of utilizing the crops from the vineyards without making them into wine. A Chilean commission has been sent to the United States to study this problem.

"I am a teetotaler myself," President Alessandri said to me. "In my home no one has intoxicating liquors. I believe it is necessary to pass prohibition laws to save our people." He pointed to the dry zone around the copper-mines of El Teniente where the death-rate is sixteen to the thousand. The death-rate throughout Chile is more than thirty to the thousand. President Alessandri has uprooted his own vineyard and planted walnut-trees.

The wine interests are powerful in Chile. Chile has great ambitions. The prohibitionists believe that they can convince even the wine interests that a drunken Chile cannot find its place in the sun. If necessary, the Chilean prohibitionists would have the Government buy out the vineyard owners.

In the mean time the Chilean gentleman in his club drinks ten cocktails or whisky sours as a prelude to twelve-o'clock *almuerzo* or breakfast. The Chilean *roto,* backbone of the nation, works harder than any other South American six days

in the week and spends his money on liquor in his tenement during Sunday. The exceptions to these rules believe they can bring about a new order of things. Perhaps they can. Chile holds the South American balance of power in this as in certain other particulars.

In their fight against intemperance the Chilean prohibitionists are aided and abetted by sweets, cinemas, Boy Scouts, soft drinks, and soccer ball.

The *dulces, pasteles,* and other items in the multitudinous sweet-shops intrigue the Chilean, who frequently pauses to pick out his cooky, cake, or macaroon, which he eats at once or carries to his coffee rendezvous. Such sweets cost about a penny apiece. Millions are consumed monthly.

During the last ten years South Americans, even in most remote regions, have become enthusiastic movie fans. All classes are deserting clubs and *cantinas* for the delights of Tom Mix and Carlos Chaplin.

The Boy Scout movement has swept the continent. The little South Americans inherit a love for military life. The native scout-masters are trying to teach these martial twigs to bend toward the temperate life.

Soda-fountains and ice-cream parlors have not caught on in South America, but soft drinks are becoming popular. Vast quantities of *cola* are consumed in Colombia; Jesús (pronounced "Haysoos") Water, bottled at Arequipa, is the daily table-drink throughout Peru and Bolivia; Argentina imported 978,312 liters of ginger-ale, cider, and other soft drinks in 1917; Brazil bought $165,000 worth of foreign mineral waters and $56,000 worth of grape-juice in 1920, and is selling its famous Caixambuo spring-water to the United States as well as drinking it at home. Chile shows signs of forming the soft-drink habit.

The goal-posts of soccer ball fields rise on desert, plain, and forest clearing from tropical Colombia to southern Chile. Indian boys play this British game on the heights above La Paz. White and colored boys play it in the summer heat of Brazil. International championship matches attract thousands not only in Santiago but also Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. So do polo matches, tennis matches, and track meets.

My belief is that prohibition in South America will first become a fact in Chile and Uruguay, that Argentina and the southern

Brazilian states of Sâo Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul will next fall in line, and that many years hence the Andean countries, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, will eliminate intoxicating liquor, with Paraguay, northern Brazil, and Venezuela bringing up the rear of the procession.

I place Chile first because of Dr. Carlos Fernandez Peña and his aides. The last time I saw Dr. Fernandez Peña he essayed to cross Calle Huerfanos at the corner of Calle Ahumada, Santiago, at the busy hour of noon. He and a gorgeous limousine arrived at mid-street simultaneously. The prohibitionist stopped. So did the limousine. There was mute debate between reformer and chauffeur. The grand lady in the limousine registered righteous anger. The prohibitionist registered determination. In time the limousine backed up. Dr. Fernandez Peña pursued the even tenor of his way. It was, to me, an eloquent incident. You have to know the rules of the road in South America to realize that Dr. Fernandez Peña then and there put over something pretty big.

CHAPTER XIII

A BRUNETTE BOXER BITES THE DUST

Wine, Women, and Song Give Victory to the Blond Opponent

A WET and gloomy night in Santiago.

In the plaza adjoining the dismal Circo Hipódromo a black-clad woman with a red rose in her hand sits upon a rain-dampened bench, while an ill conditioned Chilean band dispenses notes as ragged as its uniforms.

Inside the great frame Circo Hipódromo there is the buzz of electric arcs, the hum of excited conversation in the boxes reserved for the press and promoters, and the clatter of the proletariat hunting seats on the planks rising in tiers around the squared ring. Wagers are made. Many pesos are posted with betting-commissioners. It is wholly a male gathering.

Rafael Razilando, recently returned from triumphs in Uruguay and the Argentine, is to try fistic conclusions with the unknown Luis

Fuentes. The sporting fraternity of Santiago is present to lend moral and financial support to the boxing game in Chile. Club members occupy the favored seats to which they are entitled as regular contributors. The ragged band ceases its crude efforts and comes within the lighted building.

The young Chilean ham-and-egg hopefuls appear and pummel each other valiantly about the padded ring in the first of the preliminaries. One of the boy boxers is a good bleeder. He is also a good fighter. The Chilean gentlemen in the club members' chairs and the proletariat on the high plank seats cheer the contestants. At the end of three fast rounds the referee holds the bleeder's hands aloft. The crowd acclaims the victor.

Two other youths go through the same routine and endure the same punishment, save that the larger of the two is knocked through the ropes near the end of the second round and does not return. Still another pair of baby gladiators draw each other's blood but come out with equal honors. No decision.

The patrons of the boxing game stir uneasily. Some get up and walk about. Many back their

judgment with Chilean currency. Rafael Razilando is the favorite. The odds are three to one.

"He has knocked out every one in his class in Uruguay and the Argentine," my friend Joaquín Perez tells me. "This new fighter, this Luis Fuentes, he is the pupil of the clever Alfonse Bersac, but he has no triumphs to his credit. He should be easy for the great Razilando." I put my money on Razilando.

There is a hush in the gaunt Circo Hipódromo. A small procession emerges from the doorway beneath the press-box. Its leader, in blue silk bath-robe, climbs through the ropes and seats himself in the corner of the ring. He is a dark, broad-shouldered young man with a pug nose. The crowd yells frantically for him. It is the great Rafael Razilando. His seconds, Anselmo Egana and Mario Beiza, hover about his corner. They are well armed with pails and sponges.

The applause ceases. Another little procession appears from the dressing-room. At its head is a tall, rangy blond, with high yellow pompadour, square jaws, and a hump on his nose. He has cauliflower ears. He, too, climbs through the ropes, wraps a dull red bath-robe about his

little figure, and sits upon a chair in the opposite corner. There is some perfunctory hand-clapping. The late arrival is Luis Fuentes, the unknown. Hovering about his corner are his clever manager, Señor Alfonse Berzac, and his seconds, Carlos Aldunante and Domingo Cruz.

Enter the famous official announcer, Señor Guillermo Lillo. He is a handsome man with black upturning mustache. He introduces Rafael Razilando, who steps from his corner, drops his blue silk bath-robe, and reveals a superb brown figure whose ample muscles slip smoothly under a satiny skin. Circo Hipódromo rocks with the reception given him. The gentlemen who father the boxing game in Chile wave their hats, pound their canes on the floor, pound each other on the back, shout messages of congratulation on the evening's favorite. Razilando smiles fatuously and kisses his hands to the assembled admirers, then favors his opponent with a kindly glance. His backers catch the meaning of this glance and shout derisively at the blond boxer.

Señor Guillermo Lillo, the famous official announcer of sporting events, introduces the unknown, Luis Fuentes. Stripped to his white

skin and trunks, that fighter looks formidable to me, but my friend Joaquín Perez reassures me.

"They are the same weight. Do you not hear the announcement by Señor Lillo?" Joaquín hisses in my ear. "The same weight, sixty-three kilograms, one hundred and forty pounds, each. The weight is even. The odds are all in favor of Razilando. Do you wish to venture more money?" He hastily places another bet on Razilando.

I put eighty more pesos on Razilando, the favorite, at four to one. It seems unsportsmanlike to invest in such a sure thing, but if the Chilean beside me is so reckless as to cover my bets, why should not I take his money?

Enter the distinguished referee, Señor Elias de la Barra. He calls the boxers together in the center of the ring. There is a moment for instruction; the two shake hands. Razilando dances gracefully to his corner and again kisses his hands to the roaring mob. Fuentes, the blond, walks stiffly to his corner. The gong rings. The two leap at each other. My friend Joaquín Perez grips my knee with his slender hand. "Razilando will keel him," he hisses exultantly.

The boxers spar for an opening. Each misses a wild swing. The crowd is yelling for Razilando. That beautifully built boxer dances toward his blond opponent and taps him on the jaw. Luis Fuentes retorts with a tap on Razilando's nose. It looks like a gentle tap to me although of the short-arm variety. But the favorite with a look of surprise reels back against the ropes. The crowd gasps in astonishment. Razilando is famous for taking punishment. The crowd shouts his name.

Spurred to further attack, he leaps upon Fuentes, who smites him gently on the jaw. Razilando, the favorite, crumples to the mat and takes a count of four before he is again on his feet. Still his backers cheer for him. He dashes at the blond once more. Fuentes sends his left to Razilando's nose. Razilando promptly sits upon the mat and fondles that bleeding organ with a bloody glove. Still the cheers for Razilando raise the roof.

"No wonder you call this place the Circo Hipódromo," I grumble . "That blond Fuentes is having a circus with your black-haired favorite; and this is n't a fight. It 's a hippodrome."

"Be not discouraged. Razilando is what you call the foxy. He is playing with the blond Fuentes. He is what you call drawing heem on," Perez tells me. I disdain reply.

Razilando is on his feet again. The sporty Chileans plead with him to jump in and kill the blond. Razilando, now foggy with much fighting, jumps. Fuentes smacks him in the ribs with a right and a left—short armed. Razilando turns green and flattens on the mat.

Señor Elias de la Barra, the distinguished referee, counts the fatal *diez* (ten). The round is over; and so is the fight. Señor de la Barra holds Fuentes's hands aloft. There are cheers from the winners. Groans from the losers. Fuentes retires quietly to his corner, where the clever trainer, Alfonse Barsac, folds him in a fond embrace and kisses him on either cheek. Razilando is dragged to his feet by his perspiring seconds. He wabbles to his corner. His backers "boo" him. He looks about the Circo Hipódromo seeking sympathy. More "boos" greet him. He weeps and is pulled through the ropes and led to his dressing-room.

"You 're a fine picker," I remarked to my

friend, Señor Joaquín Perez. We mentally tabulate our losses.

"I have learned just now the—what you call it?—the dope," he feebly replies. "Since Razilando has come back from his triumphal tour of Uruguay and the Argentine, he has not been training. He has been drinking. Not our beautiful Chilean wines, which harm no one, but the killing whisky from the Scotland, and the deadly *cana* and *aguardiente*."

"Enough," I answered.

"Unfortunately, *amigo mío,* there is more. I also learn that he has been more or less with women. Did you not see the one in black with the red rose in her hand? The one who sat upon the plaza bench as we came into Circo Hipódromo? She is famous among the *demi-monde*. She is the worst for him. She has spent his money. To-night—she has waited outside to spend the thousand pesos he would have won—if he had fought."

"Then it was not the Visigothic blood in the blond Luis Fuentes? Not the blood of the blond Asturias that made Fuentes win?"

"Assuredly not, *amigo mío*. It was the wine

and the song and the woman. Perhaps we see her—the woman—as we pass out."

Outside the Circo Hipódromo in the clammy drizzle a woman in black with a red rose in her hair is sitting on a rain-dampened bench in the little plaza. We pause before her.

"And the fight, señor?" she inquires. "Has he won?"

"He has, señorita," my friend answers. "But the winner, he is Luis Fuentes."

The woman in black with a red rose in her hand rises languidly to her feet, wraps her *manta* tightly around her, shakes herself slightly and hesitates a moment.

"Excuse me, señor," she says. "May I have one of your cigarettes and a light? Muchísimas gracias, señor." Then, with a shrug, "It 's too bad, is it not, that I should await Señor Rafael Razilando in this rain and get so chilled when there are so many men in the world?"

She mingles with the outpouring throng. A few moments later Rafael Razilando, late favorite of the Santiago boxing fans, pauses before the empty bench, gazes sadly into the surrounding gloom, then wanders toward the lights of the nearest cantina.

CHAPTER XIV

PATRICK AND I SEE THE CIRCUS

Yankee Showmen would Scoff at the Spanish Institution

PATRICK PESCADOR had been working hard in the bank. I had been working hard at home. He required relaxation. So did I. We decided to have a wild night in Santiago before I departed for southern Chile.

Having obtained consent from the wives who ruled us, we cast about for some real Yankee excitement. Patrick was from the States. We picked up the Santiago morning "El Diario Ilustrado." "Here it is!" we exclaimed in a breath. "Let 's go to a circus!" Boys will be boys, especially at middle age.

Two circuses were announced for performances in Santiago that day and date. Patrick pulled from his pocket a handbill issued by one of them.

"You have been getting ready for this for days," I said accusingly.

Patrick blushed. "But see the great temptation," he answered.

We pored over the handbill. It invited us to attend the Circo Ecuestre Americano of the Hermanos Riego at No. 4 Colmena Square. The performance was to be under the artistic direction of Leo Riego of the Riego Brothers.

"Exito sin precedentes!" the bill screamed.

"I 'm excited, too," I admitted. "But what does it say?"

"*Exito* means success, not excitement, you idiot," Patrick sneered. "But of course you don't know circus Spanish."

We studied the bill closer. It promised "the most *colosal presentación* of the best company of artists at large upon the Pacific coast." That had a familiar ring. There was to be "a grand comical program lasting two hours." That looked encouraging. Among the "grand novelties" would be an "especially grand attraction, the Riego Brothers in musical equilibrism." That looked tame. But there were also listed in grandiloquent Spanish "Tomo Kichi, emperor of all Japanese equilibrists and contortionists, unique in the world!" Although many had imitated him, none had equaled him. Then

there was promised the "colossally eccentrically musical Ficher" and "new appearances of the comical clowns, Montes de Oca and Paco Solis and of the equally funny Tonys, Pajaro Nino, California, and Tonino."

Patrick and I became reminiscent.

"I can remember back in Pennsylvania," he murmured pensively, "when Barnum & Bailey came to our town, and they had forty clowns; count 'em, forty. I always wanted to be a clown."

"But look," I demanded, "at the concluding promise of this bill! 'Professor Ulpman of Rio de Janeiro is to furnish the music with his famous band of Viennese Dames!' I always loved a circus band."

Just as we had definitely decided upon the Circo Ecuestre Americano, Mark J. Traverisk, typewriter salesman, piped up with: "You fellows are all wrong. That is n't the show to go to. You want to see El Circo Wallace y Cantillana, exhibiting at Pablo and Cummings Streets. That is the real show." And so, emulating our window-shopping wives, we switched to the Wallace & Cantillana Circus, because Wallace was a famous American circus name.

We gobbled our food, boy fashion, at the Rôtisserie Française, a trim, clean, side-street restaurant, where the woman in charge darned stockings and watched the cash-drawer, and a big black cat snoozed under some palms. Then we hastened to the circus grounds. I thought we would be late. It was 8:30 when our *coche* set us down in the slummy section where Pablo and Cummings Streets meet.

"Remember the grand entrée they used to have with the Ringling Brothers circus?" demanded Patrick, smacking his lips.

"And do you remember the great white tents of the Forepaugh-Sells show when it pitched on the lot down by the river?" I replied, wiping my dewy eyes.

"Ah, the thrill of the great American circus," he chorused. And then we arrived at the show-grounds!

Confronting Cummings Street—or Calle Cummings, as they say in Santiago—was an arched wooden front, painted a dirty white and fitfully lighted by electricity. At either side of a yawning opening were three-sheet, three-color wood-blocks crudely illustrating gymnastic and wild-animal novelties. On the opposite corner,

surrounded by gamboling *roto* boys, an ununiformed band—consisting of barytone, tenor, two cornets, and drums—was in violent opposition to passing street-cars, *coches,* and speed-demons in motors. Among the conspirators against harmony was a dark gentleman at the producing end of the barytone. To him had been assigned the bass part. His job was to sound the "on time" notes. It was too dark to see the score, but the gentlemanly barytone decided upon one note and sounded it blatantly throughout the march.

"The thrill of the circus band!" I wailed. Patrick wept.

Five Santiago policemen, in their neat spring uniforms of white trousers, black coats, and white helmets, dropped off a street-car at the circus entrance. We grew hopeful. But they had not come to arrest the musicians. They were merely there on special duty, probably to see that the crowds did not break down the doors or tear up the tent in their enthusiasm.

Half an hour passed. The doors were officially opened. Patrick Pescador and I entered, having acquired two *sillones* or rocking-chair seats at a total cost of five pesos and twenty

centavos. This, being interpreted in terms of United States bank-draft, letter of credit, or currency, meant fifty-two cents. The *sillones,* which cost us twenty-six American cents each, proved to be not rocking-chairs but custom-worn folding chairs which during the ensuing hours grievously corrugated the person of Patrick Pescador. But they were ring-side seats, almost under the gaping top of the two-poled tent, and just beneath the edge of the elaborate wire and rope netting spread in anticipation of a fall by the Human Fly.

At 9:30, the hour scheduled for the opening of the grand performance, Patrick and I found ourselves in the company of ten other customers. We were alone in our exclusive, high-priced inner circle. But two other circus "fans" occupied fifteen-cent chairs in the section back of us, and eight Chileans of more economical strain were seated on the blue planks—the "blues" of the North American circus tent—against the side wall.

Outside, in the semi-darkness of the street, the band continued to abuse the muse, the barytone player clinging to his one bass note with tear-compelling fidelity. Inside, Patrick, with

his banker's mind, inventoried the Wallace & Cantillana property, after which he rendered the following statement:

"This tiny, ragged circus tent, or 'big-top' as Ike Speers would call it, is sixty feet round with a thirty-foot middle-piece. It has two center-poles, and forty side-poles, but no quarter-poles. There are twenty-four lengths or sections of blue seats, five tiers high. As each length of blues will seat eight persons, 960 patrons can be accommodated on the blues. The one hundred and twenty seats spuriously described as rocking-chairs give this tented auditorium a total seating capacity of ten hundred and eighty. With the forty *sillon,* first-section chairs at two pesos sixty each, the eighty *plateau* or second-section chairs at two pesos each, and nine hundred and sixty blue seats at fifty centavos each, this house, when crowded, would bring to the august management the grand total of seventy-four thousand four hundred centavos, or seven hundred and forty-four pesos, which, being reduced to United States money at current rate of exchange, means seventy-four dollars.

"Your attention is called to your extreme

left, where you will observe there are three entrances, although we utilized but one of them. We came through the velvet curtains, but you will note that there is at one side of them an entrance modestly disguised with striped awning curtains and at the other an entrance in which hang curtains of a salmon hue. There are, therefore, three good chances of getting out if the show is as bad as I think it is going to be."

After which we sat and smoked cigarettes, bit our finger-nails, and stared at the rest of the audience. The band outside committed another march. Six persons came in. They were the policemen, possibly trying to get away from the band. Patrick looked at his watch. The time was ten, flat.

A dwarfish young man in unpressed street-clothes, with black hat pulled over a swarthy forehead, padded with slippered feet around the sawdust ring and tested the various guide-ropes that rendered tight the net into which we hoped he would presently be catapulted. A young girl with straight black hair, in faded red dress, settled with folded arms in the chair next to Patrick's *sillon*. She was evidently of the company

of *artistes,* possibly none other than Señorita Mery, *equilibrista.* This, in time, she proved to be.

A group of three gossiping males who had been holding jovial converse near one of the front entrances broke up into a lame man who followed his cane into the dressing-room, a big fellow who took his guitar and himself under the side wall, and a chunky chap who followed the lame man into the outer darkness. Six more electric lights flashed on, completing the total assigned to interior illumination of the tent. Late arrivals swelled the audience to 125. The band entered and took its place over the dressing-room entrance. From the depths of the latter a gong rang. The band played an overture. The gong rang again. The band once more broke into doubtful melody. A third time the gong rang. Then there was a flourish of cornets and a wild strain of martial music, and the entire strength of the company made its grand entrance and lined up at either side of the path from "green-room" to ring. The lame man in dinner-dress modestly proclaimed himself master of ceremonies, and the show was on. Time 10:30 P. M.

The Human Fly in purple tights revealed himself as the young man of the black hat and previous professional interest in the guy ropes. Six property-men looked to the various stays and guys which presumedly protected the life and limb of the Fly in the pursuit of his calling. The young lady in red switched her seat so that she might better study the art of her fellow-professional, and he swung aloft. There followed seven minutes of revolving on rings, of toe-walking, with head hanging netward, along a street of loops, and of safe and sane swinging on the trapeze—and the first thrill was over. The Human Fly might have fallen ten feet had he been careless.

For the next seven minutes, while the elaborate rigging which acted as life-insurance for the Human Fly was removed, a Tony or clown made merry with the dismantled apparatus and the hired assistants, or property-men, according to the law made and provided in South as well as North America. He found a responsive audience.

Then for five minutes an ungraceful girl discreetly danced a Spanish dance, with the clown aiding and abetting. The big fellow and the

chunky chap who had formerly foregathered at ring bank appeared as two talking clowns and exchanged ancient quip and jests, not neglecting the burlesque boxing and the honored slap on the face, much to the *rotos'* joy. Who does not feel hilarious at the discomfort of others?

Three hat-spinners tossed their white, conical head-gear, one to the other, and received their modicum of applause, while the Spanish dancer passed through the audience selling photographs of "La Bella Aldeantia" at twenty centavos a picture.

Came then a woman in silk knickers accompanied by a clown with a saxophone and by a Spanish version of the tramp with the clarinet. The trio did an orthodox "comedy musical act" with whistles, bells, and bottles. While the house was breathing hard from this excitement a property-man exhibited a board upon which was painted the sign: "ESCANSO." Which meant "rest" or "intermission."

Shades of Phineas Taylor Barnum! Fancy an intermission in the midst of a stop-watch performance of the World's Greatest Shows!

It was the cozy clubbiness of the Wallace & Cantillana "big-top" that explained this halt in

the proceedings. The next act was to be an exhibition on the parallel bars, or horizontal bars —whichever way your expert in circus phraseology will have it—and it required all the ring-space and strength of the entire cast to get the three bars into place.

While this engineering problem was being solved, Patrick and I riveted our gaze on a giant bedbug that traversed the surface of the gymnast's mattress, spread before us although just inside the ring-bank. We placed bets on the insect's course and destination. He crossed a line previously agreed upon by the gamblers, and I won twenty centavos from Patrick, just as a scarlet ibis of an athlete began to do his back somersaults and giant swings to the enlivening accompaniment of the omnipresent clown.

Happily the ibis continued to land upon the mattress instead of in our laps. As the bars were being taken down, the clown had a dispute with one of the property-men. It was the time-honored argument as to which of the *artistes* should carry out the mattress. At its conclusion the clown hurled the mattress into the face of the property-man. There were loud Latin-American guffaws on the part of the populace—and

bewilderment upon the countenance of the insect I had won my money on.

Followed the *pièce de résistance,* the big fellow with his good tenor voice and his guitar. No performance in Latin-American countries is complete without the guitar. It is a sure-fire number. As Patrick Pescador put it: "If St. Peter happens to be a guitar player, all these South American birds will get through the golden gate without a struggle." The singer dwelt in minute detail upon the twin and popular problems of all humanity, taxes and the mother-in-law. He responded to encores for fifteen minutes.

A boy contortionist, evidently recruited from the ranks of amateur Santiago, did splits and back-bends for five minutes, and was succeeded by the young lady formerly in red, who now came forth in a home-made costume, the under garments of which were well defined. Señorita Mery made merry in "iron jaw" exhibitions, during which she seized a leather ball in her pearly teeth and was hauled aloft at the end of a rope. There was a slip during the exhibition, and the moist mass of leather fell to the ground but was recovered from the dust of the

circus ring, the sawdust brushed off, and the performance continued. After all, art is art.

At the witching hour of 11:50 P. M. a gentleman in the company stepped forward to announce a short intermission required to make elaborate preparations for the screaming afterpiece, the closing comedy pantomime. At high midnight a fat woman, a lean man, the ungraceful girl (also not an actress), and the big fellow who scored with his guitar indulged in a dialogue with action, which continued tiresomely until there had been dissipated fifteen minutes of the new day—and the show was over.

As the fatigued musicians with inverted horns poured out liquid melody, we worked our way into the quiet of a Santiago night. Patrick picked up a hand-bill inviting one and all to the previous afternoon's performance, when one might have attended a *"matinée escolar,"* especially dedicated to the school-children, where seats could have been had at thirty centavos—three United States cents—each.

"We should have gone to that," he grieved. "That began at four thirty and ended about seven. Some sense to that."

We hailed a somnolent *coche* and jogged

through the pitchy streets of Santiago. At a convenient corner I awakened Patrick, forced upon him my share of the evening's expenses, bade him good night, and trudged soberly along dark streets to home and helpmeet. Thus ended our wild night in Santiago.

CHAPTER XV

THE HEART OF CHILE

Where Field Crops, Climate, Fruits, and Flowers Rival Our Own California

PRACTICAL use of the railroad time-table convinced the Comandanta and me that the Chileans are a wide-awake people, so many Chilean trains got away early in the day.

We started from Santiago at 7:30 one morning to visit southern Chile. Before we returned to the capital, we had arisen many times between five and seven to catch a Chilean train. Usually we caught it at the last possible moment. There were other discomforts incident to that tour of exploration, but the great central valley of Chile was worth them all.

Three fifths of the people of Chile live in this fertile valley. It stretches two hundred and fifty miles from Santiago to the Bio-Bio River. It is hemmed in by the Andes on the east and the coastal range on the west. It has an average

ROADSIDE HOUSE IN CENTRAL CHILE

CHILEAN FARM-HAND'S ADOBE HOME

A COUNTRY LANE IN CHILE'S CENTRAL VALLEY

width of fifty miles. It has two great seaport outlets, Valparaiso on the north and Concepción on the south. In soil, scenery, climate, and products, it rivals the great central valley of California. It is the heart of Chile. From it comes the nation's life-blood.

We started in late December, the height of the Chilean summer. All day long we rode in an American-made, plush-seated railroad car through miles of alfalfa, wheat, barley, hemp, potato, and corn fields. At every station Chilean families arrived or departed, laden with imposing assortments of bags, bundles, and boxes. At every station Chilean country squires in soft-colored native ponchos dashed up to convenient hitching-posts, leaped from spirited Chilean horses, waved broad felt hats to enthusiastic friends, clanked their long-roweled spurs across a wooden platform, and passed the time of day with *compañeros*. At every stop the conductor walked serenely into the modern station, signed some official book, walked out again, surveyed the scene with candid interest, blew a whistle—and we were off again. As our train pulled out, the Chilean squires, usually accompanied by mounted retainers, gal-

loped back into the country-side through dust or mud as the case might be and were lost in a maze of willows or poplars.

Fruit-venders held high carnival at the most important stops, offering twine baskets filled with enticing peaches; willow sticks to which were securely tied rows of fat, red cherries; baskets of nectarines, plums, strawberries, pears, and apricots. We purchased many pesos' worth from Indian or half-breed men and women, shut our eyes to the possibility of contamination, and ate the fruit unwashed. It was delicious.

The air was hot but not humid. The sky was clear, the sun bright. From time to time vast vineyards stretched to right or left. We knew they yielded the finest grapes that made the finest wines in the Americas, but there was ample wine in the air.

We were sampling, five thousand miles from home, the famous climate of California. We were eating better fruits than California produces. We were rolling over the same kind of mineralized, irrigated soil of which California is so proud. Far to our left were the snow-capped Andes. Dimly seen on our right were the lower coastal mountains. In between were

the thousands of Chilean *fundos* from which Chile and neighboring nations got their food. Occasionally we passed a clump of palms. Now and then the train puffed past a country lane lined with adobe walls, poplars, and eucalyptus, furnishing right of way for a bevy of heavily laden burros driven by small dark boys.

We were journeying through the richest part of the California of South America. A Chilean, with true Californian enthusiasm, detected our presence and our nationality. He arose from an adjoining seat, with courtly manner introduced himself as Señor Pedro Errazuriz, and after the proper amount of preliminaries enlightened us upon the glories of his country.

"Discúlpame, señor y señora," he said. "It is, I well know, not *costumbre* for one to make the introductions on the *ferrocarril,* but I have journeyed in your Estados Unidos and have met much courtesy there. So that I ask may I tell you of the wealth of this, my native country." We urged him to proceed. He thanked us and continued.

"First, may I refer to our *distinguido Chileño,* Señor Don Salvador Izquierdo, proprietor of the extensive plantations of Santa Ines and one of

our leading fruit-growers. Señor Don Salvador Izquierdo has said, 'I am convinced that the future wealth of the nation lies in the cultivation of fruit-trees, which, once raised, thanks to our splendid climate, fertile soil, and system of artificial irrigation—but more especially to our geographical position, which permits us to provide the United States during the winter with the most varied fruits of the temperate zone—leaves us nothing to fear should the production of nitrate, which at present maintains, almost exclusively, Chilean life, some day cease.'

"That statement," Señor Pedro Errazuriz went on, "was amplified by a Chilean Scotchman, Señor Don Guillermo MacKenzie, shortly after the loss of demand for Chilean nitrate brought so much poverty and distress to my country. I am a *patrón,* a farmer, a rancher. I own a *funda, estancia,* what you call ranch, two thousand hectares, or five thousand of your acres, *más ó menos,* near Talca. I am interested in the prosperity of my country and in this." He gracefully indicated the flying landscape, the beautiful central valley of Chile.

"We have the naturally fertile soil of volcanic beginnings. We have heat and light and dry

atmosphere. We have many mountain streams for irrigation. The mean temperature of this part of the valley is about sixty degrees, your Fahrenheit, *más ó menos.* In summer it is sometimes sixty-six. It is always sunny. That develops the juice of the grape and other fruits. In the dry region around Fresno, California, the relative degree of humidity in June is forty-two and two tenths. For our corresponding month of December, it is only thirty-four at Santiago, the same latitude.

"Our fruit industry is rough, undeveloped, unorganized, but we have in bearing one hundred and thirteen thousand olive-trees, fifty-five thousand almond-trees, one hundred and sixty-six thousand walnut-trees, one million one hundred and sixty thousand peach-trees, two hundred and fifty thousand pear-trees, one hundred and thirteen thousand fig-trees, two hundred and twenty thousand cherry-trees, one hundred and ninety thousand plum-trees, and six hundred and twenty thousand apple trees. This does not include all the thousands of acres of grapes, nor strawberries and blackberries that grow so profusely at all sides. Nor does it count the twenty-seven million oranges and eight million

lemons Chile produced in nineteen nineteen." Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz smiled upon us blandly.

"You have been in the United States, of that I am assured," I ventured.

"California was settled, as you say, by the Spaniards," he answered modestly. "But you Yanquis, you teach us how to advertise."

The Comandanta and I settled back for another deluge of information. It came.

"You should have seen the fifty varieties of apples, the monster pumpkins, the fruits and vegetables of many kinds at the fruit *exposición* in Santiago," he resumed. "That would have astonished your fruit-growers of the Estados Unidos. Some of them know of it already. One had written a book in which he says California must beware of competition from the fruit-growers of Chile. That writer is of rare intelligence, señor and señora."

"In one year Chile has received two million dollars for her fruit exported. We can ship our fruit in our Chilean ships to your ports in sixteen days. Our only possible competitors, Cape Colony and Australia, would require thirty days. We have made a small beginning. One

consignment we sent in the cold storage of the steamer *Ebro* to New York with great success. The winter prices were high. The next consignment was not properly packed. It spoiled and was lost. But *no importa;* we are not discouraged. We can organize and standardize our fruit industry.

"Be not alarmed, señor. I have not to sell anything. But our *distinguido* chief of the provincial agricultural services, Señor Don Roberto Opaza G., states that thirty-eight thousand hectares of Chilean lands can be successfully planted to fruits where now are but twenty-one thousand."

We registered interest and waited. We knew it was coming. It came. Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz produced a government report.

"Land in this region through which you travel, where there have been *fundos* for three hundred years, and cities of fifty thousand people, *más ó menos,* is expensive. In your gold money it would cost you, unfenced and undeveloped, from sixty to one hundred and sixty dollars an acre. But in the Bio-Bio country, where, I assume, you will arrive to-morrow, the country is not so settled. Fruit lands may be had for from

thirty to one hundred and twenty dollars an acre. In the real south, the apple-growing country, land is to be had for from ten to sixty dollars an acre." Señor Pedro Errazuriz, scintillating enthusiasm, turned the page of his government report and, still translating, spread the snare. It made me homesick for Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana in their apple-booming best.

"In the opinion of a competent expert," the delighted and delightful Señor Pedro Errazuriz hummed, "an expenditure of eighty dollars an acre—I am speaking of figures based upon actual present value of our paper peso, which is ten cents in your money—an expenditure of eighty dollars an acre will be required for planting one acre with sixty-seven apple-trees. During the four years that must elapse before the trees bear, an annual charge of fifty-four dollars would have to be borne. This would be increased to one hundred dollars during a year of normal fertility. But—" the genial Chilean gentleman beamed upon us as one bestowing priceless information—"but, calculating the yield of each tree as five hundred apples and their sale at four fifths of a cent each, in your money, this would produce four dollars a tree, or two hundred and

eighty-six dollars an acre, which, less the annual expense of one hundred dollars an acre, leaves a quite satisfactory profit of one hundred and eighty-six dollars an acre."

We resisted our inclination to applaud and were glad, for Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz delivered this peroration:

"To conclude this brief résumé of the economic side of the problem, the provision of young plants is already provided for, the nurseries of Santa Ines alone being able to deliver a million fruit-trees each year and to increase the quantity if desired."

Hat in hand, he made a ceremonious bow. "My city approaches. It is the beautiful Curico. I so much regret that you must continue to Talca. Talca is an old and cultured city. The hotel is good. But I would that you might spend the night at my *fundo.*"

I expressed regret that we could not accept his hospitality. "Our plans are made," I told him; "but will you, who have been so nice to us, tell us from whom we may buy some of this excellent fruit land?"

"I cannot tell you by name," Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz replied. "It is farther south."

"But you have a catalogue of the fruit-trees for sale by the distinguished Señor Don Salvador Izquierdo?"

"Ah, no, not with me, señor. I have one at the *fundo*. If you would only go with me to the *fundo*—"

"You 're a strange agent, with no price-lists, maps, or catalogues—not even an owner's name," I began.

"I—an agent!" He straightened up like a soldier on parade. "I—an agent? I am Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz, of the old and honored *familia* Errazuriz. I speak only for my country and my friends." He bowed stiffly and stalked out of the car.

Miles of the great central valley of Chile filed past us. Village after village of the same flat-roofed, adobe-walled, barred-windowed houses that the Spaniards implanted with their other ideas three hundred years ago came into view, halted as our train halted, then marched to the rear. Row after row of poplars, willows, acacias, and eucalyptuses arose, saluted, and retired.

Away to the east some unnamed Andean volcano smoked for its edification and ours. Tiny

specks high in air might be soaring condors; we could not tell. Along the rutted roads, oxen, with yokes strapped to horns, labored with great carts piled high with hay, straw, or baled merchandise. The dark-skinned drivers, more Indian than Spanish, I thought, guided their oxen with long cane poles. If the ox-team was to "haw," the pole touched the leaders on the left side; if to "gee," the pole touched the leaders on the right side.

Occasionally down the rocky hill a pack of burros would trot, each with a crate of chickens bouncing on either side. Sometimes a group of rural horsemen—Chilean farm-hands—would pause high in saddle, feet in huge stirrups, black eyes gleaming from under broad felt hat-brims, at the passing train. Once an *inquilino* dismounted to fasten more securely a wooden coffin balanced on a horse's back. And once we saw a Ford car dragged from the foaming waters of a river by oxen making their first acquaintance with gasolene power.

We stopped that night at cobbled Talca, Talca, the old and cultivated, Talca the aristocratic and conservative, Talca which has high ideals expressed in the self-satisfied phrase:

"Talca, Paris, and London." There was an excellent hotel at Talca with brass bedsteads, clean sheets, ornately French furnishings. A real American bath, good food, and modest prices. We had to leave it at a ghostly early hour to catch another of those break-of-day Chilean trains.

All that day we traveled between fields scented by wild roses and made colorful by chrysanthemums and dahlias, margaritas and lupins. Fat cattle appeared in the fields, and toward the day's end, as we neared Temuco, great fields of dandelions and huge masses of wild blackberries and raspberries crowded into the landscape.

We passed farm after farm where the little houses of the farm laborers or *inquilinos* sat side by side, each in its own narrow acre of ground, which the *inquilino* worked as his own although it belonged to his *patrón* or landlord. In each house were many healthy-looking children and a comfortable *inquilina* mother. The father of each flock received from his *patrón* a daily ration of food, uncooked or cooked, and a daily stipend.

The *inquilino* system, as I saw it, did not contemplate the development of free labor. Neither

THE CHILEAN *inquilino* POLES HIS CATTLE HOME WITH YOKES ON HORNS

RIVER CACHAPOAL AND ONE OF MANY CHILEAN VALLEYS

did the average *inquilino* seem to contemplate an existence independent of the *fundo* upon which he lived and worked. In nine cases out of ten he was born there, as were his father and grandfather before him. His wife's parents and grandparents, no doubt, were all natives of the same *fundo*.

Such a system seemed to work for permanence of labor-supply and a certain feudalism that most of the *inquilinos* and their families accepted without question. But it did not offer much hope to the tenant farmer or to the farm-hand who had ambitions to own his land.

Wooden-wheeled wagons, ponchoed drivers, adobe walls, tiled roofs, cobbled streets, even silvered bridles, and wide fields of grain did not represent wealth as we were accustomed to appraise wealth. But in this narrow valley, which we traversed for two days in populous railway carriages, were the majority of the 97,000 farms listed by the Chilean Government. Most of the 65,000 farmers who own less than fifty acres each; half of the 25,000 who own from fifty to five hundred acres, lived and produced in this valley. We had passed many of the 5000 Chilean estates ranging from 500 to 2500 acres each.

Not a few of the owners of estates of more than 12,000 acres were valley residents.

On the lands at either side of us most of Chile's 2,000,000 cattle, 400,000 horses, 300,000 pigs, and 50,000 mules and many of its 5,000,000 sheep lived and moved and had their being; and most of Chile's 1,000,000 acres of wheat were tilled.

In this long, narrow strip of fertile country, the Chilean Government had expended more than $1,000,000 in irrigation canals and other reclamation work. In the vicinity of Santiago 8000 acres had been reclaimed. A canal tapping the Maule River had been extended 115 miles; it irrigated 115,000 acres and had developed 20,000 horse-power. Farther south the Laja River had been tapped, and 250 miles of canals were used to irrigate 110,000 acres. Other canals were under construction. It was proposed to turn a series of mountain lakes into gigantic reservoirs to be tapped for the lowlands in the dry season.

With its fertile mineralized soil, its easy grades for irrigation, its many rivers, its towering mountain background where snows melt throughout

the dry summer season, its stimulating non-humid air, its extra long growing season, its ability to produce fruits which are hard, juicy, well flavored, and easily carried, it was assumed by Chilean enthusiasts that this central valley could support twenty times its present 2,000,000 population.

I took occasion to learn something about Señor Don Pedro Errazuriz shortly after his oration on our south-bound train. The Comandanta had gently chided me for my *faux pas* in mistaking him for an agent. Señor Pedro Errazuriz, I learned, was worth $1,000,000, *más ó menos,* in his own name, owed no man money and had never sold anything but the produce from his *fundo.* But he could sell anything if he tried. He was one of the new Chilean school of boosters.

Chileans have frequently been called the "Yankees of South America." For many years they resented it. Now they are traveling through the United States and adopting our methods. Chile has not acquired the Commercial Club habit. That may come some day. At present the interested visitor must search

for his information—unless he is happy enough to cross the trail of some such voluntary propagandist as Señor Pedro Errazuriz.

The statements he made I discussed with many residents of Chile, some native, some foreign born. I have investigated the possibilities of selling Chilean fruit in the United States market at a profit to the Chilean growers. I have not the least doubt that if the Chileans would take counsel with the Californians and borrow some of their methods, and, maybe, some of their executives, they could add materially to the comfort and pleasure of the ice-bound Yankees during certain winter months and could line their own pockets in so doing.

There are many ways in which Chile resembles California. Each has a long Pacific sea-coast. Each has a great central valley with an all-year-round climate, plenty of sun, little rainfall, and ample irrigation. Each has a great seaport—Valparaiso, San Francisco. Each has a great desert region—California in the south, Chile in the north. Each has heavily timbered tracks—California in the north, Chile in the south. In natural advantages Chile has almost everything that California offers, in addition to which

she has, in her extreme southern section, lakes like Switzerland, fiords like Norway and islands and glaciers like Alaska.

Chile has no roads for motor-cars, but motor-cars can and do travel through Chile. A recent test made by a party of four Britishers showed that they and their Ford covered the 330 miles from Valparaiso to Santiago and on to San Javier at less than the cost of travel by rail over the same distance.

This does not speak well for the state railways. Few people do speak well of them. I found the service between Valparaiso and Santiago excellent. There were four trains a day each way. In all my travels through Chile I never met a discourteous or inattentive state railway employee. The rolling-stock and road-beds were good. But the freight service was abominable. Trains were frequently annulled. Freight was frequently stolen. There were twice as many employees as were necessary. The state was called upon to meet great annual deficits. Gradual electrification may improve and cheapen the service.

There are many features of life in Chile—even in its great central valley—that call for im-

provement. I say this who spent some of the happiest months of my life there. But when all is said and done—and here 's where the Chilean protagonists have the ultimate advantage over the Californian adherents—Chile has on her Andean border (this may be and is repeated *ad libitum*) our old friend Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Americas.

CHAPTER XVI

CHRISTMAS IN ARAUCANIA

We Join a Thousand Chilean Indians in Their Wild West Fiesta

AT the crossing of the streets called Claro Solar and Vicuña Makenna in the frontier town of Temuco, metropolis of the Chilean Indian country, stands the Gran Hotel Central. At the moment of our arrival at this roughly wooden caravansary it was enjoying a promising young fire. Ten minutes after the Comandanta and I passed its friendly portals she was enjoying a cordially welcomed bath.

The Comandanta who has read these lines, suggests that there is a slight indelicacy in this mention of her adventurous ablutions. But I feel that the fact should be set down, not so much in the interest of historical accuracy as in illustration of the effects of travel through the lower Chilean valley during the dry season. 'T is a dusty road on a dry day.

The hotel fire was of small consequence. It raged above the kitchen, which was on the opposite side of the patio and fully fifty feet from our room, the only room with bath. There seemed to be a question, also, whether the Comandanta should be purified by water or by fire, and she preferred the former.

So it was arranged between us that while the fire flourished and the water splashed I should stand guard at our door. If the flames achieved a dangerous advantage I was to wrap my helpmeet in a blanket and drop her gently from our balcony to the street, one floor below. The fire and the Comandanta were out in fifteen minutes without casualty. So we turned our attention to the fierce Araucanian Indians and their Christmas eve festivities.

We had arisen early in Talca, self-esteemed center of Chile's best culture, and journeyed 276 miles in twelve hours to reach Temuco, heart of Araucania. We yearned to decorate the Yuletide tree for the Christianized descendants of the dusky warriors who withstood the white man for 330 years. But the Indians had the advantage of us.

The English missionaries in Temuco, to whom

I had telegraphed and upon whom I promptly called, enlightened us. Their Indian charges had not reached the Christmas eve stage of conversion. They had left Temuco and the missions for their old rural haunts in Chol Chol, Quepe, and points more remote. The rains, denied us during our all-day ride from Talca, had drenched Temuco and the valley of the River Cautin. The soil was red and sticky, something like Georgia clay. Paved roads had not arrived. I suggested a motor-car. The Rev. Mr. Wilson shook his head. So the Comandanta and I abandoned hope, having entered there without an airship, and solemnly ate our Christmas eve supper in the ample but inelegant dining-room of our Swiss Boniface, Prospero Gilbert.

On either side of our table sat the types of travelers one might find marooned on a Christmas eve in a cut-over town of the States, Eveleth, Minnesota, for instance. Facing us and giving us the proper amount of study was a genuine German. There are many Germans in southern Chile.

Outside the Gran Hotel Central, Temuco's dark and shabby streets failed to cheer us. The Chilean Indian country is too new to civilization

to boast the picturesque Moorish architecture of Santiago and environs. The spot I had selected for our joyous Christmas eve reminded us painfully of Roslyn, Washington, or some Eastern coal town.

Save for the missionaries who were on their kindly business bent singing,

"Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even,"

and other Christmas carols, we were, so far as we knew, the only English-speaking folk in the Indian country. We were 430 miles south of Santiago which is about five thousand miles due south of New York. There was n't a sign of snow on the ground, for Christmas comes in the Chilean summer. Hence we had about the same homesick clutch at the heart the lone stranger feels at the end of a piling-perched street in Astoria, Oregon, just as the sun goes down.

"Christmas eves I have met," murmured the Comandanta in her most maddening stiletto

voice. "And you dragged me out at five thirty this morning and kept me on the train all day—for this!"

"Let 's turn in, then," I growled. We did, with old Uncle Dudgeon keeping us company. But, to the glory of Temuco be it said, we were lulled to sweet slumber, not by the budding riot in the adjacent bar-room, but by the Temuco Cornet Band giving a Chilean concert in the city's chief plaza. The melody that went with us in our dreams was that waltz beloved by bands throughout the world, "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Germany came to the rescue of the Yankee pilgrims while we criticized the coffee and rolls of a Chilean *desayuno* (breakfast) the following morning. Germany was personified by Herr Rolkers, who advised us by note that he was to visit an Araucanian Christmas *fiesta* not far from town that afternoon and would be glad to guide us to the celebration if we would furnish transportation.

Over the telephone the Rev. Mr. Wilson assured us that Herr Rolkers knew the Indians well; so we promptly sent acceptance. 'T was

thus we met the thrifty Teutonic Indian trader and his indigenous source of supply. Rolkers was the German of the dining-room.

But before we sought the aborigines we sought our souls' salvation. Four squares down the straight and cobbled streets, past the Gran Carnicería Berlin, where the day's fresh kill was hoisted from an Indian's wooden-wheeled ox-cart to the shoulders of a meat-dealing Heinie; past a photographer's window, where the austere likeness of the recent kaiser shone with reservations upon pictured brides in white train and veil, and stiff-necked grooms in shiny black—down there a friendly Episcopalian chapel emerged from the mud of a Temuco plaza.

George Kaister, Scotch dealer in American agricultural implements, was there. So was Jock Crawford, Temuco's mighty fisherman, whose charming wife from "Pairth" was at home with the infant Jock. Then there was the slender chap with curly hair who managed the melodeon with esthetic skill; Miss Bevis, and Mrs. Wilson of the missions, and the Reverend Doctors W. C. Wilson and William Bevis, ministers plenipotentiary to the heathen.

All told there were quite twenty of us English-

speaking foreigners, to say nothing of the wee bairn in his bright green cap and close-knit suit with his rusty mongrel dog. The rector spoke with deep conviction. The congregation sang and responded with quavering fervor. The prayers were said with grave unction. But the boy and his dog held our rapt attention.

His mother, poor martyr, had trained the child. There could be no doubt of that. But the bairn, in defiance of the blood of his fathers, was evidently a spendthrift. Easy come easy go with him. I think it was an English penny that had been given into his charge against the time when the rector should say, "Remember the words . . . how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Whenever the worshipers stood, the boy did likewise. So did his erstwhile slumbering dog. When the boy sat down the dog reclined at ease, excepting for those anxious moments when a restless flea shook the fibers of his canine being. At impressive crises of the religious ceremony the boy dropped his penny. Mother, boy, and dog join in a scrambling recovery. I cannot say how often this performance was repeated. It seemed a hundred times. It may have been less.

But never did I hear a preacher give more heartfelt thanks after a collection had been taken. We all shook hands fervently after the benediction.

Heartened by contact with the sturdy pioneers of Christianity, the Comandanta and I hastened through our Christmas *almuerzo*. This Chilean midday meal included consommé with eggs; fried salmon trout, fresh from the Cautin River, whose waters I later whipped with Archdeacon Hodgson; beefsteak with fried potatoes; a French pastry; fresh apricots and big, black cherries; and coffee.

There was much debate with Herr Rolkers thereafter. We wished to engage a victoria or *coche* and horses. He preferred a motor-car and Chilean chauffeur. Herr Rolkers and the automobile prevailed. He had the German virtue of persistence.

Somewhere to the east of us, in a chain of knobby hills, the Araucanians were celebrating Christmas in Chilean Indian style. The problem was to find them in an American car over roads half dried after recent rains. The dried half was rough going but negotiable. The other half was a series of water-filled chuck-holes of

unknown depth. The Chilean chauffeur skirted these with happy abandon.

At the edge of the town we were stopped by a Sunday horse-race. About half of Temuco's thirty thousand souls were present. The Chilean *rotos* were loudly rejoicing in their favorite sport. Riding on unsaddled, tough, and wiry horses, four challengers tore down the road toward us at Wild Western speed. The crowd of townsmen and farmers, in dingy brown or black and white ponchos, cheered their favorites from the backs of cavorting cayuses. These spectators sat high, like Cossacks, on many sheepskin saddle-blankets. After each short race contestants and spectators adjourned to the wayside *cantina* for Chilean wines or more potent liquors. Then they emerged to stage another race. If there is a Chilean of any class who can't outride our cowboys, I have yet to meet him.

A mile beyond this Temuco *rodeo* we reached an impasse. The rains had made a little brook a tumbling river.

"I know there 's a big bunch of Mapuches over there," explained the German trader using the colloquial name for the Araucanians. He pointed across green fields of wheat to a meadow

two miles away. To our eyes it was untenanted. The German had the practised glance. He could spot a bargain in Indian blankets, silverwork, or ponchos farther than the traveling tenderfoot could see.

"Why not try to find a shallower ford?" I suggested.

"Let 's ask the Indians in those near-by *rucas,*" he responded. A *ruca* is an Indian hut.

There followed the meeting with Señora Guacolda and her copper-colored *niños.* When ten snapping but cowardly curs had been driven off with shouts and rocks, we approached the small, thatched hut. The lady of the Araucanian house came forth. German and Chilean talked with her in Mapuche. Her husband was away at the *fiesta,* it seemed. Yes, the little river down the road was deep, deeper at either side than at the ford. We must turn back through the town. There were other *fiestas* of many Mapuches over the hills to the north of Temuco. Unless the Yanquis wished to walk to the *fiesta* of the meadow. But the path was long and the fields wet.

"Why was the *muy simpática* Señora Guacolda

at home instead of attending some Christmas *fiesta?"* asked the Comandanta.

"She has no money," replied the interpreting Rolkers. "One may not attend the *fiesta* and buy the *chicha* or *mudia* for the drinking unless one has much money. There was only money enough to-day for the husband and master, who is now enjoying himself."

Señora Guacolda's costume supported her financial statement. She was garbed only in a time-tried blanket and a safety-pin. There was no silver ornament on head, arms, or neck. It is a poor Mapuche who cannot afford a pound or so of silver adornment. Her two boys were pinned into tattered shawls. All were barefoot. But Guacolda was not cast down. She seemed quite gay about her penury. Why worry? Her lord and master would have *mucho dinero* when the wheat money came in next month.

She was so cheerful that a few centavos overcame the usual Chilean Indian's aversion to the camera, and the Comandanta snapped Guacolda and her offspring in various poses.

When you know that the Araucanian or Mapuche Indians of Chile kept Spaniards and

Chileans at bay from 1550 to 1881, and that they once made the haughty Spanish crown sue for peace, you will understand why we mingled cautiously with a thousand of these hard-drinking, hard-riding Christmas celebrants. We three were the only Caucasians present. Rolkers alone knew the Indians.

For safety's sake Herr Rolkers wore his *cacique's* or chief's especially patterned red and yellow poncho, through the center slit of which his hook-nose and square head protruded like a Teutonic gargoyle. But he knew his Indians. In language more guttural than theirs, he joked and laughed and made himself much at home. We stuck to his heels.

A Chilean Indian Christmas *fiesta*, we speedily learned, is a combination of Cheyenne Frontier Days, political convention, camp-meeting, and county fair.

It is a common saying in Chile that "the white men never beat the Araucanians but the liquor dealer did." This sounds familiar to the North American student of our own Indian affairs, but if we may judge from history the Chilean redskins waged a longer and bloodier war against the paleface than the North American Indians

are credited with. Now, having been beaten by liquor, the Chilean Indians cling to it.

From Mapuche papooses or *wah-wahs* to aged adults, the Indians who surrounded us that summery Christmas day were ardently engaged in consuming liquor, principally in its native forms. *Chicha,* an opaque result of fermented corn or fruits, beer, whisky, gin, and brandy were sold from dozens of native carts or booths.

Carmen, the congenial, would sip from the *chicha* cup, then press her lips to her baby's lips, so that it, too, might have its earliest memory of mother's milk and alcohol. José, on bucking broncho, rolled in his silvered saddle but clung heroically to the cheering bottle until there was no more *aguardiente* to drink.

José acquired a fondness for me and my cigarettes. Between gulps of brandy he would urge his liquor on me, at the same time pleading for tobacco for himself. "Patrón, diga. Patrón, diga," he would call. "Porque no deme cigarros?" (Master, tell me. Master, tell me. Why don't you give me cigarettes?)

Around each liquor-peddling cart or booth José and his *amigos* formed half-circles, their ponies' heads pointing inward. Most of the rid-

ers wore black or brown "hand-me-downs" foisted upon them by mercenary white men. Only occasionally did one of the dying race show fondness for color and the picturesque in brilliant poncho, red sash, or silver-mounted saddle and bridle. José was more interested in forcing from the group some rider whom he disliked and against whose horse his own horse pushed and shoved until the unwelcome one sought other company.

At intervals the whole regiment of horsemen would break away from the drinking bouts and scurry to the top of an adjoining field, where they would yell at and bet furiously upon another of their impromptu races.

With the women it was quite different. Although numbers of them were, like the men, worse for liquor, there were many who sat along the fence, under the trees, or in the shade of the carts—cheerful spectators, only occasionally conversational, always clean of face, shiny of hair, and neatly dressed in blue home-woven blankets thrown over black home-woven *chamales*.

A *chamal* is a long gown reaching from neck to heels, held at the waist by a home-woven, gaudily colored girdle. From the crown of

straight, black hair, from ears, neck, arms, and wrists, hung elaborate and sometimes beautifully detailed silver ornaments. The gleam of this silver against brown, intelligent face and the blue and black of the costume made a pretty picture, though it lacked the high colors of the Mexican and Bolivian Indian dress.

Of course there was the music of the guitar, and equally of course there was the *zamacueca* or *cueca,* which is the Chilean version of the Spanish fandango, plus the influence of the Indian war-dance. Usually one couple dances at a time, to the accompaniment of a musician who alternately thrums the strings and pounds the guitar body with the heel of a hand. It is the Chilean national dance. As done that Christmas day by the Mapuches, there were some variations. The guitarist's efforts were supplemented by a youth who faced him and beat with healthy fists a steady tattoo upon the instrument's suffering wood. Each performer roared unceasingly. They were aided and abetted by a bevy of young females impersonating a Greek chorus, red-faced, raucous, indefatigable.

The feminine dancer, in a pink cotton print dress, held a white handkerchief in her right hand

and played the rôle of coquette. Her young partner, in cheap gray "custom-made" sack-suit and soft gray hat, did the *Don Juan* part. As the dancing girl stepped back and forth and from side to side, the boy, who faced her, closely followed her steps. After half an hour of violent effort, all participants in the disturbance would pause for breath, only to go on again with increased noise and speed. All wore Chilean shoes made by American machinery. We left the twain flat-footing on the hard ground amid their sweating, chanting, yelling fellow-Indians.

In earlier days, when costuming was more in character and Chileans and Indians observed great form and ceremony in their celebrations of Dieciocho or Independence day on September 18, the male dancer of the *cueca* strutted, pirouetted, stalked, and crowed like a mating Chanticleer. But the *cueca,* with many other Chilean institutions, is giving ground for newer styles, as is the barn-dance of our husking-bee.

The Chilean *cueca* recalls the North American Indian dances because of the physical endurance required by each. This resemblance is more pronounced when the Mapuche witch women shuffle and hop around their sacred tree, beating

loudly on tom-toms, in strictly Indian style.

Although the *cucca* was tame the rest of the Temuco *fiesta* was wild enough. Wherever we wandered over the Araucanian Field of the Cloth of Gold we found ourselves under the heels of horses. The Knights of the Mapuche Round Table came riding, riding, riding. Sometimes they rode around us; more often they rode over us. Not in malice. They were more jovial than vicious. They were happily drunk. Among the half-thousand horsemen milling about the inclosure I saw only two who, by their performance, recalled their battling ancestors. Even these two did not actually engage in combat. If any of the descendants of Chile's greatest warriors carried knives or guns in lieu of clubs, spears, bows, and arrows, they kept their arms under cover. But as riders they were extremely indifferent to human life.

Herr Rolkers was the life of the party. He chucked the women under the chin or patted them on the back. He caressed the fat cheeks of the Mapuche babies and drank of the doubtful *chicha*—from the doubly doubtful loving-cups that the Indians passed around. He stood treat repeatedly. He addressed the Araucanians in

their own endearing terms. He even ate the native food, which had the one virtue of being cooked in the open.

During the entire afternoon he verbally or mentally assayed the pounds of silver ornaments, leagues of gaily colored girdles, acres of firmly woven ponchos, which he knew could be had at a price. The Comandanta also shopped continually. It was the most alluring, most animated bargain-counter she had stood before in Chile.

As dusk approached, the Knights, by twos and threes, swung their little horses about and tore away into the green-red hills. The venders of food and drink dismantled their booths and prepared to move their carts. Families that had come from afar covered their open fires, packed their cooking utensils, and broke camp.

"Better move out of this," advised Herr Rolkers. "These fellows usually get rough on the road, and we shall have to pass many of them on our way back to Temuco. When they get in the wrong mood they can get rather nasty. You know their history."

I knew their history, and we moved.

Most Chileans are proud of their dual ancestry, Spanish and Indian. "The Yankees of

South America" are the most pugnacious people on their continent. Only the hardiest of the Spanish *conquistadores* crossed the deadly deserts between Peru and Chile, climbed the snow-clad Andes from the Argentine, or worked their way around the dangerous Horn to find a foothold in the Land of More or Less.

It was *más ó menos,* more or less, with them during many years of Chilean history. The white invaders, toughest of their kind, met the Araucanians, hardest and most skilful fighters of all American Indians. The pastoral but martial Mapuches had stopped the Peruvian Incas at the River Maule, near modern Santiago, in the fifteenth century, and learned something of pottery, agriculture, and weaving from the Cuzco civilization. Also, something about fighting.

The first Spanish expedition from Peru into Chile, led by Diego de Almagro, found the Chilean Indians hard to handle.

Almagro's successor in Chilean invasion was Pedro de Valdivia, Pizarro's master of camp. Valvidia founded Santiago in 1541. The Araucanians destroyed it in 1542. Eight years later Valdivia, greatly reinforced, worked his way into

southern Chile and founded Concepción at the Bio-Bio River. Then he crossed the Bio-Bio and founded Imperial, Villaricca, and Valdivia, which later became a German city on Chilean soil. In 1553 the Araucanians razed all these settlements, captured and killed the Spanish army, and finished Pedro de Valdivia by filling his mouth with molten gold. This was a ghastly bit of humor, for the Spanish *conquistadores* were the original gold-diggers of America.

Led by Lautaro and Caupolicán, chiefs who displayed marked military genius, the wild men of southern Chile, armed with spears, bows, arrows, and war clubs, drove the Spaniards with their muskets, swords, falconets, pikes, and horses almost to the gates of Santiago. There, in 1557, the Indians lost their two great chiefs. Lautaro fell in battle. Caupolicán was captured through treachery and killed by torture. But the Araucanians battled with the ever increasing Spaniards. In 1598 they killed the Spanish governor, Oñez de Loyola, scattered his army, and burned the seven Spanish cities remaining in Indian territory.

In 1648 the crown of Spain signed a treaty of peace with the gallant barbarians. The Ter-

ritory of Araucania was given independence. It remained red men's land until Chile defeated Peru and Bolivia in the Nitrate War of 1879–84. During a lull in that conflict the Chileans turned their army upon the Araucanians, greatly weakened by contact with civilization, and beat the Indians to the ground.

At the time of the first Spanish invasion of Chile the Araucanian population was estimated at two hundred thousand. It is about half that now. The white men's dissipations have done their work. Certain lands remain in their possession. They raise wheat, corn, potatoes, apples, cattle, sheep, and horses. Temuco is their geographical and trading center, but they live in little groups in a territory about as large as New Jersey, between the Pacific and the Andes and the Bio-Bio River and Puerto Montt.

The bravery of the Araucanians is a tradition throughout Spain and Latin America. Their long and desperate conflict with a superior and better armed race inspired a famous Spanish poem, "La Araucana," by Don Alonso de Erecilla y Zuniga, a captain under Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, governor of Chile after the death of Valdivia.

In valor and tribal effectiveness they were the Six Nations and the Sioux of South America. Like our American Indians, they receive some benefit from agricultural, industrial, and other schools fostered by the Chilean Government and by missionaries.

The Araucanians believe in a good spirit, Ngunechen, and an evil spirit, Wekufu. They hold prayer feasts in their spring, September, and ask Ngunechen for good crop weather. During this feast a lamb is sacrificed and its blood sprinkled upon their sacred tree. Feasting and dancing follow. Rows of men hold hands and face rows of women. In the center of the front row of dancing women is the *machi* or witch-doctor, priestess of the ceremony. In times of excess rain or other disaster Wekufu is exorcised by much beating of drums. There are no idols. The dead are buried with their possessions, which would otherwise haunt the living.

The witch-doctors or *machis* are the medicine-men of the Mapuches. When a novitiate receives a "call" to enter the Mapuche medical profession, she is the central figure of a feast given by the *machis*. With silver ornaments glistening in the sun, feather head-dresses waving, and

ARAUCANIAN INDIAN FAMILY AND RUCA

CARMEN AND HER "WAH-WAH"

GUACOLDA AND HER *niño*

drums beating, the *machis* dance around the *machi*-tree, a planted post with steps cut along its inclined side. A circle of men near the base of the *machi*-tree slowly pour upon the ground an offering of *mudai* or *chicha*. At the crisis of the dance the novitiate, called Ngekurewen or "black mouth," slowly climbs the post or *machi*-tree, turns around, and reveals some dark moss hanging from her mouth. This is supposed by the credulous to indicate that she holds her doctor's degree. Occasionally a male Mapuche receives the "call," whereupon he assumes the garb of a woman.

The *machi* cult or clique has some knowledge of medicinal herbs, from which the *machis* extract bitter doses for their patients. A serious medical case is taken to the *ruca* of the witch-doctor, where there is much beating of drums to expel the demon responsible for the illness. If the case looks hopeless to the practitioner or there is some serious doubt as to the patient's financial responsibility, the good doctor administers a handy dose of poison. Death by poison is common among the Araucanians. It is not good form in Araucania to ask the bereaved, "What disease carried him off?" The sympathetic

friend is more likely to inquire, "Of which poison did the late lamented die?"

True to his prophecy, Herr Rolkers, the Comandanta, and I had some rough weather on the way to Temuco. The Mapuches were on a rampage. Probably the ponies or the springless carts with wooden wheels had churned the *chicha* and other liquors absorbed by the Indians, for as they rode toward home they waxed offensively buoyant. After half an hour on the crowded road Rolkers said:

"Better turn toward those *rucas*. I know the families living there. Quiet and industrious people. Make many rugs, girdles, and ponchos for me."

So we climbed a grassy slope, left the car, and made our way around to the front of the largest *ruca*. The front of a Mapuche home is always the east end, open to the snow of winter and the winds of summer. There, at their day's work sat Fresia and Tegualda, on the ground before the home-made looms. Pablo, head of the house, sat high on his white horse with the usual dozen sheepskins as saddle-blankets. A small son crouched in a stone basin holding a favorite cur by a bit of cord. A year-old baby sat on the

ground near Tegualda. Around the side that was a door and beneath the roof of the *ruca* was a rare collection of stone mortars for grinding wheat, native willow baskets, native pottery, kettles, chickens, cats, and dogs.

Inside, also, there were two beds and two fireplaces, one for each wife. Each box-board bed had a mattress of sheepskins and native blankets for covering. Chickens were at home on one bed, two dogs on another. The place was cluttered with weaving, cooking, and crude agricultural utensils, but the dirt floor was packed hard and swept clean, and the women of the home were immaculate.

After we had been presented and cordially received, I said to Rolkers, "Ask them where they find all the silver for their ornaments."

"They used to melt Chilean coins," he answered, "until the alloy reduced the silver content. There are very few pure silver coins in circulation. The Mapuches will wear nothing but the pure metal. Hence their silver ornaments are becoming rarer."

"But they are supposed to tap secret silver-mines," the Comandanta suggested.

"That is an old Chilean story," admitted Rol-

kers. "The rest of it is that if any Mapuche tries to reveal the location of these mines to a white man that Indian dies violently."

I distributed the last of my cigarettes. Husband and son accepted with "Muchas gracias." Frescia and Tegualda declined. Chilean white women do not smoke. Neither do many Indian women.

"Why is the red and not the white *copihue* (co-pee-way) the Chilean national flower?" queried the Comandanta who espied a cluster of these bell-shaped beauties peeking over the neighboring fence.

"That goes back to Araucanian folk-lore," was the trader's reply, "although it shows the Christian mission influence."

I bargained, through Rolkers, for an old native iron spear-head, mounted on *colihue,* a local bamboo. The stone-pointed antecedent of that spear doubtless penetrated some old suit of Spanish armor.

The Comandanta invested in a fluffy *chopino* rug with green and white checker-board squares, a rain-turning black and white woolen poncho, three red and white girdles each about eight feet long, and some heavy silver pins, bracelets, and

necklaces. Rolkers intervened to assist her and, I suspect, to make sure of his commission on the purchase.

Frescia pointed toward the east. A great mass of smoke and vapor billowed toward the zenith. The new and unnamed Andean volcano was at it again, driving Chilean and Argentine settlers from the border. The setting sun behind us reddened the distant rising cloud. The ground shook slightly beneath us.

"Another baby earthquake," I remarked.

Tegualda turned from her weaving, smoothed her straight, black hair, brought two glossy braids forward over her shoulders, and spoke to Rolkers. He nodded, then turned to us.

"Did you ever hear the Araucanian story of the creation of the world?" he asked. We shook our heads. "It is as old as the Mapuche people," he continued. "Tegualda says she will tell it to you as a parting Christmas gift to Los Yanquis de Norte Americano.

So we visitors to an Old-World land sat down with our Araucanian friends and their live stock. And this is the story the Mapuche woman, through the interpreting Rolkers, told on the plains near Temuco, Chile:

"In those far-away days there was no earth, nor water, nor plants, nor trees. It is said there was nothing whatever. But in the air lived a powerful Spirit, Lord of all space. With Him lived many other Spirits, not so powerful, who obeyed Him because He was master of all.

"Then these Spirits, who had no power, thought they, also, should have power and command, and one of them said of the Great Spirit: 'Now we are to be the masters and do our will because we are so many and He is only one.' But some remained faithful to the Great Spirit.

"The Great Spirit stamped and fire came from his eyes, he was so angry. He had the Good Spirits put all the Bad Spirits in one great pile. The Chief ordered his men to spit upon them. He also spat upon them. And everywhere the spittle fell their bodies got hard as stones, until the Bad Spirits became one great mass of hard stones.

"Then the Great Spirit gave this great mass a kick, and the air was torn open by the heavy weight and it fell. And as it fell it broke and the pieces that broke away made the great and small mountains.

"But the Bad Spirits in the middle of the pile

did not get any spittle. These Spirits were pure fire, and they were imprisoned among the stones that were the bodies of the rest of the Bad Spirits. They wished to get out and dug holes as large as wells. When they could not get out they quarreled, and the fire within them broke out, the mountains burst, and from them came much thick, black smoke, flames, and ash. But the Great Spirit would not let these Bad Spirits out.

"Only a few of the Spirits that were not so bad but had been taken down by the Bad Spirits were allowed to escape. These the Great Spirit would not allow among his young men, his guard; so they remained in space, hanging from the air. They are the stars we see at night, and we see them shine because of the fires they have in their bodies.

"These Spirits hanging from the air were sorry and wept. Their tears fell upon the mountains and carried away stones and ashes. From these the earth was formed. The tears also formed the seas and rivers of the earth.

"The Bad Spirits that remained inside the mountains are the demons—the *pillanes*—who make the volcanoes from which come the smoke and fire. So it is said.

"And the Great Spirit looked down, and He said, 'What is the use of that earth with nothing on it?' So he took a Young Spirit, that was a son of his and turned him into a very beautiful young man of flesh. He threw him from on high, and when he fell the young man was senseless as if he had been dead. The young man's mother was very sad and pleaded to go down with him, but the Great Spirit would not let her.

"Then the Great Spirit took a very pretty star and made it into a very pretty woman and blew on her. So she flew down and was told to keep the man company. The young woman came to earth far from the young man. She had to walk a long way. The hard stones hurt her delicate feet. So the Great Spirit made fresh grass to spring up where she set her foot; also lovely flowers, which she pulled and stripped. The petals that she let fall became birds, and some became butterflies. Behind her the grass grew thick and large till it became trees full of sweet fruits, which she gathered and ate.

"The man was still fast asleep when she arrived, and as she was very tired she lay beside him. And the man awoke and saw her so beautiful, and he was very happy. So when she

awoke they roamed the hills and loved each other as brother and sister.

"The Great Spirit made a big hole in the sky to look down, and everything was bright and warm. The mother also opened a hole in the sky, not so large, and when the chief was not around looked down at her son for her son to see her. She made a soft, white light.

"One of the Bad Spirits fell in love with the pretty woman. He was angry because he was shut up in the mountain. He spoke to a bad woman Spirit who was angry and envious, and she pulled off one of her long hairs and threw it from the mountain. As soon as it reached the ground it became a long, thin serpent that went crawling, crawling. When it reached the young man and pretty woman it tempted them, and they disobeyed the wishes of the Great Spirit, so that they no longer loved each other as brother and sister. The Great Spirit was angry. He stamped, and the earth trembled; big trees were uprooted; it became dark; volcanoes burst; and fire with stones and ash came out, burning everything about.

"The young man and pretty woman were flung away and down into a deep ravine full of

sharp stones. They could not get out. And nothing was left of the beautiful flowers or the trees that gave good fruit, only the white *copihues* that the man hung around the pretty woman's neck. They were frightened and hurt and found nothing to eat but bitter herbs.

"And the woman had her first-born. It was an animal, all over with thick hair and long sharp claws. The animal broke open her breast and sucked her blood. It would not let its mother caress it but ran away as soon as it could walk alone. That animal was a tiger.

"Then another animal was born, a very strong, big animal that also had sharp claws. But it did not suck blood nor hurt the mother. It sucked milk and let her kiss him. But it ran away when it was big enough. It was a lion.

"Next the woman had a fox for a child. She was very pretty, but she also ran away to her brothers, the tiger and lion.

"And they say that the hole in the sky that gave the gold light was closed, and it was almost quite dark. But the hole that the mother peeped through was opened sometimes when the mother looked down at her son. The man and woman

were very cold and hungry, for they had finished the herbs and had nothing more.

"Then the mother flung down seeds. The man and woman dug in the earth at the bottom of the ravine and planted seeds, also some that the wind brought down from the trees. At the entrance to their cave the man planted the branch with the white *copihues,* and it grew so that it gave pretty flowers, white flowers; and the woman took great care of it.

"Then the mother had a man-child all over with hair, but he sucked milk and did not run away. Afterward, she had several more children, pretty girls like their mother, and boys with no hair on their bodies. But they were bad and quarreled all the time, so that even the girls struck at one another. And the mother was sad and cried.

"After a time another man-child was born, so pretty and good that his sisters were envious and ran away to their brothers, the animals. But the mother was happy and sang, and the Great Spirit opened the hole in the sky. Then he saw the pretty man-child, son of his own son, and was very pleased. He opened the hole in the sky

every day to look at the man-child, and the golden light returned, the warmth returned, and so did the trees, plants, and flowers and the fruits on the trees.

"And the man, the son all over with thick hair, returned to his parents, but the Great Spirit would not look at the ugly man, and so the light was put out. The bad brother was angry. He was envious of his pretty brother sleeping at the mouth of the cave, at the foot of the *copihue* plant. And the bad brother took a sharp *colihue* stick and killed his pretty brother. He ran him through with the sharp stick, and the pretty brother died.

"Then much blood spurted out and stained the white *copihue*. The plant drank blood, and the flowers were full of blood. That is what the old people say. My people. And that is why the *copihues* are now red as blood.

"So the parents found their son dead, and they wept long and sadly.

"But the bad son, the son like a beast, he ran away. And his sisters married their brothers, the animals, and they had children.

"We, the Araucanians, are the descendants of them, for our fathers, long since dead, were their

children. That is why the Araucanians are so brave, strong and brave as the lion and tiger. And also they are wise as the fox is wise. So the Araucanians fought the Spaniards for their liberty and would not submit to them, who came to rob them of their land.

"That is the story that was told me. I say it more or less as it was told me."

The last of the Christmas roisterers had gone their homeward way. We said our farewells and departed in the gloaming. We passed an Araucanian burying-ground marked by high wooden posts and the eight-pointed cross of Malta, with here and there a plain Latin cross, erect within a picket fence.

"In appearance and manner these Mapuches are much like our Hopi Indians," remarked the Comandanta.

"Like your aborigines, they used star-shaped stone heads for war-clubs and made fire with friction-sticks, but the Mapuches could count up to a million in their native language," replied the German, with a touch of local pride.

"There are many pure-bloods now. What of their future?" I asked.

"Gradual intermarriage with the whites, but the strain will live," he said.

An hour later our car rattled through the dismal streets of Temuco. The local beauties still paraded in the *paseo* before the dandies of the town. Tom Mix was featured in the Christmas night cinema.

At the door of Gran Hotel Central stood Archdeacon Hodgson, the far famed fisherman. Traveling 550 miles from Valparaiso to Temuco —famous for its fishing—he had missed a train connection and lost one precious day at San Rosendo. He was in a bleak and bitter mood.

"Merry Christmas!" we shouted at him.

"I am a clergyman and am denied a fitting answer," he muttered.

We paused, dismayed by his dreary aspect.

"He is discomfited because he missed the Christmas services," the Comandanta whispered to me.

"Possibly so," I answered. "He is also a fisher of men."

CHAPTER XVII

THE ARCHDEACON TAKES ME FISHING

Trout and Salmon Come to Him but They Will Not Come to Me

ARCHDEACON HODGSON was one of those sure-fire fishermen. With his modest British assurance he admitted as much as we crept out of the dingy Hotel Central of Temuco in the chill of daybreak, wrapped our coats about us, and climbed into an atrophied Ford. He had caught fish in his own England and in far parts of the earth. Each Yule-tide he eloped with his fishing-tackle, leaving his Valparaiso charge to some other clergyman, and worked the waters of southern Chile. He was a regular fishing "fan."

"Not that I always bring them home," he qualified. "But I helped Norton of Valpo land a dark brown trout weighing fourteen pounds —almost fifteen—right in this very River Cautin we are to fish to-day. Norton hooked him with a Silver Gray. The fish was thirty-six inches

long and measured eighteen inches around the body, more or less. Took us a half-hour to get him into the landing-net. That was a record for Chile."

I began to feel warmer. Here was sport. We rattled over the rough cobblestones of Temuco into the sunny, poplar-outlined country. It was much like the woodsy region of northern Wisconsin with cut-over land, split-rail fences, and bone-breaking corduroy in the muddy spots of the rural roads.

"We ought to be fishing this very minute," remarked the archdeacon, inhaling the intoxicating mountain air. Only eighteen months before I had heard the same remark from Milt Rush, as that transplanted Hoosier bundled me into his buckboard and rattled out of his log barn on Lake Buckatobin bound for the trout streams of northern Wisconsin. As in other and distant days, I gave joyful assent. Archdeacon Hodgson, Episcopalian clergyman, and Milt Rush, backwoods farmer, were brothers under the skin.

The archdeacon, pipe in mouth, got out his tackle-box as we bounced over the log-paved road. "I use the flies that weather and water conditions demand," he went on. "This Silver

Doctor is an old reliable. So is this Jock Scott. And I 've seen this Orange Parson land many a one here, and up toward the Andes. There 's some splendid water higher up. But we 'll work downstream this morning. I 'll show you some holes where this March Brown or this Zulu will make them rise! Of course," he added fondly, "you 'll hardly go wrong on the Silver Gray. Generally speaking, the best fly for these clear mountain streams has a silver body, red or orange wing, and gray hackles."

The Ford paused for tire replacement. We took further stock of our tackle. I had a three-piece, five-ounce, split-bamboo rod with an extra tip. He approved of this, after a fashion. "The River Cautin is n't hard water to fish," he assured me. "It 's mostly gravel banks and bottom, with the fish lying under the banks or in nice deep pools, at least where we are going this morning. But there are logs and brush in some of those holes. Good thing you have the extra tip. By the way, where is your landing-net?"

It was at that moment the archdeacon read me out of the fishing fraternity, for I meekly confessed, "I shipped it back from Panama along with the rest of my tackle." He smiled pity-

ingly. "You see," I hurried on, "after I caught my one tarpon on Gatun Dam spillway with the same rod, reel, and line that General Pershing and the Prince of Wales used, the boys at the Gatun Tarpon Club told me there would be no fishing in South America. So all I kept with me was this rod in my golf-bag. The rest of this tackle I borrowed from your friend, Jock Crawford, of Temuco."

"And you did n't borrow a landing-net?"

"I did n't realize I would need one until you told your prize fish-story this morning. In northern Wisconsin the trout ran so small I did n't need a net."

"There are two places where a landing-net is indispensable," quoth the widely traveled archdeacon. "One is in the aërial flying return act of an American circus. The other is in fishing the Chilean River Cautin. The circus gymnast must land in his net or break his neck. The Cautin River fisherman must land his fish with a net or break no records."

It was even so. We reached our destination, told the chauffeur where to pick us up at noon, and plunged into a jungle of weeds and willows from which we emerged on the high banks of

a blue and rapid stream, the Cautin. It was a beautiful stretch of water, a succession of high dirt banks, deep tree-shadowed pools, gravel beds, and laughing ripples.

"Perhaps I 'd better watch you a few minutes," I feebly suggested. It was my second experience as a trout fisher. The archdeacon bit his pipe, grunted consent, got out his tackle, and proceeded to show me the way of a man and a fishing-rod.

He waded into some ripples, cast into deeper water, flipped the flies once or twice, let them ride downstream, hooked a Rhine salmon (*Trucha alpina*), and after a scientific struggle reeled it to the landing-net and slipped it into his creel.

"That 's one way!" he muttered over his shoulder.

He slopped through the rapids to a deep eddy overhung with roots. His flies floated into the eddy. There was a rush and a flash. This time it was n't so easy. The fat rainbow trout dived, came up, broke water, shook himself—and was off. So was the archdeacon's hook. He tried another pool. There was the same rush, flash, and dash for deeper water. This time the arch-

deacon hung on. A brown trout was his reward.

"Let 's try midstream for a salmon trout," he offered. He found a narrow shelf of gravel along the open water. The river was not more than four feet deep. One could see the gravelly bottom clearly. That seemed an odd place to find a fish in waiting. The archdeacon had different ideas. He let his flies slip gently down the stream, once, twice, thrice. There was a pop as though a cork came out of a bottle, a silvery flash through the air, and the fish caught the fly well above the waves. The archdeacon and a rainbow trout gave battle. In fifteen minutes the archdeacon was victor.

"Now you can go ahead," he ordered. "I 'll work downstream. You work up. Remember, you 'll have to play your fish carefully and slide them on some flat bank. Otherwise you 'll be skunked."

The odious word, so often heard in my northern bass fishing days, repelled me; but I went about the business of the day.

What an elevating morning it was! The sun, so often a stranger to those parts, shone in unclouded brilliancy. Birds whose names I knew

not sung from drooping willows. Flowers the like of which I had not elsewhere seen bloomed fragrantly about me. The river made music for my soul. Away to the east silvery mountain-tops glistened. I breathed deeply of Chile's clean air. I was alone with nature and the fish.

A gentle ripple tempted me. I stood in its edge and cast adown the stream. The icy cold of the water stung through my boots. An Orange Parson was at the end of my line. It floated idly a moment; then a swiftly flying fish took it. I let him take it, tightening on him slowly. He see-sawed through the water. I backed slowly up the gravel bank. The fish broke the water. He shook his head menacingly. The hook held. Steadily I reeled in. The fish was in the shallows. Now he was near dry land. Cautiously I upended the rod and bent the tip. I walked toward my quarry as I reeled. I bent down. I had one hand on him. He skittered, floundered, flipped his tail, and was gone!

"Brown trout; two pounds," I whimpered. My heart pounded against my flannel shirt. "I 'll try a pool," I decided.

Many islets split the stream. Behind one of

them was a gentle, bubbly eddy. From behind a bit of brush I let my flies sink into it. Nothing happened. I reeled in and repeated the performance. No action. I tried it again. From under a weedy bank a grandfather of trout lunged at the sinking fly, and I had him! I had him for as much as three minutes. Then he came up for air, took a fleeting glance at me, did n't like my appearance, shook himself, and departed to piscatorial freedom.

So it went throughout the morning. I worked that gorgeous fish-infested water for miles. At noon I struggled toward the rendezvous with empty creel. The archdeacon had six beauties. He gave them to me for lunch. Delectable insult!

That afternoon we worked the broader waters above the town. Jock Crawford, Gibbons, his partner, and George Kaister came along.

"The Government has been stocking these waters for three years," Jock volunteered. "There is a government fish hatchery at Lautaro, about twenty miles up river, but during the past two years the Government has permitted netting without restricting the size of fish caught. See those Indian deils out there in

boats? They are netting, and raising hob with the sport. It 's a bloody shame, that 's what it is! Finest water in the world! Greatest sport in Chile! Those blighters ruin it. But there are some holes, especially up near one of the old dams."

The four Britishers left me to my own devices. Jock and the archdeacon went off together. Kaister, Gibbons, and I followed our individual preferences. I worked that upper water harder than I had worked the water below town. There was one stony path along a wide stretch of swiftly moving river that gave great promise. But not a strike did I get. I found a dam. It was deserted. There were a dozen spots where fish most love to congregate. Nothing came of them. I tried every fly in my book. I worked around a score of willow-grown islands. Nothing.

At dusk I met my four companions and their car. I had a red nose, a red neck, and lame wrists, but not a sign of fish, not even scales on my khaki trousers. I did, however, have wet feet and legs and a heaven-sent day to record on the tablets of my memory. Kaister was also "skunked," but the others had fared better.

The archdeacon had a brown trout weighing about three pounds, a rainbow that tipped the traditional scales at eighteen ounces, and three smaller ones. Jock Crawford, the man to whom all visiting fishermen in Temuco went for counsel, tackle, and advice, had done as well. So had Gibbons.

"Good thing I had a landing-net," I remarked sourly.

"Eh what?" the archdeacon answered.

For that apt reply I stood treat to the archdeacon, Jock Crawford, Gibbons, and George Kaister in the tap-room of the Swiss tavern of Temuco. We toasted the infant Jock and his mother from "Pairth," and there was none to say us nay.

"If we could only stop the dynamiting," moaned the redoubtable Jock. "The Government does not permit it, but it is going on all the time."

"I can believe that," I replied. "At the end of the third cocktail—his cocktail—in the Savoy Hotel, Santiago, I heard an American salesman for an American shoe machinery company boast that he and his crowd had dynamited trout up on Rio Blanco in the Andes not a month ago."

"That 's one reason you 'll not get many trout up there," Kaister added gloomily. "That Andean water is hard to fish, anyway, because about the time you get going good down comes the gray water from the melting snows, and you 're done for the day."

"Quite right," the archdeacon chimed in. "I 've had that luck often."

Then we fell to talking of nature's noblest sport. Jock Crawford led the experience meeting to the accompaniment of colliding billiard-balls, telephone bells, and a raucous American-made phonograph.

"The Chilean Government has made a start in the right direction," Jock said, "in stocking some of these clear-water streams, but the Chileans did not take fishing seriously until us Britishers had pounded away at them for a long time. Some day we 'll get them to see that these lakes and streams and mountains can be an important asset when the waters are stocked and protected just as they are in England, where we 've had good fishing for hundreds of years. Some Chileans as well as some foreigners are going in for private fish and game preserves. That 's a good beginning."

"In the mean time," Gibbons took up the theme gazing fondly into his glass of Scotch, "there is a good deal of deep-sea fishing off the coast of Chile. It is strictly commercial, but it may lead to sport some day. There are about three thousand men employed in this commercial fishing. They get a bounty of ten pesos a ton for all fish brought in and fifteen pesos a registered ton on all fishing-boats used. They can use lines, nets, and trawls. They bring in about eighteen thousand tons of fresh and dried fish monthly. That is n't much for the beds they have to work, but big concerns are getting into the business at Valpo, Arica, Papudo, Santa Maria Island, Ancud, and Puerto Montt. Most of their catches are haddock *congrio* and *corbina.*"

"I 've had those on shipboard, in hotels and restaurants, and in the markets ever since I arrived in Chile," I answered. "And your lobsters from Robinson Crusoe's Juan Fernandez Island! I bought one in the Santiago market for eighty cents that weighed four pounds. We cut him into steaks. I ate most of him one night, and some of your Chilean ducks the next

night, and the third night I had a phenomenal nightmare."

"Served you right, you gastronomic bounder," was the archdeacon's comment. "You should have eaten some of our Chilean oysters, too."

"One good thing about to-day's fishing. There were no mosquitos," I rejoined cheerfully.

"We have none in Chile," Jock assured me. "At least not enough to talk about. Practically no noxious insects, none that carry diseases. If these Chileans paid the proper attention to sanitation it would be the healthiest country in the world. There are no poisonous snakes and just one poisonous insect, a spider with the Latin name of *Latrodectus.*"

"How about the shooting?" I inquired.

"Plenty of small quail, lots of duck and partridge, a few pheasants up north," said the archdeacon. "And now and then a black-headed swan. Of the three hundred varieties of native Chilean birds, about thirty, more or less, are good for the table. But most of these are on the preserves. These preserves are of recent

development. A few years ago about the only preserve game in Chile was the pickled partridge."

I stood treat again.

"Down on the lower islands," Jock went on, "you'll find sea-otters and seals. Rabbits are almost everywhere. There are a good many river-otters and *copios,* or Chilean beavers. Up in the hills they are raising *chinchillas* and *viscachas* for their furs. There are *pudus* (small deer) farther up, and among the snow-tops is the *guanaco,* a kind of deer. Down here in the wilder parts of the south are a few *huemules,* also of the deer family, and the puma, a kind of mountain lion. The *huine* and *colocol* are sometimes hunted around here for their soft fur. And fox-hunting is still a good sport. Away up in the northern Andes are the *vicuñas* —you have a *vicuña* rug to take home, of course —and the llama, which is merely a beast of burden."

"But the future of sport in Chile, shooting and fishing, rests with the clubs and individuals who go in for preserves, and with government regulation that really regulates the open coun-

try and open waters." This from the hunter-fisherman, Archdeacon Hodgson.

I stood treat again.

"I must be getting home to the bairn," announced Jock Crawford. "If you have any fishing friends who are coming this way, tell them to look me up."

"I must get back to the office and make out more orders for your blooming American farming machinery. These Araucanian Indians are getting to be regular farmers, more or less," said George Kaister, pulling out his watch.

"Well, I must be off," murmured Gibbons.

"And I," Archdeacon Hodgson added, "have a game of billiards waiting for me. Come back some day and I 'll show you how to fish."

To which I replied, "That big one I lost must have weighed about four pounds."

"That 's what they all say, more or less," the British quartet chorused.

CHAPTER XVIII

A GERMAN CITY OF SPANISH ORIGIN

Valdivia, Where Industrious Teutons Succeeded Adventurous Dons

SEÑOR HONARIO PAULSEN met us at the railroad station in Valdivia.

Señor Paulsen was the first-fruit of my chance call upon W. O. Wotherspoon, Santiago manager for the American firm of W. R. Grace & Company, before the Comandanta and I started for southern Chile. I always carried a National City Bank letter of credit but thought letters to the Grace agents might be of service. Wotherspoon gave me some short and formal notes. I tucked them in my bag and forgot them. But Wotherspoon had sent letters to his agents. And there was the Danish-Chilean Señor Honario Paulsen in his car and with his punctilious politeness. He made life very pleasant for us in a German town of Spanish origin.

A GERMAN CITY OF SPANISH ORIGIN

After so many months and miles in Spanish-Indian Chile, we were surprised to find ourselves in Teutonic Valdivia. We knew the Spanish adventurer, Pedro de Valdivia, had founded the town in 1552 and sought to protect it from the warlike Araucanians by a string of fortified outposts. We knew that the Indians had killed him a year later; that the Spaniards had returned but were driven out by the Dutch pirate Brouwer in 1664; that the Dutch built three forts, were discouraged by the inclement climate, and withdrew after three years in favor of the Spaniards; that the Spaniards were finally expelled from Valdivia by the Chilean-English Admiral Lord Cochrane and a small body of soldiery in 1820–22.

But we did not know until we alighted in Chile's Spotless Town that a peaceful invasion starting in 1850 had planted a little bit of Germany on old Spanish soil.

Our first impressions, in a driving rain, were of freshly painted buildings, immaculate streets, trim lawns, and brilliant gardens, blond, full-bodied men, and buxom Fraus and Fraüleins. Then we were attracted by the signs identifying the business houses. They bore such names as

Victor Vogt, Oettinger & Brenning, A. Haverlock & Sons, Rodolfo Uthermann, Haverbeck & Halder, Gunckle & Andwandter.

There were great modern shoe factories operated by Luis Rudolff & Sons. We were informed in large type that the Central Union Brewery was owned by the Anwandters, who manufactured Pilsener, lager, malt, and bock with the slogan, "Bebe Ud. Cervaza Anwandter!" (Drink Anwandter Beer!) While mulling over this advice the Paulsen car delivered us to the Gran Hotel Schuster, and the dapper, debonair Señor Paulsen departed to prepare for the afternoon's program of sight-seeing.

After giving orders for our *almuerzo* from a Spanish menu to a German waiter, we thumbed the pages of the local guide-book and learned that Arturo Kunstmann and Adolfo Oettinger were practising law, A. Knopel & Company were the local architects, Ernesto Gunther and Guillermo Gunckle were practising dentistry, Erich Klempau was in engineering, Adolfo Necker was in medicine, Roepke & Company were steamship agents, Germain Osorio and Einincke were customs brokers, Hoffman Brothers were whaleboat outfitters, Springmuller & Sons were sell-

THE ISLOTE OPPOSITE VALDIVIA

A TYPICAL STREET IN VALDIVIA

A GERMAN ASPECT OF CHILEAN VALDIVIA

ing articles of luxury, Wendler Brothers had an electrical shop, and so on for twenty pages. The Comandanta and I discarded our Spanish and began to brush up on German. Mary, who had joined us at Temuco, assisted.

Señor Honario Paulsen in his faultless English put us right. "There are, as you will see, many of German blood in Valdivia," he chirped. "But there are also more or less Spanish and some English." Mary, born in Chile, nodded.

To convince us of Valdivia's cosmopolitanism, he led me into the editorial sanctum of Señor Don Alfredo Perez Canas, director of the daily "El Correo à Valdivia," who seemed to be vastly interested in the United States he hoped to visit. Señor Paulsen called my attention to the most learned and bearded Judge Don Manuel Fce. Frias, and to the distinguished Señor Don Roberto Pinto, president for 1920 of the higher court of appeals. He introduced me to the Spanish-speaking *intendente,* Señor Don Carlos A. Bennett. Then he led us to the busy waterfront, where we had our first good view of this teeming German city of thirty-two thousand.

Valdivia occupies a rising, arrow-head area bounded on the east by the River Calle Calle,

on the west by the River Valdia, and on the south by woodland heights. The semi-Spanish architecture of Plaza de Armas and Plaza de la República was back of us. On either side of us, as we stood on the scientifically constructed *malecón* or landing which stretched for a mile or more along the Valdivia River, were blocks of square, hip-roofed warehouses, in stone, brick, and wood, staring at us in stiff German style.

The broad brown Valdivia River was dotted with steamers, sailing-ships, sloops, tugs, launches, and barges. The city of Valdivia is eight miles up river from Corral, which faces the ocean, but 125 miles of navigable rivers feed into the Valdivia. The Government was expending four million dollars in dredging so that all of the two hundred ships that annually call at Corral could cross the bar at the river's mouth and unload at Valdivia, in whose yards ships of more than three thousand tons were manufactured.

A bit to the south was the Islote, a green and populous islet. Directly across the river were the smoking chimneys of Valdivia's manufacturing suburb on Teja Island.

If one did not mind Teutonic tendencies, I

should say that Valdivia and environs would be heaven for the historian and the water-dog. The Teutonic tendencies may not be avoided. The most patent of these is the tendency toward cleanliness, not always apparent in Latin countries. Valdivia was the cleanest town we saw in Chile, and the most German.

Spanish names could be discovered here and there, especially on lawyers' signs. The Spaniard dearly loves the law. It is socially permissible to be an *abogado*. But the industries of thriving Valdivia were largely in the hands of the men of German blood.

Enrique Priesler made the caskets; Carlos Hayler dealt in charged waters. Guillermo Rademacher made boxes. Weiss, Lehmann & Company, as well as the progressive, pushing Rudolff & Sons, manufactured boots and shoes. Thiele Killmer manufactured blinds. Oettinger Brothers made nails. Hoffmann Brothers preserved the juicy berries of the neighborhood. Enrique Peohler "fabricated" bonbons and other sweets for local consumption. Teodoro Lunecke turned out harness. Deck & Company had a broom factory. Even the vermicelli was made by C. & W. Schmidt.

We could not get away from the Germans. Certainly not in the German Evangelical Church, the Club Alemán, the Club Alemán Unión, or the Librería Alemán. Even the leading Catholic ecclesiastic was Bishop August Klimke. Everywhere in town one saw German names, German people, thrift, cleanliness, and industry.

But the historian saw more than that. There was the old Spanish tower surrounded by Lombardy poplars on a rise near the center of town. At the harbor mouth were the dismantled, rusting cannon that once mounted guard over the forts of Niebla, San Carlos, and Amargos at the harbor mouth, built by the Dutch and Spaniards in old colonial days. The earthworks, tunnels, dungeons, and lookouts are intact. The long, well protected harbor, one of Chile's best, was a favorite battle-field in the days of small, light-draft vessels. On Manceda Island, just inside Corral, are the moss-covered ruins of an old stone church abandoned generations ago. Forty thrilling romances could be written around Valdivia, but the writer had best wear a rain-coat.

The Valdivia region is consistently wet. The rainfall is, officially, one hundred inches a year.

George Munro and Robert Gibson, British merchants, nearly drowned us while motor-boating from Valdivia to the whaling-station at San Carlos and the huge idle French smelters at Corral where, in 1910, the first Chilean pig-iron was made.

Between the water we shipped from on-coming seas, and the water that fell from weeping skies I came my nearest to going under for good. The Britishers, who had no fear, finally came about, and during a long and mercifully dry evening we motored along wooded rivers, through reedy channels, past masses of wild blackberries, to a remote waterway called Angachilla. There on a steep bank at the rose-bowered home of a wealthy German family, tea was served to us at two pesos a tea, and we were free to wander in the garden and eat of the fruit of the many berry-bushes.

After a sunset, appreciated because of its rarity, the British boys reluctantly told me that *altos hornos* was the Spanish for the smelter or blast-furnace we did not see near Corral. I, a former band-master, had labored under the delusion, on our outbound trip, that we were to view something new in Spanish or French alto horns.

At time Spanish seems so simple and is so deceiving.

Munro and Gibson, like most Britishers, were mum on their part in the World War. But as we chugged home past marshy shores and under a silvery moon we talked about the reaction of German Valdivia in neutral Chile when the tide of naval warfare turned for or against the fatherland. I am not quoting them, but—

The forefathers of the men and women who made Valdivia one of the most prosperous places in Chile came over after the German Revolution of 1848 seeking greater opportunity and freedom. They were induced to come by Chilean promises of land.

There were a hundred in the first party of immigrants that rounded the Horn and landed at Corral. They had been three months at sea in a small sailing-vessel. The voyage had been rough, especially for the few women and children on board.

They found Corral a dreary hamlet of twenty-eight hovels, and Valdivia an isolated, filthy village populated with convicts and surrounded by hostile Araucanians. The Government had not provided the promised land for the immigrants.

They looked upon a sodden, cheerless world. Benjamin Viel, a Frenchman, first took pity on their misery. He gave them land on Teja Island.

Vicente Perez Rosales, the agent who brought the Germans over, explored the dense and hostile jungles of the interior. His Indian scout, Pichi-Juan, spent three months burning a strip fifteen miles wide through the Osorno valley to present Puerto Montt. The Indian's fee was thirty pesos. German settlers straggled after him to the interior. A small colony arrived from Germany in 1852, another four years later. Immigration virtually ceased in 1864. Those who remained at Valdivia gave that place new life. Their descendants made it what it is.

When in 1914 the German Admiral von Spee with his *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nurnberg, Dresden, Liepzig, Titania,* and *Prinz Eitel Fredrich* overtook the British squadron under Admiral Cradock off Coronel, two hundred miles north of Valdivia, and sank the weaker British ships—picked them off at safe distances one by one—it is reasonable to assume that the hearts of thousands of German blood in Valdivia beat for the fatherland. It is more than probable that

there was a celebration in Valdivia at about the time a reception was given von Spee by the Germans of Valparaiso, when they drank wine thoughtfully purchased from a British house. Certainly few in Valdivia paid much attention to the German admiral's reply to his Valparaiso admirers, "These flowers will do for my funeral if the British fleet ever catches me."

The Germans of Valdivia must have felt the blow quite as keenly as those behind the lines in Germany when the British Admiral Stodart's *Invincible, Inflexible, Carnarvon, Cornwall, Kent, Glasgow, Bristol,* and *Orama* did catch von Spee at the Falkland Islands and sank him and his squadron—all save the *Dresden,* which they later sank at the island of Juan Fernandez.

Six years afterward the Germans of Chile were sending much of their savings back to the fatherland. Germans of Valdivia have never faltered in their drive for commercial supremacy. In war or peace for more than half a century they have continued to build Valdivia and sister German cities in Chile. Their loyalty to the land in which they were born and of which they are legal citizens was probably tested during the World War. But I came to believe during my

days in Valdivia that its German people have philosophically determined that they are finally divorced from the land of their fathers and that their lot in life now lies more than ever in the land of their adoption and their birth.

I found but one American in Valdivia. Weisse was born in the States. We talked about our Middle West across the table in the Club Alemán Unión. He had been in Chile many years, had married into a Chilean family, and was doing nicely in the machinery business. "This is as good a country as any," he said as we parted, he for his Chilean home, I for Concepción.

Concepción, about two hundred miles up the coast from Valdivia, is a little Santiago. In colonial times it was temporarily the political and ecclesiastical capital of the country. Its streets are laid out in rectangles. Its houses are flat-roofed and surround patios. It has many educational institutions. It boasts some of Chile's oldest Spanish aristocracy. It has a hill greatly resembling Santiago's Santa Lucía. It has a large sugar refinery and a big British cotton-mill. A few miles away, at Talcahuano, are the great shipyards and training-station of the Chilean navy. Just to the south are the Lota coal-fields.

Concepción, conservative and Spanish though it is, seems destined to become a great manufacturing center with the development of hydroelectric power at Laja Falls.

But for character, color, and an expression of individualism developed under peculiarly difficult conditions, give me Valdivia, a German city of Spanish origin.

CHAPTER XIX

YOUNG COSTA FROM CATALONIA

Transplanted to Osorno, the Spaniard Becomes a Chilean Solomon

WE arrived at the railroad station of Osorno in a driving rain. So did Federico Costa. The rain was sent from heaven. Federico Costa was sent by Grace & Company. He was the more welcome of the two presents.

During our sojourn in Chile we had met boys just out from England, boys fresh from France, boys from their Germanic fatherland, Slavic boys in the nitrate region, and Japanese boys in Valparaiso; but we had not, until Federico crossed our path, met a transplanted Spaniard. We were keen to know what sort of sons the mother-country sent out to her one-time colony. As a sample, Federico Costa was more than satisfactory.

It is the custom to criticize the Spanish *conquistadores* for their brutality and destructive-

ness, but no one has questioned their strength and daring. Without knowledge of the New World, with little science and less caution, a handful of those adventurers, burdened with the armor of 1500–50, penetrated to what is now upper California and western Nebraska and overran and subdued most of the Americas south of the Rio Grande.

There is no adequate record of their sufferings. But they froze to death on Andean mountains, died on deserts that still appal the traveler, fell in savage battle, suffered from mysterious maladies.

Their surgery was as crude as their commissary. If a *conquistador* was hurt and his fellows decided that he must lose a leg, they sat upon him while a brother warrior amputated the member with a dagger and without anesthetic.

In jungles, swamps, forests, and mountain passes, these wild men of the sixteenth century fought ferociously for king and gold. Condors picked their bones from Colombia to Chile. But the surviving conquerors left their customs, architecture, and personalities impressed upon the Americas from the Golden Gate to Cape Horn. How were their descendants of the

twentieth century registering in the western world? Federico Costa was our answer.

Before the train stopped at Osorno he dug us up and dug us out. The first was difficult because of the crowds in the station, around the station, and on the station platform. The second was Herculean because we had enough light and heavy baggage to equip a Chautauqua troupe. Mary had only a hand-bag, a suit-case, and two shawl-straps, filled. But the Comandanta and I possessed not only our two trunks in the baggage-van ahead. We carried with us two hand-bags, one suit-case containing two Coronas, one golf-bag containing clubs, umbrellas, fishing-rod, shoes, magazines and papers, one large and omnipresent hat-box containing a dizzying miscellany, one bumping camera in case, one roll of *vicuña* and other rugs, two rain-coats, and one of the longest and most pulchritudinous duffle-bags extant.

The Chileans are adept at carrying baggage, but we gave them some new ideas on quantity and variety. I think the Chilean *cargadores* advised their brothers ahead that we were coming. There were nearly always two or three of them waiting for us. They would run along the platform as

our train slowed up, dash past the conductor into our car, and pass the items out through the open window to waiting hands. My principal occupation in that journey through Chile was to shed pesos and to row with the *cargadores* for overcharging me. It gave the Comandanta innocent amusement, gave me blood-pressure, and gave the *cargadores* all they asked—no less. But at Osorno Federico Costa anticipated the *cargadores.*

With able assistants he seized upon our personal belongings and with many a word of command rushed them out of our crowded day-coach and into his motor. Then he seized us and did likewise. Incidentally he introduced himself in fast, unflorid style, and we had time to observe that he was a lithe, handsome young fellow with olive skin, black eyes, and black hair and that quality which we of North America are wont to call Yankee pep.

In ten minutes we had skidded through the depressing streets to Hotel Osorno facing the evergreen avenues of the Plaza de Armas. In twenty minutes we were in our rooms; in thirty minutes Federico had me in the Club Osorno, where we met a concoction that gave the environ-

ment an entirely different aspect. There followed a rapid survey of the rambling club-house, a series of introductions to the dignitaries therein assembled, and a dash back to dinner at the hotel.

We had hastened southward to Hotel Osorno, partly because we wanted to get away from the hotel at Temuco, and partly because various well-meaning friends had sung a siren song for Osorno. "You must stop there," they chanted. "The Hotel Osorno is one of the best in Chile. It is managed by a chef who was for years chief cook on a battle-ship." I think they said a battle-ship. At any rate they painted such a rosy picture for us that Osorno sounded like sweet Elysium.

The hotel building was an unimposing frame structure of simple lines, like those of a dry-goods box. But the management, in large type, proudly proclaimed it "El Mejor Establicimiento en su Clase" (the best hotel of its class), with a "cuisine of the first order" and "attention high finished." The management's claims were well within the law, but we were there on a Friday. The table-cloths were vile. We called the attention of the head waiter and the dining-room to them. The head waiter explained that they

were regularly changed—on Saturday night. We appealed to Federico. In a trice we had new table-cloths.

We learned before the dinner reached the dessert and demi-tass that young Federico Costa loved to overcome obstacles. Confront him with some obstacle, and he knocked it down, tipped it over, or went around it. Now and then he hurdled. He said he was twenty-two, but he seemed so absurdly young that we never addressed him as "señor." We just called him Federico, and he accepted the familiarity without complaint.

"You can call me anything but a coward. That I would resent, for I am a Catalan," he said. Then he launched into a graphic picture of his old home in Barcelona, second city in the Kingdom of Spain. He told us how it was founded by the Phenicians, made into a great city, and renamed by Hamilcar Barco; how Romans, Goths, and Saracens owned it in turn, until in 1151 it was annexed to Aragon.

"It was an old walled city in 1450 when the University of Barcelona was founded," he explained. "There are many imposing buildings such as the thirteenth-century cathedral in the

Spanish-Gothic style. That sits upon the highest hill. Then there is the Casa de la Diputación, the Casa Lonja or Exchange, and the Casa Consistorial where our archives are kept. There are one hundred and fifty thousand volumes in our library. There is the Theological Seminary, the Academy of Belles-Lettres, and the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences. I remember all, though I left them eleven years ago." His black eyes flashed with pride. His dark cheeks flushed. He was proud of his English.

"But now it is all so different," he continued. "Barcelona is a vast manufacturing city with more than half a million people. There are many factories for paper, leather, glass, and metals, and many strikes and fires. The Barcelona workmen strike because the convents produce and sell goods much lower than can the factory workmen, who burn the convents down."

After a decent moment over the coffee, Federico urged me into the rain and to the office of Señor Don José del Carmen Alvarada, director of the daily "El Osorno." There he so brilliantly turned my rough-hewn English into fascinating Spanish that the distinguished editor and publisher ran the interview serially, in six parts I

believe. The elapsed time for the interview was twenty-nine minutes. Then I begged off and went to bed.

Federico was on hand early next morning. I cannot refer to it as bright and early. The rain still fell. He apologized for being late. It was near the month's end. He was making up his monthly reports as district manager for his company. He was also preparing to move his office on the morrow. All this while we finished our coffee. Then we were off again in Federico's car. He explained that it was his vicariously. It belonged to the company and was for sale, second-hand. He seized every opportunity to exhibit it. Our being in it might attract favorable attention.

Along the Calle Mackenna we coughed, past rain-shedding woodsmen whose Chilean horses leaped high and wide as our car careened through the muddy streets, past rows of ponchoed cowboys tying their mounts to the public hitching-posts and rails, past oxen dragging clumsy home-made carts with solid wooden wheels cut from Chilean forest monarchs. Wheels, carts, riders, ponchos, all were a dun brown.

"Don't those fellows get wet riding about on a day like this?" I ventured.

"Not with those closely woven Chilean ponchos on," he said. "And do not laugh at the all-wooden wheels. At this time of year, with so much rain, the wagon and cart-wheels sink to the hubs. It is better they do not have spokes. When we have some more hard roads, ah, that will be different for all of us."

The car—one size larger than a Ford—rattled over the planks of the Bridge of Dames, across the River Rahne, and up a tortuous clay hill. Federico kept an easy grip on the wheel and on the conversation as we swung from ditch to ditch. He believed in speed and safety, especially speed.

"You speak many languages," I suggested by way of keeping our minds off the perils of the road.

"Spanish, of course," he answered, "and of course Catalan, which is as much like French as Spanish. You see, while Catalonia is in the northeast part of Spain, along the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, its language is all its own. It is a Romance language, more or less an off-

shoot of Provençal. Catalan is spoken in southern France, also. It was not hard for me to learn French when I lived for a while in Toulouse." To prove it he told three French stories. They had plenty of snap but, happily, were deleted with delicacy.

We slid around a hilltop and through a farmyard gate. "Mr. and Mrs. Sohmer," announced Federico Costa as he presented us—in German—to a sturdy young man and a slender young woman with the soft, beautiful eyes of happy motherhood. We were cordially greeted and conducted along a wide porch into the parlor of a far-reaching farm-house. Plush-covered furniture clung to the home-grained base-board. Crayon portraits of elders hung in fat, ponderous frames on the high white walls. On a center-table lay a leather-bound family album, beside a stuffed bird under a glass dome.

"Home again," I whispered to the Comandanta who hails from Iowa.

Speaking in English, Mr. and Mrs. Sohmer dwelt in friendly fashion upon their German blood and Chilean nativity. Born and reared in Chile, they were rearing Chileans of their own. Their little son, their *hijito* of two years, was in-

troduced and manifested more interest in his *pelota* (his ball) than in the strangers from the States. Then we were presented to the pride of the family, the infant second-born, two weeks of age.

The clouds lifted for a few moments so that we might see the Sohmers' trim little landscaped garden with huge pansies and yellow and red dahlias equal to any in the Bronx Park Dahlia Show. There was a bosky dell, with evergreens, brooks, and fountains. Sohmer's broad acres stretched in four directions.

We talked of the live-stock industry, of the popularity of the Hampshiredown sheep, Percheron horses, shorthorn, Holland, Durham, and Lincoln red cattle in Chile. Sohmer had visited Germany, England, and the United States for first-hand information. He was acquainted with the University of Illinois and the University of Wisconsin. He had worked for a time on a farm near Chicago, to get experience in Illinois farming methods. He was a hog fancier and spoke easily of the relative virtues of Jersey reds, Chester whites, Poland Chinas, and Berkshires. As I recall it, he preferred the snub-nosed Berkshire breed.

I might have a clearer memory on the subject had not Federico hustled us into the car and skated down the muddy road toward town. At the brow of the hill the sun shone while we had a glimpse of Osorno nestling in its green valley. The wooden spires and ugly houses recalled a thousand of our own unlovely Western towns. Federico read our thoughts.

"Osorno was established by the Spanish General Mendoza in fifteen fifty-eight," he said, "but was burned by the Araucanian Indians in sixteen four. It was reëstablished in seventeen ninety-three and has been burned once or twice since. We have an excellent *cuerpo de bomberos* (corps of volunteer firemen) here—*más ó menos.*"

"Just like the States," Mary spoke up.

Federico Costa had regarded Mary several times, but had thought, from her black hair, black eyes, and easy Chilean Spanish that she was a native of Chile.

"You are from the Estados Unidos, señorita?" he asked.

"I was born in Chillan," she admitted with a slight up-curving of her lip. "But I am *Americana.*"

"Oh, no, señorita," he responded brightly.

"You are *Chileña,* since you were born in the country."

"That was merely my bad luck," she retorted defiantly. "I am going back to the United States, marry an American, and become a rightful American citizen."

"As your heart dictates," Federico responded. "I am Catalan. I understand."

"Why does Osorno rebuild with wood after each fire?" I asked.

"This is a woods country," Federico responded. "Wood is much cheaper here than stone. The forests are still close about us, but it is a wonderful valley for the raising of live stock. Do you not know that the railroad station here receives each year more than a million pesos in freight or express on cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep that are shipped from this point?"

Three desperate-looking horsemen passed us as he was speaking. We had read much of the Chilean *bandidos,* and the Comandanta and Mary registered interest.

"Is it perfectly safe to travel in this region?" the Comandanta asked. "We have read much of the bandit raids in southern Chile."

"Fear not the *bandidos,*" Federico replied.

"There are, of course, a few outlaws, more or less, who murder and rob. But they do not come into the cities, at least not often. And they are not so brave and clever as the *carabineros.* Both the *bandidos* and the *carabineros* shoot to kill, but the *carabineros* shoot first and best."

I told Federico that I had met some of the most distinguished bandits in the prisons at Santiago and that they had not made an especially favorable impression on me. I showed him a photograph of four of them, Natalio Contreras Soto, Luis Acededo Lopez, Eleodoro Hernandez Astudillo, and Alberto Hernandez Celdin. The photograph was a souvenir given me by a newspaper friend in Santiago. It was marked, "*Bandidos* sentenced to death."

"What think you of these, Federico?" I inquired.

"They are cowards. Do you see their eyes? I tell you how to handle these bandits. Face them down. I tell you there are not many bandits in Chile, but I tell you how I met one. I was walking one night along a dark part of Calle Mackenna. I saw a man lurking behind a tree. I stopped and said, in Spanish of course: 'You loafer! Come from behind that tree.' The

roto stepped promptly into view, his hat in one hand, a knife—a *curvo*—in the other. 'I was not waiting for you, *patrón,*' he muttered, humbly. And so I left him. You merely keep your eyes open and your courage in hand. I carry no other weapons in Chile." He said it quietly, diffidently. Then he carried the conversation to other topics.

Federico strove mightily to keep us interested in Osorno. He motored around square after square of plain, uninteresting, frame buildings, shabby, monotonous, ugly. He repeated on several blocks. He grew excited over the tiny artificial lake in Egger's Park. Invariably he returned to his favorite live stock.

"Our cattle and sheep, they take many prizes at the *exposiciones* in Santiago," he said. "There is something about this valley that makes fine live stock. Our farms are small yet. We have not the big *fundos* of the old part of Chile. This region did not get started until the Araucanians were finally subdued in 1881. You must remember that. It is still a very young country. It was once all woods, big trees. There are many millions of stumps yet to be taken out. Labor is cheap. The stumps are dug by hand. But

some day we shall use powder or dynamite or stump-pullers. We shall conquer the stumps. Then you shall see the country grow!"

The rain fell, fell, fell. Federico exhausted the sights of Osorno but not his enthusiasm. The only joyous sounds we heard were his musical voice, the crying of the newsboys—"like sea-gulls screaming down the wind," as the romantic Mary put it—and the Englishman whistling in the room next ours as we packed up for departure.

Federico was on hand with the car to take us and our baggage to the south-bound train.

"You like Chile?" I inquired with a shiver.

"It has been my home for eleven years. I came with only willingness to work and fight. And now—it is glorious!" he answered.

"Even Osorno?"

"This is the greatest live-stock center in all Chile," he responded proudly. "It will be a great city some day."

"And you will marry some Osorno señorita?" We were seated in the train, with time to spare before departure.

"There are many here. Most charming," he admitted. "I cannot say. Some of their *padres* possess many fat acres. That would not be so

bad. I am all alone in this country. But," he added taking a letter from his pocket, "there is a girl in Barcelona. This is in Catalan, so you may not read it. But she loves me, after all these years." He raised his hat, possibly to the girl in Barcelona, where the ancient Spanish-Gothic cathedral graces the city's highest hill. Then he snapped back into dripping, backwoods Osorno.

"I am young. There is my career. I am Catalan. Here I shall conquer. I hope much for myself."

The conductor blew his whistle. The train was about to start. Federico Costa arose, kissed the hands of the ladies, saluted me, and, waving the other passengers imperiously from the crowded aisle, was off with a rush.

"Hasta luego," we called, meaning, "Until a little while."

"Hasta lueguito," he replied. "Until a very little while."

We left him standing there, young, vital, self-confident, courteous, thoughtful, determined. The impersonation of the twentieth-century *conquistador.* I wonder where he is to-day?

CHAPTER XX

NEW YEAR'S IN A CHILEAN SWITZERLAND

Among Snow-Peaks, Lakes, and Craters in a Region Little Known

ASSASSINATION is extremely annoying to me.

Having killed my man, I am deeply depressed by the reaction.

Hence I was unhappy. For it seemed necessary that I commit bloody murder in "The Switzerland of South America," if we were to enjoy our journey through the maze of lakes in the southern Chilean Andes.

We found a Bluebeard in our Fairy-land, and I felt the urge to slay him. Indeed, I did not see how I could avoid it.

We knew not whence the Bluebeard came, only whither he was going. He gave me his card and I carefully lost it. His real name does not matter. The sobriquet suited him. The

rule of the rose holds good throughout the world.

The Comandanta, Mary, and I had elected to explore Chile's lake region because it is six hundred miles south of the main traveled way through South America. The Comandanta and I were fellow-landlopers from matrimonial habit. Mary came along because, like most Americans in Chile, she knew the region only from good report. We fixed upon the first week in the New Year because we were assured of Elysian weather.

We arrived in Puerto Varas, western shore of Lake Llanquihue, latitude of New York, in five thicknesses of woolens and a hard, cold rain, on New Year's eve, height of the Chilean summer.

As our trio alighted from the Santiago local and slipped across the wet station platform, David and Jonathan did likewise. Enrique Breamer, proprietor and manager of the Hotel Llanquihue, ushered us into the hotel's motor-car. David and Jonathan followed, unpleasantly, in the village bus. Thus distributed, we slid down a hillside, skittered along a lake-shore road, and in the face of the driving rain came to rest at the long porch of the rambling hostelry.

It was not until we had shivered through a hasty toilet, rung in vain for heat, and gathered at the dining-table that we learned that David and Jonathan, whom we had so greatly discommoded, were Señores Ussa and Subercazo, scions of Chile's first families.

Thus did we make a bad beginning of our journey through Swiss Chile. The Chilean is eminently the gentleman, but he does not like to ride second class, behind *Yanquis turistas.*

Evidently in coming to the Chilean Switzerland for a New Year's eve festivity we had exhibited rare originality. Hotel Llanquihue was a miscellany of wooden buildings, broad of beam but short of stature. The dining *salón* was equipped to feed a multitude. There were actually present a Chilean wedding couple, looking all unseeingly at the sodden world; a young Englishman whose conception of a happy New Year's eve was strict attention to a paper-backed novel; our three selves, chilled to the bone; and tall David and short Jonathan, who cut us, casually.

The last should have been first in this muster. For in that quiet, dignified, but efficient manner

that arouses wonder and envy in the hearts of *Norte Americanos* the two Latin-American gentlemen were celebrating their exclusive New Year's eve. I have never met a dissipated Latin-American gentleman, but I have frequently recalled George Enoch Lewis's admonition in Panama. It was:

"Don't ever drink with a Latin American. He can put an Anglo-Saxon under the table any time."

It was not the clattering of the individual dice-boxes in the bar-room nearly a hundred yards away that first attracted my attention. It was not the collection of bottles that later appeared on David and Jonathan's table that cast a spell over us. It was the quiet and skilful manner in which they disposed of the business in hand.

Of course, the inseparable friends were to the manner born. On the haciendas of their fathers were thousands of acres of luscious grapes. In the cellars of their ancestral homes were myriads of bottles of rare vintage. Through the great length and narrow breadth of their native land their names spelled perfection in the manufacture of the super-delicious Chilean wines. At

that moment "Ussa" and "Subercazo" had the large-type position on a million wine-bottles in a dozen countries.

It was of small interest to David and Jonathan that in terms of Yankee gold one liter of their good wine might be had for ten cents. They were wealthy beyond the dreams of appetite. But for some strange reason they had chosen to leave the social brilliance of Santiago and to have their year-end celebration in their select circle of two. And they did it quietly, thoroughly, contentedly. How nobly they could have illustrated the virtues of self-control to a squad of roof-raising roisterers from the Estados Unidos! We left them in the midst of their demonstration.

The cold, insistent rain cascaded from roofs to patio as we wandered along darkening porches and through deserted halls to a parlor furnished with wicker chairs and the Chilean spooners. The latter, fond children, cared not if the waves boomed at the foot of the wall and the cold east wind came whirling across Lake Llanquihue and forced its way through countless crevices in the hotel walls. The Chilean is a hardy soul.

LAKE OF THE SAINTS, SWISS CHILE

NEW YEAR'S AT PUELLA, SWISS CHILE

OSORNO, A SOUTHERN FUJIYAMA, DOMINATES SWISS CHILE

The Comandanta and I left Mary where she stood, acquired additional blankets from the cheery Chilean maid, retrieved flannel shirts, leather coats, and other reinforcements from the duffle-bag, and retired.

"Lima, Peru, according to John W. White, is the only place where the longer you stay in bed the colder you get," I remarked, while the room trembled in the cold blast of the west-bound gale.

"Evidently he has not been in Puerto Varas," responded the Comandanta between chattering teeth.

Mercedes, the maid, came to our door to announce a hot bath on the following morning. We blessed her and wished her a happy New Year. She responded in kind and went her way. Thus ended our New Year's Eve.

For so small a gathering there was considerable confusion incident to the hot bath of New Year's morning, a great deal of unanticipated meeting at the single bath-room door, much exchanging of Spanish New Year felicitations, and, on the part of the Yankees, a modicum of embarrassment. But in time the ceremony of ablution had been duly observed, and after a

dash of coffee and rolls at the long, blue-covered breakfast-table we broke for the beach just as the sun broke through the clouds.

One journeys a long way into Germany when one visits the lakes of Swiss Chile. From Enrique Breamer's German hotel, with big Prussian porters and little Bavarian waiters, up and down the long beach-fronting street that is Puerto Varas, it is the German language one hears and the German type one sees.

Over the doors of the little wooden stores are seen the names of Teobaldo Neumann, Sucesor de Carlos Weiderhold & Company; Carlos Raddatz; Wendelin Klenner; Carlos Schnieder; German Oelkers; and a dozen others. "Malt, Pilsener, and lager" are among the commodities offered for sale. Francisco Kohler is "propietario" of the Bella-Vista Hotel; G. Münzenmayer, of the Hotel Osorno; J. Priegnitz, of Hotel Puerto Varas. Jorge Scheurer is director of the Colegio Alemán; Jose Müller has succeeded Francisco Hering as principal of Colegio German. In the Hotel Llanquihue bar, which is a sort of village club although there are also the Club Alemán and Club Germania, are the "Stadt-Unzeiger," the "Schweizer Illus-

trierte Zeitung," "Argentinischer Wockenblatt," and other German papers.

The mayor of Puerto Varas, with its official 2333 souls, is German Schwerter. His first assistant is Enrique Nicklitscheck. The second assistant mayor is Fernando Binder. German Wiederhold, the master photographer of the region, is also president of La Sociedad de Turismo de la Suiza Chileña, the commercial club of the village.

It is quite as Teutonic in atmosphere as Valdivia or Puerto Montt and like those cities dates from the German immigration into southern Chile in the early fifties.

Walking down this single village street after an all too brief sun-bath on the lofty wooden pier in front of Hotel Llanquihue, we were driven by a shower into the friendly shelter of the Turnverein. The manager, H. Niemann, bade us enter, but we remained on his steps while he addressed us, first in Spanish, then in German, finally in English. He followed the sea for many years, did Herr Niemann.

"Did you make this your home when you retired because it is so wet?" I inquired, during a pause in his recital.

"You might think so," he said with his slow smile. "We have about eighty inches of rainfall each year here, *más ó menos*—more or less. But that is not so much as at Peulla, up on Lake Todos los Santos. There it rains one hundred and fifty inches each year, *más ó menos.* You see, it has stopped here already yet."

We thanked him and moved toward our hotel with some misgivings. Peulla was on our proposed route into the lake region.

Presently we encountered two of Chile's *carabineros,* those omnipresent and all-powerful *rurales* of the Land of More or Less. These South American prototypes of our Pennsylvania constabulary were engaged in rounding up an offending *roto,* descendant of Spaniard and Araucanian Indian. The *roto* had doubtless suffered for his New Year's cups. Much *chicha* —fermented corn or fruit juice—may have made him mad. Possibly he had carved his friend of the previous night's orgy with the wicked *curvo,* the sickle-shaped knife that rips the bowels of the unlucky adversary. Whatever the cause, the effect was before us. Each *carabinero* strapped to his saddle one of the *roto's* wrists. The *carabineros* then put spur to horse. The

roto's bare feet pattered down the road between the running horses. Presently captors and captured disappeared through a door marked "Juzgado," meaning "Court of Justice."

"Rather rough on the *roto*," I remarked to Serpell, the Englishman who had arrived to conduct us to and through the winding channels of La Poza, five miles down the south shore of Lake Llanquihue. Serpell, the only Britisher in Puerto Varas, has a Chilean wife and children. He knows the country.

"That 's about the only way you can handle those fellows," he answered. "They are good workmen, tough and untiring, but when they get drunk the blighters are wild enough. Then, you know, there is a great deal in example. The old name for Lake Llanquihue was Lake Huenuaca, meaning, Lake of the Ladrones, or Thieves. It was not so many years ago that the bad men of the lower Argentine used to come through the pass of Casa Pangue and Peulla—the one you are going through if weather permits—run off cattle, kill the settlers and generally cause trouble here. Now, Lake Llanquihue means Place of the Frogs, or something like that indicating dampness. Not bad, eh what?"

"Not bad if the weather of the past few hours is a fair sample," the Comandanta replied. "What is your dry season here?"

"Frankly, there is no such thing," Serpell admitted. "Theoretically January, February, and March are the dry months, *más ó menos.* But it is apt to rain any day or night, and usually does. If we hurry, however, the launch may carry us to La Poza and back before the rains start again."

The gods who direct the destinies of the *turistas* were good to us that day. As we sputted over the clear blue of Lake Llanquihue the last of the morning mists rose with the ascending sun and revealed the snowy cone of Osorno, the Fujiyama of southern Chile. Its base rested on the eastern shore of Lake Llanquihue, thirty miles away. Although this old volcano has a height of only 8250 feet as compared to Fuji's 12,425, the humid, equable climate of the Chilean lake region and the slight elevation of the lakes above sea-level bring the snow-line close to the water—rarely more than 2500 feet above the traveled route. And when Chilean days are clear they dazzle with their brightness. The

nearly perfect peak of Osorno glistened in its pure white robe throughout the morning, a dominant feature of a color-scheme for which we gave pious thanks.

In a Fairy-land where one entrancing picture promptly replaced another, La Poza was merely one of a hundred surprises.

After cutting across a bit of bay, the launch edged across a sand-bar, slid up a shallow brook, and nosed through a hundred yards or so of overhanging brush, where hand-poling replaced engine-power. Then we floated among the lily-pads on a rush-lined lagoon and landed at the Isle of the Lorelei. The water, reddened by the lingue trees, from which much of Chili's tan-bark comes, stretched to the foot of steep bluffs rank with rich, green growth, excepting where a slide had bared the red soil or great patches of *quila* bamboo lay yellow in the sunlight.

Up some roughly cut steps past the *avelleno* or hazelnut-tree, the "jam bush" or *murta* (myrtle), mammoth ferns, and huge *pangues* or wild rhubarbs, we pushed to the top of Lorelei. There, through a fringe of delicately leaved, horizontally branched *coique*-trees, looking like old

Japan, we gazed toward the south; and Calbuco with his shining morning face looked down upon us.

Even Serpell, reserved beyond his kind, gave voice at the wondrous spectacle. Mary exhibited a Vassar amount of enthusiasm. The Comandanta squealed. Scarcely ten miles from our eery perch, the volcano that emitted the conventional "fire, smoke, and lava" in 1917 sat serene under his coat of fresh, clean snow and imposed his personality upon us in spite of his paltry stature.

What booted it that the peak of his hat reached an altitude of but 6245 feet? Calbuco's whitened head, emerging from a foreground of green woods and red water and surrounded by the perfect blue of a Chilean summer sky, was good enough for us. And we knew that down his side flowed the Aguas Calientes, the hot springs condensed from his steaming breath.

I had some trouble with Calbuco's name. Nomenclature always floored me, and in southern Chile there is a rich admixture of Araucanian, Spanish, English, and locally coined appellations.

"Oh, most magnificent Cabulco!" I exclaimed.

The Comandanta corrected me.

"Not 'Cabulco!' The word is 'Calbuco,'" she explained.

"Oh, most beautiful Capbulco!" I repeated after her.

She stepped upon my tender toes.

"Why invest vast sums in seeing scenery if you know not what you see?" she muttered querulously. "Try the Pelham system. Experiment with associations of words. Think of something that sounds like the word you seek to remember. Think."

I thought. The solution was absurdly simple. There flashed to mind the name of my old friend back in Ogle County, Illinois.

"I have it!" I shouted. "Calvin H. Buco." And "Calvin H. Buco" the mountain remained throughout our week-long journey. One need but use one's brain to fix a word in memory.

Serpell said: "Have you ever heard the story of that bamboo which is dry and dying on the mountain-sides? It is known as the *quila*. Every seventeen years it flowers. Then it dies. It is dangerous now because if we should have much dry weather fires might break out. Next season it will come up from the roots. Then the

country will be much more green and beautiful than you now see it."

Tall David and short Jonathan were morosely present at the New Year's dinner-table. It was n't exactly a dinner-table because noon is the hour for *almuerzo* or lunch. And it was n't entirely a happy New Year for them, if we might take token of their appearance. They coldly surveyed us, and touched their food daintily. We ate heartily of the six courses of meat, that are the rule rather than the exception at South American luncheons and dinners, but Señores Usso and Subercazo were not influenced by our example. Presently they withdrew to the end of the pier and gazed darkly upon the dimpling blue water. I think they liked us less than on the day before.

The Comandanta, Mary, and I chartered a venerable *coche* or victoria and pair, and bumped down to Puerta Montt, where the rolling blue hills inclose the deep-water bay, and ships of the world enter and depart. The island of Chiloe, Place of the Sea-gulls, last stronghold of the old Spanish royalists, lay offshore, its black forests one mass of vines, ferns, and parasitic climbing

plants, whose tropical profusion verified the reported annual rainfall of two hundred inches.

Puerto Montt is almost the last of Chile's mainland. For the thousand miles of Chile that lies to the south are principally rain-drenched archipelago, snow-covered mountain, deep Norway like fiords, and huge stretches of glacier. Only Punta Arenas, most southern of cities, and the sheep ranges on either side of the Strait of Magellan, stand for civilization and industry between Puerto Montt and Cape Horn.

The highroad between Puerto Montt and Puerto Veras rambles between abandoned lumber-camps and stumps of the once mighty *alerce,* that tough, dark red wood that remains undecayed through a hundred years' exposure to water or air. The Germans of the two ports—lake and deep sea—say that these giants of the forest were cut long before their ancestors arrived in Chile. Many of the stumps are ten feet in diameter six feet above the ground.

We arose faster than the rising barometer on the second day of January, for the steamer *Santa Rosa* was whistling shrilly. We emulated the Puerta Varas *bomberos* or volunteer firemen,

who, under guidance of El Director General del Cuerpo, El Superintendente don Enrique Nicklitscheck, Comandante Don Carlos Raddatz, Vicecomandante Don Alfonso Lückenheide, Secretario Don Amador Cid, and Tesorero Carlos Hein, had engaged an imaginary fire, with much blowing of trumpets and shouting of orders, beneath our windows the night before.

In spite of our hasty dressing and feverish cramming of the duffle-bags my Comandanta, Mary, and I crossed the gang-plank with the narrowest of margins. And David and Jonathan, standing helplessly upon the pier, glowered at us across the widening waters. They had missed the boat and evidently charged us with their new misfortune. The *Santa Rosa,* first conveyance on the Puerto Varas-Argentine lake region route, clears from Puerto Varas but twice a week.

It is not given to many to sail thirty miles across a crater of unsounded depth on a ship fifty feet long. We three were established on the upper aft deck of the rather clubby *Santa Rosa* and absorbed in delighted contemplation of the deep blue water, the tidy German farms along the shores of Lake Llanquihue, and the

soaring beauties of Osorno and Calbuco—when Bluebeard entered the picture.

He brought me out of my dreaming first. Squat-figured, swarthy-faced, bareheaded and bald, with a tangled growth of blue-black beard, I discovered him sitting opposite us in the brilliant morning sun. His small black eyes were fixed on Mary and the Comandanta in the way a North American does n't like. When Bluebeard began ogling there was a general figeting on our side of the deck, for the Comandanta and Mary felt the Freudian waves almost as soon as I.

"Let 's try staring back," I suggested.

Five minutes of steely-eyed endeavor demonstrated the ogre's superior endurance. We moved. Before we had settled ourselves into contemplation of a new panorama the beady eyes were again engulfing us.

The situation was difficult. My Spanish was limited. It was evident from his serenity that he did not understand or was not affected by the remarks we made about him in English. It is not customary in South America for a señora or señorita to resent the ocular or even the verbal appraisement of the predatory male. He had

not gone far enough to warrant me in offering battle. The *Santa Rosa* had left the little ports where the Chilean *roto* deck-hands casually juggled fat German hogs or heavy *rauli* lumber, and the Fraus and Fraüleins embarked and disembarked with much kissing of one another. There were three hours of straight steaming before us. The water of Lake Llanquihue was both cold and deep. I could not find an English-speaking person on the boat.

Then fate in the female form divine, properly draped in the Chilean mode, caught Bluebeard's eye and we were spared him until we neared Ensenada, on the shoulder of Osorno. I don't know where or how they had learned I was a *Yanqui turista periodesta* (Yankee touring writer), but Bluebeard and his suave Brother-in-Amours waylaid me before we landed. Brother manhandled a trifle of English. He sought my good graces. The twain were en-route to the Argentina, where Bluebeard lived and where they had oil concessions. Doubtless I was writing a book about the country. Most traveling *Yanqui periodistas* who came to South America wrote books about the country. They would gladly furnish me with much information

about the oil lands, with pictures. In the mean time, if they could be of any service to the *señor y señoritas.*

I thanked them, took Bluebeard's card, and shook my head. Had I been a braver man I might have shaken my fist. But, Yankee like, I hate a scene, and abhor bloodshed.

The Meyers Hotel at Ensenada was clean, with a Teutonic cleanliness. The meals were amply Teutonic. It is one of the several half-way houses on the lake region route. I settled our modest score with the blond and busy proprietor. The *pièce de résistance* in his office was a plaster bust of William II. The blond Boniface was busy because he was speeding guests both east and west.

As our trio emerged from the Meyers to mount our means of locomotion to Petrohue, the next stopping-place, we beheld the white peak of Osorno at one side and the whiter peak of "Calvin H. Buco" at the other side of the barnyard. We beheld a more thrilling vision, however, when Brother-in-Amours and Bluebeard followed us from the hotel. Brother was natty enough in plain riding-togs, his soft felt hat brim turned up in front and down behind. But Blue-

beard had dressed with Don Juanic care. In olive drab whip-cord coat and breeches, patent-leather boots, super-Chilean silver spurs, Sam Brown belt, brown leather cap, and silver dagger in silver scabbard, he out-lilied all the lilies of the field. Solomon in his most sartorial moments would have been in umbra beside our Argentine pursuer. He indicated with *mucho gusto* that he and Brother were riding with us to the east. And ride he did.

The Comandanta and Mary were to be conveyed in a sulky. I was assigned to a well-pointed black horse for the ten-mile post to Petrohue. It was a long and toilsome journey over a vile lava-strewn road burning under a summer sun. We were disgusted. Bluebeard was delighted. And how he could ride!

As became a gentleman of parts and perquisites, he sat the sportiest horse in Landlord Meyers' stock. Brother was also well mounted. They clung to us cordially. At times they would drop behind, only to come tearing past through brush and dust until they were well in advance, when they would pull up and let us pass in review. High-caste *caballeros* of the road, their personal baggage was carried by a

mozo on a third horse. Part of this baggage was Bluebeard's camera. Whenever our horses paused to pant, which was often, Bluebeard would set up his camera and take shots at the Comandanta and Mary, facing the sun. They resented this bitterly. The glories of the mountain road were quite lost to view.

My charges had more than one reason to greet with acclaim our arrival at the one frame house called Petrohue, where a lone Englishman paints in doubtful oil the undoubted beauties of narrow, Nile-green Lago Todos los Santos, sunk amid forest-flanked, snow-topped mountains. They gulped the English tea, nibbled at the toast, and tasted the jam while on the other side of the long table Bluebeard disdained his food and devoured them with his eyes. Then they bolted for what the guide-book called "el vapor *Tronador,*" closely followed by their admirer. Happily the thirty-foot steamer was so narrow that when we preëmpted the deck between engine and taffrail and persuaded Señor Molino, who joined us from nowhere, to occupy the remaining four feet of space, there was no room near us for our tormentors. So we had a perfect evening on the steamer *Thunderer.*

True, the *Thunderer* was heavily laden with its name, old in service, and defective of steering-gear. True, also, it was a wood-burner and shed its smoke and sparks without partiality. The youth who held the wheel may have been a licensed pilot. Whatever his professional status, he exhibited a technique that inspired both fear and respect. The *Tronador* tipped prodigiously. She lay either on one beam or the other in that quiet inland sea, and to counteract the wee boat's tendency to turn turtle the pilot steered a zigzag course. It was as if the whole of the Lake of All the Saints had been alive with submarines.

"Do not be alarmed," said Señor Molino. "The *Tronador* has always sailed thus. For many, many years I have traveled upon her. She has not yet sunk." Whereupon he kicked a bit of rotten wood from the taffrail and surveyed the passing scene.

The scenery justified *el señor*. The winding waterway, five miles wide at its maximum and stretching forty miles from west to east, was walled in by nearly vertical mountains, green from perpetual snow to water-level with larches, oaks, laurels, and other native woods. Back of

us Osorno's top was just touched by lacy evening clouds. To the south, as we crossed one of many deeply indented bays, we got a glimpse of the real *Tronador,* mightiest of the lake region mountains, from whose peak, ten thousand feet above us, the snow cascades in thunderous roars. Great Tronador, the Jungfrau of Swiss Chile! Above and about us the smaller mountains melted from green to blue. The water turned from green to black.

Halting in its erratic course, the little *Tronador* picked up two German boys that had been hunting rabbits on Margarita Island. They tied their skiff to the steamer's stern and showed their kill with juvenile pride. They had four rabbits!

Señor Molino smiled. "The boys, I think they must always be the same, at all places. I, too, hunted rabbits on Margarita when I was young," he said. "Have you ever heard the story of that bamboo which is dry and dying on the mountain-sides? It is known as the *quila.* Every twenty-seven years it flowers. Then it dies. It is dangerous now because if we should have much dry weather fires might break out. Next season it will come up from the roots.

Then the country will be much more green and beautiful than you now see it."

In half an hour we dropped the boys into their skiff, off the settlement of Chilcon, and embarked a man with many trunks. The *Tronador* staggered on. In another half-hour we rounded a bluff and turned south. There was a final glimpse of Osorno, its snowy tip just touched by the sun, its base buried in the shades of night; then we plunged into darkness and a narrow channel.

A short way beyond the bow a spark described a circle above the water. The little ship stopped. A small flat-bottomed boat approached out of the murk. A shadowy man rose from his oars, leaned over the *Tronador's* side, and deposited a box of eggs and a tub of butter. "For the hotel at Peulla," he said in Spanish. He leaned down, then reappeared with a smaller box of eggs. "*Para el capitán,*" he announced. We stopped again and again to repeat the performance. The captain of the *Tronador* had a profitable popularity. The night grew cool. We divided our time between admiring the moon as it touched up the mountain-tops and envying the fireman as he stoked

his fire-box with slabs of wood. There was a sharp turn to the left. The electric lights of a wayside harbor shone as at the end of a tunnel. The *Tronador* warped to a high *muelle* or wharf. Porters seized our baggage. Bluebeard, Brother, and the captain appeared from the aft cabin, where they had been holding bibulous carnival. We followed the *mozos* through dark sheds and along sandy paths to a cheery, tidy German inn. We had reached Peulla.

During the night the winds came and the rains fell.

Peulla—I am quoting the guide-book once more—means Place of the Whirlwind, or Place of the Whirlpool. We awoke to find ourselves in the midst of both. The three-storied frame building swayed as the storm howled down the ravine.

But there was much rejoicing by the Comandanta and Mary because Bluebeard and Brother had to push on to Casa Pangue—Rhubarb House—and Argentina the next day, and we did not.

We saw them off, through the hotel window-panes. They were dressed for wet weather. Bluebeard's finery was replaced by rubber coat,

hat, and boots. He was a gallant to the last. As he disappeared through the floods from heaven on the long. long trail to his *pampas* and his oil-fields, he kissed his hand in the general direction of the Hotel Peulla. He 'll never know how close he came to starring in a melodrama.

That night from out of the rain-soaked east came Fraülein Schneider, the German schoolteacher. Wearing a broad felt, mannish hat, heavy rain-coat, and Hessian-like boots, she reached Peulla as wet as though she had swum the Lake of All the Saints. She was nearing the end of a long journey from her fatherland. Twenty days on the Atlantic between Hamburg and Buenos Aires. All night by railroad from Buenos Aires to Bahia. Twelve more hours of railroad travel across the interminable prairies of the Argentine. Two hundred miles or more by motor across the desert land of Neuquen to Bariloche, home of the "barbarians on the other side of the mountains." By storm-tossed boat across thirty miles of Lake Nahuel Huapi to Puerto Blest, a two-house town. Thence by mule and horse back over the *cumbre* or divide to Casa Pangue. Thence by

horse and mule to our refuge from the storm. That had been the journey of this German woman, with no company save guides and chance traveling-companions. An hour after her arrival she was as fresh and jovial as if she had been resting for a week.

For three days we remained marooned in the Peulla Hotel. When the rains ceased and the sun found its way through the clouds, as occasionally happened, we wandered up the log-strewn hillsides. Twice we penetrated to the foot of the falls that came leaping down the sheer mountain-side back of the hotel, disappearing at times behind veils of green, only to bound from another rock shelf to a shelf much farther down. There are hundreds of these cascades in the Switzerland of South America, limpid and ice-cold. One could see them swell and dwindle as the storm increased or diminished in intensity. Sometimes they looked like white threads far off across the lake, hanging from the edges of great hills. At other times one would be discovered near-by, flowing with the volume of a river. The masses of clouds forming and reforming about the mountain-tops changed color with fascinating rapidity. As the rains con-

tinued and the air cooled, the snow-line on Mount Techado, over the way, came lower and lower, until we could nearly touch it, it seemed. Yet giant ferns, monster wild rhubarb, the delicate baby *copihue,* phlox, wild fuschias, yellow lilies, and a wide variety of plants and flowers bloomed before our eyes!

We sat in the hotel when the rains compelled us to do so, watching the cattle wade eye-deep across the shallows of Esmeralda Bay to a grass-grown island, or studying the horses in the corral. They seemed as indifferent to rain as the small colony of German and Chilean settlers. Sometimes we read the hotel register, eloquent with German verse or such messages as, "One day in ten without rain and it 's worth the journey." Or, "Don't believe what they tell you about the weather." On one page we found the signature of Theodore Roosevelt, who had preceded us by nearly ten years. But on the testimony of the register at Hotel Peulla, where all who pass through the Chilean lake region must stop, less than fifty Americans have seen this wonderland of lakes and mountains.

We went no farther east than Peulla. Three weeks before our arrival a conical hill, previously

unknown to fame, had developed into a roaring volcano, twenty miles north of our haven. Ashes and pumice were covering the land. Settlers were driving their flocks to the east and the west, away from the blighting shower. Bariloche and Victoria Island, which were on our itinerary, were bombarded daily. Herr Roth, *mayordomo* of Peulla, produced pumice samples to warn us. There was also some danger from gases.

Alone, I would gladly have gone on. As involuntary professor in charge of an itinerant female seminary, I decided to turn back. Verily, responsibility makes cowards of us all.

The weather, having given us safe passage to Peulla, smiled upon us during our masterly retreat. The *Tronador,* looking only a bit more shabby from its three days' ducking, welcomed Fraülein Schneider, Herr Roth, and our trio. Aside from this quintet of passengers, there was a sizable shipment of butter for Puerto Veras.

At Chilcon the steamer whistled, slowed down, and then stopped while we waited for many moments for some sign of life in the little settlement. Eventually there was a stir on shore, and a skiff put off for the district's new school-

ma'am. It was a remote spot surrounded by dense woods and with but two houses in sight. We wondered what her home had been like in Germany and whether every prospect pleased her. But she gave no sign. With her went a small white box, bearing in black letters the name of some one who had served in the German cavalry.

"Upon what do the people live around here?" I asked our landlord of the Peulla.

"Potatoes and cattle," he answered. "Indians raised potatoes before we came. The woods are full of range cattle. One man on this lake paid two thousand dollars for an American pedigreed bull, but it died soon after reaching here. We are breeding up the range stock. But there is no corn here. It is too wet."

"Why don't you cut down the woods and decrease the rainfall?" I suggested. "It would be better for the settlers and more comfortable for the tourists."

"That might be done some day," he answered.

If it were not for the almost continuous rain, Swiss Chile might rival its European prototype. It has a variety and a friendliness about it, in spite of dripping skies, that made a deep im-

pression on us. The deep blue or green of the waters, the wealth of the lakes and bays and rivers, the dank forest growths that come to the water's edge and mingle with the snows higher up, give a softness to the landscape that can hardly fail to appeal. There are no venomous snakes, almost no insects, and no dangerous wild animals. Unfortunately, there are few game-fish. But in season there are many quail and ducks.

Osorno, Calbuco, and the Thunderer are objects of surpassing beauty. On our way back the clouds lifted clear of sharp-pointed Puntiagudo, the Matterhorn of the Chilean lake country. Puntiagudo is less than 8000 feet in height. The peak of the Matterhorn reaches an altitude of 14,837 feet. But Puntiagudo with its ridges of snow and rock is, it seems to me, quite as picturesque and imposing as its Swiss competitor, and Puntiagudo may not be scaled. Its peak is too gravelly and treacherous to afford firm foothold.

On the road from Petrohue to Ensenada we saw the falls of Rio Petrohue, a dashing, tumbling, foaming cataract of blue and white water, whose enormous potential power pounds

against hard rock banks, awaiting the coming of American engineers. And at Ensenada we met David and Jonathan just going in. They apparently had forgiven the episode of the bus at Puerto Varas. One of them, Jonathan, the short one, "possessed the English" in limited quantities.

"How is it?" he asked me at Hotel Meyers.

"It 's all right as a sporting proposition," I answered, "but it is better for those who have web-feet."

That evening in Puerto Varas we walked along the new path on the cliffs overlooking Lake Llanquihue. We picked the giant ferns in the Devil's Pass. Across the unforgettable blue of Llanquihue the snow-crested volcanoes, Osorno and Calbuco, faded into the night. We sighed as the persons will when they feel that they have gazed upon perfect beauty. Then we sighed about something else. We were going away the next day; going back north to Santiago, Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, and other teeming cities. And we had awaiting us on the morrow's morn a five-o'clock call, the fifth within the fortnight.

CHAPTER XXI

CHILEAN BABES IN YANKEE HOSPITALS

American Miners Are Missionaries in More Ways than One

ONE of the many surprises given me by Chile was the friendliness of the Chileans for the Yankees. This friendliness was exhibited not only in the Chilean newspapers; it was in evidence almost everywhere we went. Perhaps I was more puzzled by this national attitude because I had not expected it. After many weeks' study of the problem I submitted it to Señor Carlos Silva Vildosola, associate editor of "El Mercurio" of Santiago. His explanation was quite as surprising as the reception that prompted my question. He said:

"Shirt-sleeve diplomacy antagonized Chile for many years. The United States was not familiar with and not interested in Chile or its state of mind. Then Elihu Root discovered South

America for the United States and gave Chile an intimate knowledge of one of your first citizens. Theodore Roosevelt, following in Mr. Root's footsteps, made an excellent impression on us in spite of his rough-and-ready ways. In later years there has been more or less travel between my country and yours. But your American miners have done the most to gain our friendship.

"They have taken barren mountains and turned them into paying properties. They have revealed a new source of national wealth. They have invested enormous sums of money in our country, but, most important of all, they have minded their own business—and they have treated our laborers with consideration."

That last sentence interested me. It is not the custom in the United States to send up three cheers for the American mining corporations; so I went up to El Teniente mine, owned by the Braden Copper Company, a Guggenheim concern, to see about it. I found the inspiration for Señor Carlos Silva Vildosola's tribute to American miners at the mining-camp's hospital.

In a steel and concrete building ten thousand feet above sea-level, forty-four miles from Ran-

cagua, which is on the main line of railroad fifty-three miles south of Santiago, I stepped into a modern hospital where a dozen babies born of Chilean *roto* mothers were looking upon a world made safe and sanitary for them at the mining company's expense.

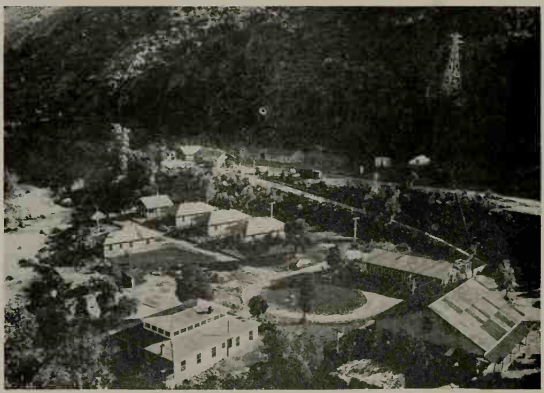
That hospital, equipped with the latest of scientific appliances and in charge of the capable American, Dr. R. W. Richardson, and his American assistants and nurses, was fostering internationalism while it conserved Chilean lives. A little example goes a long way. Those Chilean mothers had borne many other children in sheds, shanties, and tenements and in the bush. Thousands of their sisters had done likewise. For the first time in each of their hard lives they had endured the pangs of motherhood within four immaculate walls under the care of skilled physicians and tender nurses and with all the aid and comfort that science could give them. Primitive peoples have their own methods of telegraphing vital information. That El Teniente hospital was spreading the gospel of peace on earth and good will toward men through the great length of Chile. The *roto* mothers were its apostles.

Like many charities of far-reaching value El Teniente's hospital was an expression of good business sense. It paid to give those Chilean *roto* mothers the best possible aid in motherhood. It paid to keep liquor out of the Braden Copper Company's property. It paid to finance various clubs for native and foreign-born employees. It paid to build workmen's homes with concrete floors, running water, and electric lights and stoves. It was good business to give the workers medical and social advantages. But the idea as applied to corporate action was relatively new in Chile. Hence the example of El Teniente, although far from perfection, had a far-reaching effect in the Land of Más ó Menos. There were less than a dozen modern hospitals in all Chile. Half of those were in the mining-camps. The great mass of Chilean laboring-men and their families lived and died in squalor and ignorance. Chile sorely needed hospitals, just as it needed schools. The little candle at El Teniente could throw its beams afar. It had small competition.

The Comandanta and I spent several days in and around the Andean mining-camp of El Teniente. There was a fascination in seeing a

EL TENIENTE COPPER-MINE SITS IN AN OLD CRATER

A SAMPLE POWER DAM NEAR EL TENIENTE



MINERS' MODEL VILLAGE NEAR EL TENIENTE

great American mining corporation functioning so smoothly so far from home. There was romance in the tale of the Spanish lieutenant who, while escaping from his Argentine enemies in the eighteenth century, chanced upon this enormous bed of copper ore in the crater of a dead volcano. It was interesting to know that the copper veins were crudely though profitably exploited until, in 1819, Don Juan de Dios Correa, Conde de la Conquista, whose immense hacienda stretched from El Teniente to the crest of the Andes, formed a partnership with the mining engineer, Don Federico Gana, and began operations on a scientific scale only to be ruined by rising water. There was the saga of the struggle of Chilean and Italian engineers to mine the immense bodies of low-grade ore, until the Braden Copper Company stepped in with six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and after investing millions brought the mine up to a ten-thousand-ton-per-day basis and made it one of the most modern and most productive of the world's copper-mines.

We liked to hear the old-timers tell how four-thousand tons of machinery were hauled into camp by Chilean ox-team before the mine was

reached by rails, thus confusing the Chilean prophets of 1904. How a thousand Chileans were employed on construction work the following year, and the Americans in charge defied Chilean tradition by banishing liquor and the least important feast days. How the *rotos* learned to work without liquor and, more important, to work on feast days. How the first death occurred when a *roto* thawed out forty-six sticks of dynamite on a shovel balanced over an open fire. How in the early days men were induced to stay in the snowy mountains throughout the winter by hope of winning prizes in a company lottery. How when the earthquake of 1906 demoralized the Chilean state railways, the mining company built and sent a stern-wheel boat from Rancagua to the sea in the vain hope of opening up river transportation.

I liked to don waterproof clothing and ride for miles through the tunnels and shafts that rise from Sewell, the camp commercial center, 7000 feet above sea-level, to the extreme top of El Teniente mine, 10,299 feet above the sea—all inside the mountain. And I never became reconciled to accepting as copper ore great masses of rock carrying no visible sign of copper. I

wanted to see the metal. I felt great respect for a mining company that would dig, crush, and variously process three million five hundred thousand tons of ore a year just to extract seventy thousand tons of copper. That seemed like going great lengths to get the money. But the massiveness of the whole physical operation, the towering chimneys, far-reaching mills, the suffocating acid plants that produced ten thousand tons of sulphuric acid a year, the asphyxiating smelters, the great converters, the power-plants generating electricity at Cachapoal, Coya, Pangal, and elsewhere through the mountain valleys—the day-and-night hum of industry, the human ants forever climbing up and down the hilly streets, carried me back to Butte, Montana. But the way the mining company handled men was more interesting than the way it handled rock and metal.

There were about twenty-eight hundred Chilean miners of the *roto* class on El Teniente payroll when I was at the mine. With these miners were about nine thousand women and children. There were less than five hundred North Americans in camp. The latter's social relaxations were easily provided for by the Sewell Social

Club, Sewell Athletic Club, Braden Literary Club, Club Cordillera, Canadian Club, Technology Club of Chile (alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), motion-picture shows, tennis, baseball, amateur theatricals, race meets down the valley in the summer months, hunting in the Andes during the winter, and family poker parties at which the guest from the States perspired profusely. The social side of life for the Chilean miners and their families was another problem. It had not been solved when I was there, but the executives had gone a long way on the road to solution.

When the Americans stepped into ownership of its El Teniente property, alcoholic liquor stepped out, in fact and theory. El Teniente has been a *zona seca* or dry zone six miles wide and twelve miles long for nearly twenty years. Of course the dry zone is dampened occasionally. The *guachuchero* or Chilean bootlegger shows as much daring and resource as his Yankee brother.

In running the company guard lines one night five bootleggers killed three company guards, were arrested, confessed, and were sent to prison. In one year company guards have seized two

thousand bottles of whisky destined for camp consumption. But the camp is pretty dry in an alcoholic sense.

It is wet enough atmospherically.

The average annual precipitation is about forty-five inches, of which 80 per cent, more or less, falls as snow. One year the total precipitation was eighty-eight inches. There were many snow-slides. Twenty-five men were killed in one, four in another. Workmen's homes built near the bottom of the little valley were buried so frequently that it became necessary to erect in protected spots on the mountain-sides great iron and concrete *camarotes* or barracks, each of which accommodates from fifty to a hundred families. There they perch.

The situation is not ideal. A house and garden for each would be nearer that. But while there are a few houses for executives in Sewell there are no gardens. Plants and flowers will not thrive at that elevation. So the best the workers and workers' families can get in accommodations is a suite in a *camarote* with electric light and heat, running water, and an efficient sewer system.

After that they get a reasonable amount of

protection from liquor, eleven free company public schools for their children, company-financed clubs such as the Club Social Mina, Centro Recreativo e Instructivo El Bienestar, Centro Recreativo Molino, Centro Aurora de los Andes, Centro Atlético e Filarmónico Abraham Lincoln, Centro Social Cordillera, Molino Boxing Club, Turner Boxing Club, Federación de Box de Sewell, Centro La Democracia, Centro de Los Cien Amigos, and other social and athletic centers—and an opportunity to save money.

The Chilean *rotos* in El Teniente mine were taking advantage of this opportunity when I was there. They were making from eight to nine pesos a day and working seven days in the week. The savings-bank deposits in the Sewell branch of the Caja Nacional Ahorres totaled three hundred and seventy-five thousand pesos. All but twenty-five thousand pesos belonged to workmen in the mine. There were 1625 accounts. They showed the largest saving per capita among the population centers of Chile.

Absence of wine, women, and the accompanying song accounts for much of this financial condition. As one American engineer phrased it,

"We have everything here but booze, bawdy-houses, and churches." By which he meant that the company sought to keep out liquor and lewd women, that the *rotos* petitioned the company to keep out priests because they had brought bad luck and also a tendency to extract tithes, and that only an occasional Protestant preacher wandered into camp. It was not made clear to me how the *rotos* could go to church, if there were any, when they worked seven days a week and the mine ran day and night when copper was in demand. It was clear to me, however, that the *rotos* of El Teniente were the best dressed, best looking, and cleanest lot I saw in Chile.

There is a saying among the *roto* women that their *roto* men must be brutal, drunk, and foul smelling. Such a saying has its origin in conditions of living. I was convinced that the *rotos* would be clean if they had any encouragement when I saw a group of them cleanse themselves by plunging into the icy waters of the mountain stream near El Teniente mine.

Of course they have exceptional vitality. This is not indicated by the hospital figures for 1920, which show 295 operations and 183 deaths; but when a case comes into the company hospital

it is pretty likely to be a serious one. One *roto* arrived on the operating-table with sixteen abdominal wounds received from a *curvo* in the hands of *su amigo* (his friend). But the death-rate in El Teniente is only sixteen to the 1000.

In addition to having the advantage of vocational training in the free public schools, nearly all of the boys are members of the camp's Boy Scout organization, and they are rapidly becoming interested in track athletics and field meets. El Teniente and its commercial center, Sewell, will never be attractive from the residential standpoint. A mining-camp is a mining-camp. But farther down the valley, at Coya and Pangal, where the country is green, the company is building model workmen's villages.

The mission of El Teniente and other American-owned mines in Chile is, of course, of commercial as well as sociological importance. More than $200,000,000, of American money is invested in Chilean copper-mines owned by the Braden Copper Company in and near El Teniente, by the Anaconda Copper Company near Chuquicamata on the nitrate desert, and and by the Andes Copper Company between Santiago and the sea. The Braden Copper

Company has in sight or surveyed about 175,000,000 tons of ore carrying an average of 2.45 per cent of copper—and, unsurveyed, some 90,000,000 net tons of ore carrying an average of 1.87 per cent of copper ore. The Anaconda Copper Company at Chuquicamata has the largest known body of copper ore in the world, 800,000,000 tons. At the present average output of 50,000 tons the Chuquicamata mine will produce for centuries. It has, like El Teniente, a low-grade ore, averaging around 2 per cent of copper, but, like El Teniente, its output is mined on such a large scale and can be produced at such a low cost that during 1923 the Anaconda Copper Company paid the Guggenheims $77-000,000 for a majority interest in the Chuquicamata property.

The Andes Copper Company is not operating extensively. This is true of most of the other 16,000 copper-mines registered in Chile, but Chile is producing more than 200,000,000 pounds of copper annually. Eighty per cent of this comes from El Teniente and Chuquicamata. In 1913 these two big mines—or rather El Teniente alone, for Chuquicamata was not then producing—produced only 18,000,000 pounds.

Chile produced relatively little in metals before 1913. In the colonial period its total estimated production was $100,000,000 in gold, $10,000,000 in silver, and $25,000,000 in copper. From 1545 to 1913 it produced $250,000,000 in gold, $285,000,000 in silver, and $658,000,000 in copper. Chile produces less than $250,000,000 gold per year now, mainly from old placer mines. Silver-mining has shrunk in proportion. There are fourteen coal-mines in Chile employing 12,000 miners and producing about 1,500,000 tons of fair steam-coal. Most of these mines are in the neighborhood of Concepción. There are other fields the development of which awaits improvement in transportation, but development of the country's water-power will probably make the local coal-mines of second industrial importance.

Chile possesses enormous deposits of iron ore. Near Coquimbo is El Toro, an iron mountain with 300,000,000 tons of 65 per cent ore in sight. This is controlled by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which has invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in new installation. But the mines are idle. A French company owns a large and idle smelter at Corral near Valdivia. It

also has a concession from the Chilean Government for 145,000 acres of neighboring forest land, from which it estimates it can cut 50,000,000 cubic meters of smelting wood.

When I was in southern Chile there was much excitement over the proposed concession to a German concern, reputed to be connected with the Krupps, of another large iron-ore body and tract of timber land near the Chilean lake region. Negotiations for this were dropped at about the time the alarm was sounded that Germany thus sought to evade the terms of the Versailles Treaty by manufacturing arms and ammunition outside of Germany.

Manganese and sulphur are found in Chile in large quantities. The country has within its borders not only a world monopoly of nitrate of sodium but also enough copper, iron, manganese, and sulphur to supply its own needs and to export in great quantities. The only development required to make Chile industrially independent is the development of its almost limitless water-power. That development will come within twenty years. The first important steps have been taken.

CHAPTER XXII

MINING WHITE COAL AT MAITENES

In Its Wealth of Waterfalls is the Hope of Chile's Future

NORMAN ROWE came rapping at our door one morning, with a message from an old mutual friend in Mexico. The gist of the message was that the Comandanta and I must be taken out to Maitenes. We resented this bitterly. We did not want to go anywhere. We liked our Santiago home at No. 40 Riquelme. But Norman had a way with him. In the end he prevailed. With Mrs. Rowe, the little Rowes, Mr. Rowe, and the Rowe chauffeur, we motored thirty-five miles up the Andes to Maitenes. Then, in utter humiliation, we thanked Norman Rowe for being so persistently nice to us. It was, in many respects, the most thrilling and illuminating of our many jaunts in Chile.

I have said that Chile is filled with contrasts

and surprises. It has a unique combination of topography and climate. Its upper or northern quarter is a barren waste, because the Andes dry out the west-bound trade-winds. The quarter of Chile to the south shows a gradual change in climatic condition until, at Santiago, there are about fifteen inches of rainfall annually. The rainfall increases from Santiago south until, around Valdivia, the country is constantly drenched, while desert prevails on the Argentine side of the Andes.

The extraordinary rainfall in southern Chile offers enormous potential hydroelectric water-power because immense masses of water—one hundred inches a year in the Chilean lake region—descend from mountain to sea in from sixty to a hundred miles. The industrial future and national independence of Chile depend upon the development of this water-power. Norman Rowe showed us at Maitenes the first step in this development, but first he showed us the scenery.

We reached Maitenes by climbing out of Santiago up the Maipo and Colorado valleys, along the face of a cliff, over a road recently opened by the Compañía Nacional de Fuerza Eléctrica (National Electric Power Company). This

was something of an adventure, for the road was only half finished. Eventually, if the interested parties lived, it would be twice the width over which we traveled. We found it just wide enough for the motor-car, excepting on a hundred hair-pin turns where it seemed narrower.

At these turns, about two thousand feet above the rocky river-bed, it was the custom to meet a mighty panting truck or an ox-wain loaded with bulging penstocks. When such a meeting occurred, the conductor of the truck or ox-wain conferred with Mr. Rowe, some dent in the cliff side was miraculously discovered, and the truck or ox-wain or motor-car crept into the dent and the other vehicle passed on.

Sometimes there was a conflict of opinion, as when we met an ox-wain and a herd of Chilean cattle simultaneously. Mr. Rowe made a reconnaissance. The road-bed was soft and crumbly at the outer edge. The river, far below us, was lost in dim distance. Mr. Rowe directed the ox-wain drivers—there were two *rotos* in charge of the four oxen—to seek a secluded nook under the cliff. Then he ordered the chauffeur to drive our car, with us in it, along the outer edge of the crumbly precipice.

The Comandanta and I had been given the rear seat of the car so that we might enjoy the view. We vociferously vetoed Mr. Rowe's offer. The Chilean chauffeur, ordinarily immune to fear, silently dissented. That time we jointly won out over the persuasive Mr. Rowe. He reversed himself. The chauffeur reversed the car. We backed up gingerly, then crawled into the providential nook. The herdsman, who had been waiting calmly in the background on his tough highland pony, urged his cattle past us. One of them went over the side of the cliff. The herdsman went after it, straight down and out of sight. In a few moments he reappeared, driving his wayward cow.

"See!" exulted Mr. Rowe. "There is no danger!"

"You can't make a mountain pony out of a Cadillac car," the Comandanta fervently retorted. We halted in our nook. The oxen, ox-wain, and *rotos* crept past us on the outer rim of destruction. How I envy an ox! He has no nervous system. Certainly he is not subject to vertigo. The four oxen lingered with reluctant feet where the earth and atmosphere met. The wide ox-wain tipped toward the outer air.

Beyond and below them the *roto* drivers trod on the edge of space. They had excellent prospect of falling half a mile. As each *roto* passed he raised his dingy hat with a delightful "Buenos dias."

"It is a good morning—for us—so far," replied the Comandanta as we proceeded. Higher and higher we climbed. At turn after turn we caught long panoramas of river valley and mountain-sides with little Chilean settlements tucked here and there in impossible places. Sometimes we hung over the side of the cliff while the chauffeur argued with the car. At one hair-pin turn it was necessary to back the car to the cliff edge before we could negotiate a bend in the road. The Comandanta and I were still in the back seat. The elder Rowes were used to it. The Rowe children were delighted with it. We had crossed the Andean range three times. This was different. But we lived.

We passed half a dozen clusters of thatched huts, paused at one bend in the road to view the glistening magnificence of distant Tupungato, skittered by a few infant landslides, and then

THE BEGINNING OF MAITENES VILLAGE AND PLANT

LAJA, THE NIAGARA FALLS OF CHILE

slid down into a model village of stucco houses, peopled by busy men and bustling housewives, flanked by the racing Colorado River, encompassed by soaring mountains, surrounded by an aura of industry. We had reached Maitenes, the first tangible gesture toward mining Chile's "white coal."

Rows of workmen's homes, each in its garden-plot; miles of power wires leading steel towers over the mountains to Santiago and Valparaiso; hundreds of Chilean *rotos* hammering, hauling, and heaving at huge iron conduits, steel cables, or great stone blocks; a squad of Chilean *carabineros* lounging in front of their quarters; a company store or so in which women shopped; a massive concrete power-house rising amid its wooden staging; three enormous penstocks climbing the six-hundred-foot hill to the fore-bay; a great emergency reservoir two hundred feet higher; husky North American engineers calmly superintending operations. That was Maitenes.

That night while we stood on the terrace of the ample guest-house—a tile and concrete chalet—and looked at stars whose brilliance

made us blink, Norman Rowe, late of the United States and later of Mexico, spoke of his hopes and their fulfilment.

"Chile has the power, literally, to make itself the richest and most independent of South American nations," he said. "With an abundance of copper, iron, manganese, and sulphur in its mountain ranges, plenty of Bolivian tin and nickel in its control, many harbors, the best workmen and sailors in the world, it only needs to turn its limitless water-power into electricity to manufacture for its own needs and the needs of many other nations. This development you see before you is but the beginning.

"Chile's coal and timber are limited, but no one knows the extent of its potential hydroelectric power. This Maitenes development will supply thirty-five thousand horse-power for the street-cars, lighting systems, and factories of Santiago and Valparaiso and for the electrified state railway between the capital, Los Andes, and the sea—also for the transandine railway when that is electrified. The electricity developed by this damming of the Colorado, the building of tail-races, intakes, sand-traps, canals,

penstocks, reservoirs, and power-houses, will revolutionize manufacturing and transportation in central Chile.

"We leveled off, then hollowed out a mountain-top to build that emergency reservoir eight hundred feet above us. There are only two others built that way—one in Italy, and one in Switzerland. By pumping from the main canal at the forebay into the emergency reservoir from 9 P. M. until 6 A. M. we use water that would go to waste at the low-load hour, thus increasing the water available when the load is above normal.

"But all this plant is merely introductory. To my mind its importance lies not so much in the engineering obstacles overcome. We have solved the problem of cleaning the water of silt, one of the difficulties encountered in utilizing Chilean water-power. The Chilean law does not give us the power of condemnation, and we have had to purchase right of way for our transmission-lines at great expense of time and money. We have made this an attractive, sanitary, modern village for our workmen. With the exception of the stone, all our materials—

five thousand tons of iron, steel, cement, machinery, and lumber—came by ox or motor power over our mountain road.

"But none of this work could have been accomplished had it not been for the vision, courage, energy, and persistence of such Chileans as our president, Ricardo H. de Ferari, our inspector-general, Juan Tonkin Th., and our legal adviser, Dr. Paulino Alphonso. George E. Kendrick, H. L. Wessel, Percy H. Ipsen, and myself as general manager have coöperated to the best of our ability. But I believe the most significant feature of the organization and the progress of the Compañía Nacional de Fuerza Eléctrica is that three million five hundred thousand dollars of the necessary money was raised in Chile among Chileans and foreigners doing business in this country during very hard times when money was exceptionally tight. That was a concrete exhibition of Chile's faith in its industrial future."

Later we all sat by the cozy fire in the living-room of the chalet, and Norman Rowe, white-haired, clear eyed, square-jawed, told us of his disheartening attempts to interest American capital in the enterprise. He described his

journeys to New York and the regularity with which New York capitalists and construction companies politely put him off and how he took his plans and specifications before Britishers, who promptly raised the balance of five million dollars invested in the Maitenes enterprise.

"American bankers and corporations see Chile in a different light now," he added with a smile. "Westinghouse has a contract for electrification of the Santiago-Valparaiso-Los Andes state railway—one hundred and forty-four miles—amounting to seven million dollars. They are furnishing thirty-nine locomotives, arranged for regeneration, with a total station rating of twenty thousand kilowats. Next to the mountain division of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, where sixty-one electric locomotives supplanted one hundred and sixty-two steam-engines in the operation of six hundred miles at an annual saving of three hundred thousand tons of coal and forty million gallons of oil, this piece of Chilean railroad electrification is the biggest in the world. But that, too, is only a beginning."

For two days we motored up and down the valley roads inspecting the tunnels, masonry,

steel gates, foundries, tool-sheds, stables, yards, and construction tracks, and the electric-lighted homes in which the workmen and workmen's families lived contentedly through the snowy winter. Over our heads hummed Chilean aviators testing the air for a trial trip across the Andes.

"Passenger travel by air, industrial power by water and electricity! These are the things that will build up Chile," he said as with blue-prints under each arm he strode from drafting-room to power-house. "Chile wants power of the right sort. She has it in plenty. It merely awaits development."

I found this potential power in many parts of Chile. Because it is such a long and narrow country and its eastern half is so precipitous, Chile has few navigable rivers. Those north of Santiago are small, variable, frequently dry, and commercially negligible, but near their mountain sources they could furnish enough hydroelectric power to irrigate great stretches of now unproductive land which would yield enormously if given water. The few green spots in Chile's desert area produce luscious oranges, figs, olives, and other semi-tropical fruits.

The Maipó, Mapocho, Rapel, and Mataquito Rivers flowing through the central valley in and near Santiago are not navigable. But because the rainy season comes in the winter (our summer) and the Chilean mountain snows melt in the summer (our winter), these rivers have an even seasonal flow of paramount importance to the power producer.

Still farther south, the Maule, Bio-Bio, Cautin or Imperial, Valdivia, and Buenos Rivers are navigable near the ocean, drain relatively broad valley areas, and in their upper reaches are rich in water-power. I shall not forget the impression of tireless, energy given me by the dashing, tumbling, foaming cataracts of the Petrohue River flowing from Swiss Chile to the sea, with snow-capped Osorno in the background.

There are hundreds of such streams scattered throughout Chile, but I think the greatest exponents of water-power in the republic are the falls of River Laja near Lake Laja and at various places before it empties into the greater Bio-Bio about forty miles southeast of Concepción, third largest city in Chile. The largest of the Laja falls is known as the Chilean Niagara.

Both Lake Laja and the Salto de Laja (falls

of the Laja) must be reached by motor-car. They are not on railroad transportation, but as a case in point, or rather as evidence supporting the case for water-power in Chile, they are worth the journey. And their beauty is exceptional.

Chile has made much progress in manufacturing during the last ten years, but even in 1912 the government figures showed 6215 factories and workshops in operation, with a total capital investment of five hundred million dollars, and eighty thousand employees receiving a total of eighty million dollars per annum in wages. This average of one thousand dollars per year per employee, considered good in Chile, throws a side-light on the low overhead of manufacturing in that country.

There were listed in 1912 twenty-eight distilleries, sixty-three "beer factories," and fifty-five factories that "produce quite a variety of liquors." There were glass factories at Santiago and Rancagua, many small manufactories of delft and terra-cotta, forty vermicelli factories, eleven cracker and biscuit factories, three chocolate factories, 179 flour-mills, two sugar refineries, twelve soap factories, eleven hat factories, three corset factories, twenty-five tile factories,

twenty-two brick factories, two cement factories, twenty-five marble works, various shipyards at Valdivia and elsewhere, woolen-mills at Santiago, silk-mills at Valparaiso, flax-mills at Puerto Montt, harness, nail, tinware, bedstead, wire-netting, safe, scales, horseshoe, bottle-crown, cooking-range and boiler factories, railway shops at Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepción, and Valdivia, seven cardboard factories, three paper bag factories, 129 tanneries, several small shoe factories, and many tobacco factories.

Throughout Chile are large and small plants for making up the *raulí, radal, avellano, roble, lingue, araucaria,* laurel, and other native woods such as *alerce, algarrobillo, coigue,* cypress, *litre, luma,* and *manu* into parquet flooring, picture-frames, barrels, furniture, casings, boxes, and various forms of merchantable lumber.

The cotton-mills at Viña del Mar demonstrate that the Chilean *roto,* male or female, makes a splendid factory employee. The Chilean nation, as represented by its Government, is pledged to the fostering of local manufacturing and production. Chile has had a protective tariff since 1897. The law of 1912 increased some of the customs duties. Tariff regulations

fluctuate with the times, but with the Government intent upon permanent employment for its labor, and with labor organized and seeking better opportunity, it seems reasonable to assume that Government, labor, and capital in Chile will give new industry—as stimulated by abundant and relatively inexpensive hydroelectric power—consistent encouragement.

With their production and consumption largely dependent upon international traffic, the people of Chile are, in most commodities, at the end of the long haul. Chileans can reach and be reached by people in other lands at small expense and in good ships or over a good railway. So much for passenger traffic. But it costs Chile a great deal to import much of its food, furniture, and clothing. If it could produce more of its requirements at home, the nation would be much money in pocket. If, in addition to manufacturing its own necessities and, for that matter, luxuries, it could, with its hydroelectric power, produce for the Argentine, which has little water-power and limited fuel of all kinds, and develop a better market in Bolivia and Peru, the result would be constant commercial and industrial independence.

MINING WHITE COAL AT MAITENES

American engineers, coöperating with Chilean, British, and American capitalists, seem to have started Chile on its highroad to prosperity in developing the water-power plant at Maitenes.

CHAPTER XXIII

SEÑORITAS AND THE SCENERY

The Most Intriguing Sight in Chile Is the Snappy Chilean Girl

BECAUSE of Doña Ines de Suarez, Chile's first white woman, six prominent men lost their heads, and men have been losing their heads over Chilean women ever since.

Doña Ines de Suarez came riding into Chile with Pedro de Valdivia in 1540. During an Indian attack upon the infant village of Santiago she beheaded six Indian captives and tossed the heads into the demoralized ranks of the besiegers. Chilean women are not quite so brutal with the men of to-day, but they have methods quite as effective, especially the señoritas.

I was mooning along Calle Agustinas one soothing summer day, mind and eyes on the pinking, snow-topped Andes that fill the vision at the eastern end of so many of Santiago's streets, when I heard the word *"Permiso."*

The word was spoken sweetly; but the young lady did not lisp. She snapped it out and I promptly side-stepped, raised my hat, and swung my stick as a Chilean señorita passed me rapidly, going west. Black-eyed, black-haired, pale-cheeked, head high, her heels clicked against the pavement as I made way. Those Chilean señoritas kept me side-stepping much of the time I was in Chile. It was difficult to concentrate on some of the most entrancing mountain scenery in the world. The Chilean girls fairly filled the landscape.

It seemed odd to find the level look in a country so mountainous. On my South American travels I had the good fortune to encounter the finely featured, black-clad women of Peru, the discreet and much pursued women of the Argentine, the cultured but unbold women of Uruguay, and the demure, dark ladies of Brazil. But the Chilean girls had the distinctive, direct gaze that defied even the dominant men of Chile. They shoved me off the sidewalk with a glance and a word, and I was not the only mere man so treated. I passed much of my time during a hundred strolls in Chile watching my step at the word *"Permiso."*

Although there are many things medieval about Chile, and although the Moorish harem tradition persists, the Chilean women will be the first in South America to get their rights. Pronounced personality such as theirs cannot be indefinitely ignored. They have traditions of their own. One of them is the tradition of Doña Ines de Suarez. Another is the tradition of Fresia, wife of the Araucanian chief, Caupolicán.

When Caupolicán stood in chains before his Spanish captors, Fresia, found in an adjacent forest with babe in arms, was brought into his presence. When she beheld his plight she taunted Caupolicán, the mighty warrior, for his cowardice in failing to kill himself rather than avoid capture by the detested invaders.

"Did you not make your enemies tremble?" she cried. "Did you not promise to conquer Spain? Do you not know that death in battle brings honor and glory? Take thy son and nurse him, for thou art become a woman. I will not mother the son of such a father!" Whereupon she threw his babe at his feet and rushed back into the forest.

Doña Ines de Suarez, the Spaniard, and

Fresia, wife of an Indian chief, were among the first mothers of the Chilean race. Their daughters of this generation are still influenced by the Latin tradition of the chaperon. They are studiously guarded at the state social functions, at the balls in Club Hípico, and at almost every affair after nightfall. But the daytime is more and more their own. They go everywhere in their own keeping. And who shall say that Chilean señoritas are not capable of holding their ground?

At the Navy and Army Field Day the young girls budded out with the other flowers of the Chilean spring in latest and most extreme Parisian modes. A Chilean girl with her slender Spanish figure, proud carriage, fearless black eyes, white or olive complexion, small hands and feet, and her Araucanian good teeth, long black hair, and suggestion of limitless strength is a picture to turn a tourist's head. It turned the head of many a Chilean boy at Club Hípico that day.

The Military Academy boy in dark blue, the muscular marine in washed-out gray, the young officer from the government riding school in horizon-blue tunic, black trousers, and shining

riding-boots, the young civilian in conventional South American black, each eyed the groups of girls in the grand stand with frank appraisement and were eyed as frankly in turn. If some athletes in the afternoon's program failed to break their necks, it was not the fault of the señoritas. They were a hypnotic counter-attraction. Even President Alessandri was only among those present.

They were literally in the picture wherever I looked in Chile. If I went, in the charge of the Comandanta, to the Exposition of Animals, the señoritas in the swaggerest things from Paris were in possession of the concrete walks at this Chilean fancy live-stock show. There were whole rows of them with only an occasional man at one flank. On the following day "La Nación" would print pictures of them with the axiomatic announcement that "numerous families of our society were in attendance." If it happened to be Santiago's celebration of the Day of the Dead, thousands of señoritas, gaily garbed and with entrancing smiles, joined their brothers, cousins, or sweethearts in bearing beautiful wreaths to the General Cemetery.

If the crack Regiment of *Cazadores* gave a

A YOUTHFUL CHILEAN BEAUTY

COEDUCATION IN CHILE'S FINE ARTS SCHOOL

THE COMPELLING SMILE OF THE SEÑORITAS

reception in commemoration of the battle of Tarapacá, the Chilean girls were first on the firing-line and stayed there until the newspaper photographers could, with smoking field-guns, prepare for the morrow's picture of youth and beauty.

The Official Exposition of the National Art Gallery had to be opened with the assistance of the President of the Republic, but the most important assistants were the Chilean girls. The conversation at the reception and the pictures in the Santiago papers proved it. They were almost all of the picture at the commencement exercises of the American Santiago College.

The pageant at the annual Students' Spring Festival was produced by the male students, but their queen for this great October function was Señorita Yolanda Ugarte. If there were a kermess or bazaar in the beautiful park called Quinta Normal surrounding the National Museum of Natural Sciences, flocks of señoritas in pastel organdies were the objects of the meeting. On Sunday mornings some of them went reverently to mass in the ancient black *manta*. But at high noon they were out on the Alameda de las Delicias or some other

parade-ground dressed in pale blues, gay pinks, soft yellows, lavenders, or white. It is my honest opinion that the Chilean men who crowded into the auditorium of the Club de Señoras were not so intent upon the intellectual treat of hearing a distinguished priest reading from the words of Balzac as they were to view the beauties there assembled. Certainly the matches at the exclusive Santiago Tennis Club were made more exciting by the presence in the gallery of the Chilean girls. And the Sunday races at the Club Hípico would be dead without them.

The secret of the verve and charm of the Chilean beauties lies in the fact that, as in other units of the population, only the fittest survive. The Chilean houses are not heated. There are a few exceptions to this rule, but it is a rule. Many of Santiago's winter days in June, July, and August are delightful, like some of those in Los Angeles. Others recall Dallas during a Texas norther. On such a day a formal dinner in a Chilean marble palace heated by charcoal braziers with the women in full evening-dress throws a high light on the vigor of Chilean girls. They do not die from the cold. Hence they are vivacious and beautiful. It is worthy of note

that Chilean girls chatter continually, but not with their teeth, that is, not solely. That is the effete Anglo-Saxon's privilege.

Proof that the Chilean girl is emancipated was given during the multitude of Tag days in Santiago. It was something of a shock, but it was worth money to me to be tagged by a Chilean girl. The first time it occurred I oozed pesos from every pocket. And the money thus accumulated is well expended. The funds provide domestic economy courses in public and private schools, maintain various charitable institutions, homes of refuge, and—while this does not come under the head of charity—tooth-brush drills for the little girls in public and private schools.

The señoritas' active participation in public functions and their lively interest in whatever is going on are breaking down the wall of reserve between the boys and girls of Chile. I remember the peals of laughter from a trio of charming señoritas at the earnest efforts of a boy in grotesque chef costume who sought to sell them choice cuts from a huge plate of tripe during a Santiago street *fiesta*. The fun was rough but clean. Neither sex suffered from the exchange of vigorous repartee.

This free-and-easy open meeting of the sexes, combined with the development of athletics among the young men and boys, will eventually relegate the *paseo*.

CHAPTER XXIV

PASSING OF THE PASEO

Athletic Sports and Coeducation Threaten A Latin-American Institution

TIME was, not so very long ago, when the average Chilean boy was satisfied with the exercise of standing for an hour or so in the city plaza and attentively surveying the girls in the *paseo*. Chile still harbors a few youths of that stripe, but they are in the shrinking minority. Athletics and coeducation are rapidly relegating the *paseo* and its devotees.

The *paseo*, the passing in review of the village belles, thrives in the various plazas and on the Alameda de las Delicias in Santiago, but its glory is greatest in such centers of old Spanish aristocracy as Talca and Concepción, where provincialism has not yielded to foreign travel or foreign colonies.

We sat for two hours, the Comandanta and I, in the palm-girt plaza of quiet Concepción, dur-

ing the Sunday *paseo* and watched the human pinwheels revolve. The outer pinwheel was masculine, the inner pinwheel feminine. Around and around went the pinwheels with a soft sound of voices and the shuffling of feet on ancient Spanish tiles. We grew dizzy with the revolutions, but the pale, flat-chested, stoop-shouldered, cigarette-smoking boys lined up along the curb with too little ambition to join in the procession were having the time of their lives, I suppose. Most of them were devoid of expression.

An interesting relic of haremism is the *paseo*. It is based on the theory that a boy and girl may not be safely left alone. So they are permitted to parade and ogle each other in public, the girls under the protecting eyes of elder feminine relatives. The practice is picturesque up to the tenth mile; then it suggests a certain amount of sameness. At the fifteenth mile it becomes tiresome to the imported spectator.

It has one virtue. It does develop a series of flirtations. And it gives the girls a welcome and justifiable opportunity discreetly to display their charms. But with the coming of organized athletics and platonic mingling of the sexes, the

paseo shows signs of passing, like all things medieval. In Chile, where the nation is intent on building up its manhood, the *paseo* is being bunted off the walk by football, polo, tennis, and boxing.

Soccer-ball is now the national sport of South America. Chile, which never cared much for bull-fighting or the cockpit, is especially keen about it, as it is about many English sports. I was keen for it, too, after witnessing a game between the champions of Chile and the champions of Argentina. The contest was held on the outskirts of Santiago. In some ways it was comparable to our Army and Navy football match. It gave the lie to the oft-told tale that the Latin is not a good sportsman.

In the presence of the national President and cabinet and many other high officials and representatives of the army and navy and their own rooters and thousands of Chileans, the visitors, who had journeyed a thousand miles from Buenos Aires, went after the Chilean champions with blood in their eyes. The game opened the eyes of a devotee of American football.

None of the players wore football armor. They played in running-breeches, colorful jer-

seys, and running-shoes. Heads and shins were bare. In soccer-ball kicking or hitting the ball with feet or hands is prohibited, as is the close-up scrimmage of the popular Yankee game. But the Argentine and Chilean soccer-ball players put up a fight and gave the grand stand literally more run for its money than is given to most grand stands at American college football games.

There was no attempt at the pile-up, no conspiracy to break any particular player's neck in the game I saw. But it was fast and in the open from start to finish. I yelled with the rest when a Chilean leaped into the air and bunted the ball with his head into the path of one of his teammates. I shouted with the rest when an Argentine came flying down the field, tripped on an outstretched leg, vaulted high in the air, and landed on his shoulders. I groaned with the rest when a Chilean received on his bare shins an accidental kick that should have shivered his timbers.

But the players paid no attention to these minor incidents. They followed the ball, unless they were keeping goal. The ball was never still, and the game was not a parlor one, either.

A player must be strong of wind and limb to last a half in soccer. And while it was rough it was scientific and it was not brutal.

The test of sportsmanship came toward the end of the game. An Argentine and a Chilean collided at full speed. The Chilean, mostly Indian, aimed a blow at the Argentine. The official's whistle blew. The game stopped. All players stood stock-still in their places. The official ran across the field to the antagonists. There were a few sharp words of command. The Chilean and Argentine embraced. The whistle blew. The game went on. There were no more signs of hostility. Sportsmanship prevailed.

Chilean football teams travel fifteen hundred miles to play each other. There are local leagues, college leagues, high-school leagues, industrial leagues, and national leagues, or associations. National championship teams travel two thousand miles to play the nationals of Brazil.

Football is the predominant sport, but it does not have the field to itself. Chile has produced some of the best tennis on the continent and some of the sportiest polo. The Paper Chase Club is a prominent local institution. There are

many cycling clubs. Track athletics and baseball, encouraged by the Chilean branch of the Y. M. C. A., have taken firm hold on the popular imagination. Athletic training is an important part of Chilean public school programs. The professional athletic director is an established institution. The rising young Chilean is prouder of honors on the athletic field than around the *paseo* or at the cocktail bar. The police are well up in athletics. Steeplechasing and alpine climbing are among the organized Chilean sports, as is golf. Hockey resembles the old Araucanian Indian game of *cheuca*. There are rowing clubs at Valparaiso, Iquiqui, Valdivia, and other seaports. The Government furnishes fields and other encouragements to rifle-clubs. The magnificent race-tracks at Santiago and Viña del Mar have brought up the breed of Chilean running horses.

Participation in most of these sports is only passive as far as women are concerned, but in the thirty professional girls' schools subsidized by the Chilean Government physical education is given as well as instruction in dressmaking, embroidering, and secretarial work. Coeducation is getting a foothold in the Pedagogical Insti-

tute, the University of Chile, the Catholic University, and other prominent educational institutions. In the rural primary schools the boys sit on one side and the girls on the other, but they attend the same classes.

Development of the physical side of the student is particularly important in Chile because the campus system does not prevail in the Chilean universities, and public school grounds are merely in the future. So any massed action which brings the student body into the open is greeted with enthusiasm by those interested in building Chilean youth.

The students' spring festival is one of these. Prizes are given for the most effective and historically accurate floats and groups. Much money and many months are devoted to preparation for this annual *fiesta*. There is much rivalry between different schools. In the pageant of October 15, 1921. I saw some elaborate attempts at costuming. There were groups of Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Huns, Crusaders, and Chinese. Also some commendable impersonations of Hernan Cortés, Moctezuma, Richelieu, and Napoleon. The Latin temperament lends itself to pageantry of that sort. Women

of history did not find a place in that pageant, but the young women of Chile who are making history were very much on the side-lines and held the stage at the students' ball that night in Club Hípico.

A few weeks thereafter I attended an amateur circus given by Santiago students. The tent was jammed and the blue seats packed with students of both sexes and many admiring male and female relatives.

Chile spends nearly a million pesos annually on public education. There are about one hundred thousand boys and an equal number of girls in the public primary schools, besides a large number in private and sectarian schools. There are several normal schools for men and for women. There are many lyceums or preparatory schools for boys and for girls—about the same number for each—and the courses run from four to six years, after which the successful students are able to enter the universities.

General public education is the ambition of the present national administration. Equal suffrage for the sexes is in the offing. The younger generation of Chilean women, the señoritas, are traveling abroad and coming home

with many American ideas. With their self-reliance and their ambition to advance their country in the family of nations, they are slowly losing interest in the *paseo* and in looking through barred windows, and show an increasing ambition to participate in all activities of the nation. In the meantime, Chilean boys are leaning more and more toward athletics.

CHAPTER XXV

GOLF ON THE EDGE OF THE ANDES [1]

The Robber Band of Santiago and Patrick Pescador's Condiment Clothes

GOLF may be found in Chile from Iquiqui, north of the tropic of Capricorn, to Punta Arenas, close to the southern polar sea; and the visiting golfer can take his choice of a wide variety of manifestations of the Royal and Ancient Game introduced by Britishers and adopted by the natives. There is abundant good golf for good golfers.

Any ordinarily gifted golfer after acting as runner-up for the golfers acclimated to the sand and gravel courses of Arequipa, Peru, and La Paz, and Oruro, Bolivia, should have no difficulty in plowing his way through the grassless course of the Antofagasta Golf Club of Chile. If he is less than ordinarily gifted he may be up against it. I was.

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With one exception it has not rained in Antofagasta in one hundred years. The one exception postdated my appearance there as a golfer. Hence, when Archer Jones, Stephen Painter, and the official photographer motored me through the city to a waste of rocks and sands overlooking Mejillones Bay and turned me loose on the arid landscape, my tongue hung out without further provocation.

Blessed be a sense of humor. Mathieson had it. He had coached me before my Antofagasta début.

"There are fifty-one hundred and fifty-two yards in the eighteen holes," he said. "The topography of the ground is ideal for a seaside course. With the assistance of the local rules, it has been made possible to provide an excellent opportunity for enjoyment of the game. The course also affords a good test and is of an excellent sporting nature." Mr. Mathieson dealt in axioms and in figures of speech. The topography was ideal and the course afforded a test. The rest of Mr. Mathieson's remarks I could not take literally. The local rules assisted as follows:

The sand between lines of white shells was the

fairway. When the ball landed in the fairway one could, according to the rules, lift it from the sand (if he could uncover it), level the ground, replace the ball, and apply an iron to it. If it entangled itself among the occasional heaps of rocks on the fairway, the player could, if he was an experienced miner and sapper, pick it out, drop it two club's lengths behind the obstacle, and iron it out toward the sand-green.

If the ball dropped outside the fairway and hid in the rocks, the player could, if he discovered it before dark, give it another setting, not nearer the hole, and lose a stroke. If it struck in the "rough" sand and the player leveled the sand or did any engineering work whatsoever, it cost him two strokes. If it went out of bounds, he could drive over again and lose his stroke. Where the ravines and rocks did not seem hazardous enough, the Antofagasta enthusiasts had done a little historic mound-building on their own account. My word! It was no end of sporting for me.

All things are relative in this world, and the busy bevy of Anglo-Saxons who handle big business in the biggest nitrate-of-soda port in the world are entitled to all praise for bucking away

CHILE IS BUILDING MODERN SCHOOLS

CHILEAN SCHOOL-BOYS LIKE ATHLETICS

THE CHILEAN PALACE OF FINE ARTS IN SANTIAGO

at the Royal and Ancient Game on the Atacama Desert. Heaven bless them, they have a nineteenth hole at the end of their 5152 yards. My private opinion is that any one who did the course in a Bogie of seventy-nine would be entitled to everything in sight—which is saying something.

At Valparaiso Jimmy Coleman took me out to the Valparaiso Jockey Club and over a race-track course like that at Santa Beatriz, Lima, Peru.

Unluckily we did our golfing bit on an irrigation day so that we got as wet as if we had been yachting in windy weather, and neither of us found enough dry land on the nine-hole course to show each other what darbs we were when it came to golfing. But Jimmy did point up the valley to where the "Valpo" golfers now have one of the finest eighteen-hole courses in South America, and he pointed also to the club professional from whom I acquired a British bag, driver, brassy, mashy, mid-iron, niblick, and putter for twenty-three dollars in our money.

"Where can I get a mashy-niblick for my friend Fisk of Lima?" I asked my guide and the professional.

"In London," answered the professional.

"I'll remember that," I promised him.

I did not play upon the Playa Ancha golf-course of sixty-three hundred yards and eighteen holes at Con Con, the new Chilean oceanside summer-resort near Valparaiso, nor at Concepción, where they have the star nine-hole course of Chile. Concepción has the earthquake habit. The Concepción Golf Club course occupies a grassy knoll between the city and Talcahuano, its port, nine miles to the west. I did not play over the Concepción course because of information given me by Leonard Jacobs of New York. "Len" acted as my guide at Concepción. This is how he explained the Concepción golf situation:

"There are so many earthquakes down here that they are apt to affect your game, you being a stranger to these parts and not accustomed to its ways. The point is this: You get all set for a drive or putt or what not, with your stance all established; and the ground begins to shake. I care not how brave a man may be, a Concepción earthquake scares him stiff. So there he stands, shaking as with a palsy, but unable to move, maybe for minutes. Ever after that his

legs tremble at the sight of a golf-club. You 've heard Hal Paris' song, 'I' m the Spearmint Kid with the Wrigley Legs'? Well, here 's where Hal got his idea, right here in Concepción." So I did n't play any golf in Concepción. I felt that my game would n't stand it.

About a thousand miles farther south the Britishers who look after banking and sheep-raising in Punta Arenas, a city of thirty-five thousand on the Strait of Magellan, were playing on a nine-hole course, the most southern of all golf-courses. It is almost as far south as Labrador is north, but they play nearly the year round at Punta Arenas. They miss many things in life but find much solace in golf. I met one of their club members through Duke Banks in Santiago. In fact, we played together on the Santiago Golf Club course, and I suggested that perhaps I had best run down to Punta Arenas and do a little golfing. But the Punta Arenas man discouraged me. I do not know why. But I'm glad he did. For by remaining in Santiago I was able to do some work on my game. And if I had not been there, I would have missed the drama of Patrick Pescador and his condiment clothes.

To get the right slant on what happened in Santiago golf circles you must know that Patrick Pescador, before I met him, had been an actor of parts—small parts—on the Pennsylvania oil circuit. Even when I came to know him he could still recite by heart the lecture that went with the ancient and honorable panorama of the Johnstown Flood. He carried his principal "prop" with him in the person of a very bald friend, who used to come up, head first, from behind a partition when Patrick spoke the line, "The sun rose gloriously on that fateful morn," or something like that, the friend thus impersonating the sun.

I mention this matter to illustrate Patrick's passion for perfection in art. He carried this passion into his daily dress. That 's how he came to wear the condiment clothes. The Comandanta and I first saw them in the Hotel Savoy, Lima, during the Peruvian *centenario*. We thought they were one of the Peruvian carnival costumes until we learned, through breakfast-room conversation, that Patrick had just brought the suit down from New York. It was of the highly seasoned pepper-and-salt variety, cut close at the waist and wide at the hips. Pat-

rick and his new suit were the sensation of the *centenario,* so much so that President Leguia of Peru became jealous, and the Peruvian branch of the National City Bank asked Patrick if he would n't go down to Chile and be assistant manager of their Santiago branch. So Patrick, being a good fellow, went; and, in time, we met him there.

I had a visitor's card to the Santiago Golf Club. The card cost me three dollars, American money, and was good for one month. The course was on rented ground at the end of the car-line, in the fashionable Providencia suburban district looking toward the towering Andes. The ground was fritter flat, and there were 2251 yards in the first nine holes and 2195 in the second, so that the players could get a total of 4446 yards by playing the first round from the back tees and the second round from the front tees.

Human nature in men and women is about the same south of the equator as it is north thereof. The rule, as plainly indicated on the score-card, was that the men should play from the back tees when on the first nine, and that the women should play from the front tees at all times. But the American and British women of Santi-

ago de Chile are masterful women and are particularly gun-shy of anything that looks like a second choice. So, in practice, on the Santiago golf-course, the women always took the long shots from the back tees, and the men, to avoid congestion on the course, were frequently forced to drive from the front tees, even on the first nine. But no one raised much of a row about it.

The club-house of the Santiago Golf Club was on rented round, also, and looked it. But beneath its modest roof I found two treasures: a nineteenth hole well stocked with bottled waters, such as delicious Chilean wine at fifteen cents (American) the liter, and a beautiful book by "Long Jim" Barnes, telling you how to play golf from pictures. What I have accomplished in golf I owe to Jim Barnes and to the Comandanta, who used to follow me over the course, book in hand, and coach me at critical moments.

To show how, by studious endeavor, one can improve his game in the absence of a professional, I may state that the Bogie on the eighteen holes was seventy-two, or thirty-six for each nine. On September 29 I did the first nine in fifty-six; on September 30 my score was seventy; on October 1, seventy-eight; on October 3, sixty-

two; October 6, sixty-four; October 7, sixty-nine; October 10, seventy-nine; October 12, sixty-five; October 14, eighty-seven; October 18, eighty-two; October 19, eighty-three; October 20, sixty-six. After that last good score of sixty-six for nine holes, made in the presence of witnesses on October 20, I ceased to post or treasure my records and devoted my time almost exclusively to trying to keep track of the number of golf-balls I lost.

My losses of golf-balls were due to the activities of the Robber Band of Santiago and to the condiment clothes of Patrick Pescador.

The activities of the Robber Band of Santiago were due, in turn, to the ground-rules of the Santiago Golf Club, which provided that each *chico* or caddy was to be paid one peso for each lost ball he returned to its lawful owner. The ground-rules were aided and abetted by a number of irrigation ditches that crossed the rented golf-course. One of these ditches ran between the first tee and the first hole. The distance between tee and hole was only 248 yards. Nine times out of ten the drive sent the ball into the ditch, where it went bobbing down the dirty stream with the *chico* in apparent pursuit. Us-

ually the ball turned up the next day, at one peso, or twelve cents American money, which was just the price of one round of golf. After one particularly vicious hold-up the Robber Band of Santiago joined me in a group picture. I, alone, looked pained.

But the Robber Band of Santiago did not need an irrigation ditch to help them lose a ball. They did not depend upon a pile of stones, the neighboring alfalfa field, or a handy fence-side thistle, although these helped. More than once I 've been ready to make a shot from the stubbly grass to the gray sand green, have looked down at the ball to be sure my mashy was properly placed, have looked up intrigued by the brilliancy of the mountain-tops as their snowy summits were slowing reddened under the setting sun, have looked down again at the ball—and found it missing. Yes, sir! Just like that! And my Indian *chico* was more mystified than I!

That night in the club-house I would charge myself with another golf-ball, but I would quite forget about it when I caught the fragrance of the springtime roses in the walled yard at the corner of the golf-course and Providencia Avenue. Certainly I would n't care a hang as I

rolled along the boulevard Alameda de las Delicias bathed in the brilliancy of a polished platinum moon shining through the Lombardy poplars. Time heals all wounds, and on the morrow I would buy from my *chico* a second-hand golf-ball, just like the one I had lost, for one peso. And on that morrow and each succeeding morrow I would watch the Indian caddies—boys and girls of the unbeaten Araucanian race—out-Hermann Hermann in their matchless legerdemain with the elusive golf pill. That is, I would watch the *chicos* when I was n't watching Patrick Pescador.

We were all in the same boat on that well watered Santiago Golf Club course. It made no difference whether it were the distinguished Messrs. J. G. Cameron, J. Hays Bell, J. G. Pearson, S. M. McGoldrick, A. V. Simson, and Captain Allan F. Rogers who were preparing for their next inter-city match with Valparaiso. Or Messrs. J. J. Keevil and J. Ford, who had presented a silver cup to be played off "thirty-six holes against Bogie (handicap terms), the player who beats the Colonel to retain the cup." They were all fascinated, intrigued, and dufferized by Patrick's loud checked suit.

The women of the club, of more sensitive taste than the men, made the first protest. I am not *so* sure that it was Mrs. S. H. Salmon who led the attack, but I think Mrs. Salmon or Mrs. Rowe or Mrs. Hays Bell, or some other contestant for the silver cup presented by Mrs. P. M. Bennett, was among the first to complain that Pescador should wear something less disturbing when he came on the links.

As I recall it, an inter-office competition was on at that time. There was to be a final round of thirty-six holes, and the surviving contestants were a bit nervous about it.

I think that had as much to do with centering attack on Patrick Pescador and his condiment clothes as did the comment of Max Errazuriz, G. R. Urquart, C. H. MacDowell, D. Kinnear, W. de Kartzow, C. A. Prito, or other Valparaiso golfers who strayed upon the Santiago links. The Antofagasta golf team, traveling about a thousand miles to play the team at Concepción, wanted to know why in blazes Pescador was allowed to make a spectacle of himself on any golf-course, let alone that of Santiago, with its half-million cultivated citizens.

I don't know why Pescador persisted in going

over the Santiago course in his bright-checked garb unless his super-sense of comedy prompted him to "clown the show," as they say in the circus business. Certainly he could not expect any other golfers to follow suit. For even the *rotos* of Santiago had gone crazy over Patrick's condiment clothes, had begged, borrowed, or stolen money enough to invade the open-faced clothing shops that adorn the Chilean capital; and the town was scintillating with pepper-and-salt trousers and coats. Even Americans and Britishers must be particular about class distinctions in South America, and Patrick was unpopular with the Santiago Golf Club.

I'm not just sure what happened after I left. Some say that at the end of my four months of chopping no sod remained on the old course, and they had to move. Others say that the owner of the old course sold it as building-lots and told the club to hunt a new place. Others hint darkly that the Santiago Golf Club had to reorganize to keep Pescador and his resounding suit off the links.

During my last few days in Chile I was engrossed in hunting for a mashy-niblick to replace the one I had broken for Fisk in Lima, Peru,

months before. I failed to find a mashy-niblick in Antofagasta, where all the clubs on sale were left-handers. "Valpo" could furnish me nothing the mashy-niblick line. Neither could Santiago, and so I finally compromised by sending a plain English niblick to Fisk, in care of "Pierre Palta" Popenoe, who was returning from Santiago to Washington with some sample avocado pears.

Later I learned that Popenoe walked past the Peruvian customs men at Callao with niblick in hand. Popenoe is so tall and thin that the customs men could not tell which was Popenoe and which the niblick. In the confusion he got away to Lima, seven miles inland. There, according to instructions, he delivered the niblick to Colonel Frank Luther Case, military attaché of the American embassy, who delivered it to Fisk, who traded it to Claude Guyant, American consul, for a mid-iron. So all my worry over that broken mashy-niblick was for naught, except that my honor as a borrowing golfer remains unsullied.

As for the golfing situation in Chile, I know that the Santiago Golf Club has a new eighteen-hole course across San Carlos Canal from the

old; that the course is about sixty-eight hundred yards long, with a seventy-two par; that the 170 club members are at home in a modern clubhouse; and that many Chileans are paying five hundred pesos each to join. I also know that all North American golfers who journey to Chile will be royally welcomed by the Chilean golfing clan and will find in Santiago true Southern California scenery and climate, except that it is glorious winter down there when it is hot summer up here.

If any real golfer wants to invite his soul after a bracing game in the clear air of Chile's fruitful central valley, let him pause on his way back to Santiago's Savoy Hotel, climb the picturesque pile of rocks known as Cerro Santa Lucía, and gaze at the mighty surrounding mountains until the sunset pink climbs from their bases to their snow-clad peaks and the whole magnificent panorama slowly fades into darkness. It's worth sailing five thousand miles straight south from New York, just to see that picture once.

I 'm sorry Patrick Pescador will see it so seldom. I am reliably informed that he has been banished to Valparaiso, where he is assistant manager of the Valparaiso branch of the Na-

tional City Bank. And I learn by the grapevine route that before he left for "Valpo" he gave his condiment clothes to the Robber Band of Santiago.

CHAPTER XXVI

HE 'S A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN

Of Spanish and Indian Blood, the Chilean Dotes on War

IN 1535, at the age of seventy, the Spanish *conquistador,* Diego de Almagro, rival of the Pizarro brothers, led his army south from the Peruvian Plateau into Chile. He was Chile's first white citizen, but he did not long remain. In 1536 Almagro returned to Peru, poorer by a million pesos and ten thousand men. Andean cold, starvation, and losing battles with the Chilean Indians had taken their toll. Five years later, at the close of a bloody civil war in Peru, Hernando Pizarro beheaded the aged Almagro. His followers were, however, famous as the "men of Chile," and many were royally rewarded for their heroism on that first expedition into Chile.

Chile's second white man of note was Captain Pedro de Valdivia, who entered Chile with the

title of lieutenant-governor in 1540, fought his way southward to Araucania, and in 1553 was captured and killed by Indians under Lautaro. Tradition says Lautaro filled Valdivia's mouth with molten gold. Every Spaniard in Valdivia's command perished.

Lautaro, after smashing his way northward to Santiago, was captured and killed by the Spaniards. Caupolicán, another Araucanian chief who repeatedly defeated the white men, suffered a similar fate. His statue on Santa Lucía, Santiago, is Chile's tribute to his bravery.

Almagro, Valdivia, Lautaro, and Caupolicán were the early ancestors of the Chilean race. The Chilean Hall of Fame is filled with men of their type.

The Spanish *conquistador* came without wagons, tents, or commissary to conquer South America. He overran the continent with sword in one hand and a bag of food in the other—until he reached Araucania. Eventually most of the two dominant Chilean races, Spanish and Indian, blended. But during three hundred years the Spanish colonists fought the Indians on one side and freebooters, pirates, and privateers on the other.

PRESIDENT ALESSANDRI AND NAVAL OFFICERS

CHILEAN SCHOOL-BOYS IN DAILY GYMNASTICS

CHILEAN ARMY OFFICERS

CHILEAN *carabineros* OR STATE POLICE

Drake descended upon the Chilean coast in 1578–80; Cavendish ravaged it in 1586, Hawkins in 1594, the Dutch from 1598 to 1642, Sharp, Dampier, and Davis from 1680 to 1708, Betagh in 1720. The list is long in years and names.

Intermittently nature has added to the Chileans' difficulties. Chile is a land of earthquakes. Santiago was wrecked by an earthquake in 1642 and in 1647. Concepción was wiped out in 1657 and again in 1833. Disastrous earthquakes were general in Chile in 1822 and succeeding years, notably in 1906 and 1922. Hundreds of major earthquakes have been recorded in Chile's history.

Twice, in their fight for independence from Spain, thousands of Chilean families abandoned their homes and fled across the frigid Andes into Argentina. The War of Independence lasted from 1810 to 1823, when the last of the Spanish army was driven from the island of Chiloe. Chile, the free nation, emerged, still fighting the Araucanian Indians.

During the War of Independence Chile sent an army and navy to free Peru. Chile fought and defeated Peru and Bolivia in 1838–39; supported Peru by declaring war on Spain in 1865;

fought and defeated Peru and Bolivia again in 1879–83; and remained neutral during the World War to the satisfaction of her old friend, Great Britain, but it was a difficult accomplishment. So far, Chile has been on the winning side. Chile's soil has never been successfully invaded by a foreign power.

Many men British and Irish have enlisted under the Chilean banner. A Lieutenant O'Brien died in winning Chile's first naval battle in 1818. Lord Cochrane, in command of the Chilean navy from 1819 to 1823, cleared the South American west coast of Spanish war-ships and assisted in freeing Peru from Spain. Arturo Prat and Carlos (Carl) Condell were listed high among Chilean national heroes for their naval deeds in the Nitrate War of 1879–83. Admiral Patrick Lynch of the Chilean navy ravaged the Peruvian coast during the same war, and his name is reviled in Peru to this day. Most of these men were Chilean-born or married into Chilean families. Inter-marriage between Anglo-Saxons and Latins is nearly always followed by Latin dominance.

General Bernardo O'Higgins, son of the Ambrose O'Higgins from County Sligo, Ire-

land, who became governor of Chile, viceroy of Peru, and Marquis of Osorno, was Chile's real liberator and, although its first dictator, is still revered as one of its greatest patriots.

The list of Chilean heroes with Spanish names is much longer. Friar Don Camilo Henriquez, Chile's first editor; Don Diego Portales, a Chilean prime minister assassinated through foreign influence; General Manuel Bulnes, who defeated Peru and Bolivia in the war of 1837–39; Commander Rebolledo of the Chilean war-ship *Emeralda,* who captured the Spanish *Covadonga* in the 1865 war with Spain; Lieutenant Sevanno, who followed Prat upon the Peruvian war-ship *Huascar* and died with him; Commander Latorre, whose war-ship, the *Cochrane,* captured the Peruvian *Huascar* in the same Nitrate War; Lieutenant Riquelme, who fired the last gun as his ship, the *Esmeralda,* sank beneath the waves; Captain Ignacio Carrera, who with seventy-six Chileans fought fifteen hundred Peruvians at the fortress of La Concepción and died with all his men. They and hundreds of their kind are celebrated in Chilean song and story.

Chile breeds courageous children. I have

never heard of a cowardly Chilean. The Chilean officers encountered in headquarters, frontier posts, clubs, army and navy schools, nitrate ports, official receptions, or private social functions are polished, alert soldiers. The enlisted or drafted men are impressive exponents of rigid discipline. They face a mob without a sign of interest in anything but officers' orders. On parade or in barracks they seem to be the acme of military efficiency and finish.

Only once did I see Chilean soldiers relax when on duty. One soulful summer day in Santiago the two statuesque guards at the government palace door were standing, as usual, rigidly at attention, eyes front. Two Chilean señoritas passed on foot. They were particularly attractive señoritas. The Chilean soldiers remained rigidly at their posts, but as the girls passed the helmeted heads of the guards slowly turned from left to right. I did n't blame them.

There are about twenty thousand men and officers in Chile's standing army, of whom about twelve thousand are conscripts. Chile has a compulsory military law that brings all men over twenty-one into one year's service and keeps them on the first reserve until they are thirty.

Many volunteer when they reach twenty-one. The others that are conscripted are chosen by lot. Between the ages of thirty and forty-five all Chilean men are on the second reserve. Chile can put one hundred thousand trained men in the field if necessary. There are about eight thousand men in the navy, most of them volunteers. In addition to the crack naval school at Valparaiso, there are a dry-dock, shops, naval hospital, engineer's school, artillery school, and torpedo and mines school at the military port of Talcahuano, near Concepción, a naval establishment at Punta Arenas on the Magellan Strait, and various other schools and establishments.

Two battle-ships, five cruisers, two training-ships, four gunboats, five torpedo-boats, seven destroyers, four transports, and many auxiliary craft are included in the Chilean naval equipment. The steamships of the subsidized Compañía Sud Americana may become auxiliary ships in time of war. The police and firemen compose semi-military organizations, trained in arms.

Chile has a plant for the manufacture of infantry and artillery ammunition purchased from a New York concern and installed by it. The

infantry plant has a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand Mauser sharp-point rifle cartridges per day of ten hours. The plant turns out the completed cartridge with the exception of the powder and primers, which are purchased abroad. A smokeless and T N T explosive plant was in prospect when I was in Chile. The capacity of the artillery plant was given as three hundred three-inch or four-and-a-half-inch shrapnel shells a day. As with the infantry plant, all materials except explosives and primers were to be manufactured in the plant.

Chile has been able to utilize the electrolitic copper produced in Chile for making shell-cases, buying only the spelter abroad. In manufacturing bullets for rifle-cartridges, Chile buys abroad only the spelter and nickel, using home-produced copper. In 1920 Chile purchased from an American concern a plant with a capacity of fifty rifles or pistols a day.

Peru has a small reloading-plant for Mauser rifle-cartridges with a reputed capacity of fifty rifles or pistols a day but has no facilities for manufacturing cartridges. In 1919 Peru was negotiating for a plant similar to Chile's infantry plant and for ten thousand rifles in the

United States. The proposed new reloading-plant did not contemplate manufacture of either shell or bullet. These, with powder and primer, were to be purchased abroad and assembled in the plant, which is near Lima and only about six miles from the sea-coast.

In 1919 Bolivia had on hand about five thousand second-hand army rifles purchased a number of years before from Argentina but was in the market for a small infantry ammunition plant, forty million rounds of ammunition, ten thousand rifles, and fifty Browning or Lewis machine-guns. It was also negotiating for a loan in the United States.

Peru's navy is small and is inferior to Chile's. Bolivia has no sea-coast and no navy. The most ardent Peruvian or Bolivian patriot will freely admit that Chile is more than a match for Peru or Bolivia—perhaps both—on land or sea.

"Chile loves peace and is not afraid of war," declared the Chilean Señor Don Gonzales Bulnes when introducing Theodore Roosevelt to a Chilean assemblage in the Teatro Municipal, Santiago, in 1914. That statement epitomizes Chile's spirit as I saw it.

That spirit is best personified, I believe, by

the Chilean *carabineros,* the constabulary of the Lone Star state of South America. About five thousand of these armed and mounted national police roam the streets and highways of the Republic of Chile. Most of them have seen service in the regular army. They must be men of exceptional courage, of skill at arms, and of clean record to become officers or men of the Chilean *carabineros.* They are diplomats, dispensers of justice, guardians of the body politic, and in many cases courts of last resort.

If a Chilean *carabinero* kills a man in the performance of his duty—in the enforcement of law or in attempting to make an arrest— the incident is closed. Sometimes he does better than that. There is the story of one *carabinero* who in the spirit of economy put two *bandidos* on one horse, told them to run for it—and killed the two with one bullet. There is a story, illustrating their pride in the reputation of the *carabineros* for loyalty to their traditions, of the hanging of a dead *bandido.* The *carabineros* had shot the *bandido,* a bearded brigand. There was something familiar about the features of the dead man. One *carabinero* shaved his late antago-

nist, recognized him as a renegade member of his company—and hanged him by the side of the road with an appropriate message pinned to his breast.

The *bandidos* are as fearless as the *carabineros*. Their favorite method of attack is to surround the victim's house armed with sawed-off rifles, not shot-guns, batter down the doors, and fight it out with all comers. The householder frequently kills two or three *bandidos* before he is slain. There is no quarter on either side.

At the other extreme of society is Alessandri, current President of Chile. After the last national political campaign when the present opposition, then in power, refused to announce the result, and *rotos* rioted in front of the troops and were shot at by them, Alessandri left his home, passed on foot among the *rotos,* and quieted them with the assurance that he was elected their President and that the result must soon be known. It required courage to make that gesture. If Alessandri had not been elected or if announcement of his election had been longer delayed he would have been forced

to head a revolution, which would probably have ended fatally for him.

The Chileans are not, so they will tell you, looking for trouble. But they will not step out of its way.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PEACE OF SOUTH AMERICA

It Depends Upon Settlement of the Tacna-Arica Question

TWO plain citizens of our republic meet in casual conversation.

"More trouble over the Tacna-Arica Question," says Brown.

"Never heard of it," admits Jones, one of our home-folks.

"You 'll hear a heap about it if Washington does n't watch its step," declares Brown, who has been somewhere.

Then the busy North Americans go about their business.

It is as if one had said, ten or more years ago, "There 's trouble in the Balkans." Or as if some alarmist had remarked at an earlier date, "Too bad France won't forget Alsace-Lorraine."

The Balkans and Alsace-Lorraine were and are a long way from us. So are the nine thou-

sand square miles of nearly worthless desert on the west coast of South America, just north of the tropic of Capricorn. This desert was the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica before the War of the Pacific. Most maps now show it as Chilean territory "claimed by Peru."

Thus it has been since the Treaty of Ancon, in 1883. Chile has long held the area hostage. Chile, Peru, and Bolivia covet it. All South America may fight to decide its ownership. The question of title has been brought to Washington. Our job in Washington is to douse the flame of war in the tub of arbitration. If we fail in this, we shall probably be in trouble, too.

My job, during a year in South America, was to find out something about this Tacna-Arica Question, which has had the Southern continent by the ears for two generations.

In his private office on the second floor of the Moneda of Santiago, Señor Don Ismael Tocornal, Chilean minister of interior relations, answered my many questions in his excellent English. The dean of President Alessandri's cabinet talked freely of Chile's problems while he transacted Chile's business.

Our conversation reached its crisis. My final question touched upon a fundamental in his nation's life.

"How are you going to settle the Tacna-Arica Question?" I asked.

"I shall answer that presently," replied the seasoned statesman.

Eighteen hours later we met at the door of the President's suite. Señor Tocornal was coming for conference with Alessandri, whom I had just left.

"You see," he greeted me, "I have answered your query."

"You mean last night's cable to Peru?" I countered. "Your offer to reopen the subject of Tacna-Arica?"

"Just that," he replied; "we shall not allow Peru to evade us longer. This time we shall know definitely who owns the disputed area. Decision is vital to the peace of South America. It must not longer be postponed."

This, my second interview with one of the guiding spirits of Chile, came at the close of the most eventful day of months among the "Yankees of South America."

Day after day, week after week, the Chilean

THE PEACE OF SOUTH AMERICA

The provinces of Tarata and Tacna are now known as "Tacna and Arica"—the territory under dispute. The province of Tarapaca was Peruvian, ceded to Chile by Treaty of Ancon, 1883. The province of Antofagasta was formerly the Bolivian province of Atacama. The southern boundary was originally 25 degrees, then 24 degrees, then 23 degrees, south latitude.

Government had delayed disaster. Thousands of its stanchest supporters, the idle nitrate workers or *albergados,* swarmed the streets of Santiago, voicing their discontent with national food and barracks.

Bandits were abroad in southern Chile. Smallpox was rampant in the populous central valley. Argentina and Brazil had looked coldly upon Chile's "A. B. C." rapprochement. Argentina was warming toward Peru, Chile's traditional enemy. Bolivia was disputing water rights on the border and calling for a port on the Pacific.

Chilean nitrate was a drug on the market. All imports and exports had slumped. The Chilean peso was quoted at ten cents in American gold—one third of its normal value. Business was bad for all Chileans.

Congress was blocking Alessandri's political program. The Chilean army and navy were eating the country hungry. Cabinet crisis succeeded cabinet crisis. There were repeated promises of revolution, and Chile had not suffered a revolution since 1890.

A great diversion was demanded; and Chile turned to Tacna and Arica. It reopened a

question that had been dormant, diplomatically, for nearly a decade. It cabled a proposal that Chile and Peru decide by plebiscite the ownership of the two provinces disputed for thirty-seven years.

This Chilean note, cabled to Peru on December 12, 1921, paved the way for the recent Chilean-Peruvian conference in Washington. The note had a profound effect throughout Chile and Peru. And eventually it involved the United States in a South American quarrel.

"The plebiscite should have been held in 1894," declared the Santiago man in the street. "The Peruvians have been afraid to hold it. We will show them who owns Tacna-Arica."

"There has been trouble on the northern border since the day of Chile's birth," announced a Chilean politician. "We beat the Peruvians and Bolivians in 1879–83. But that war will not be finished until we know who owns Tacna-Arica. Peru has played with us. This time we settle it."

President Arturo Alessandri gave me the case for Chile.

"In 1879," he said, "Bolivia, led to it by Peru, infringed a treaty she had with Chile. Peru and

THE MORRO OF ARICA WHERE CHILEANS MASSACRED PERUVIANS IN THE NITRATE WAR

ON ARICA-LEPAZ RAILWAY IN TACNA-ARICA

LLUTE VALLEY IN TACNA-ARICA

Bolivia, had signed a secret treaty, defensive and offensive, against Chile. After a long and cruel war, Chile was victorious, thanks to the courage, vigor, and high spirit of her people. Peace was signed by the Treaty of Ancon in 1883.

"The third clause of this treaty stipulates that the province of Tacna and Arica (Arica being the principal port and not a second province, as some believe), which is essential to Chile as a frontier and for the better defense of her territory, should remain under Chile's sovereignty for ten years. At the expiration of this term a plebiscite should decide under which flag the province was to remain.

"Chile desires and has repeatedly insisted upon the fulfilment of the conditions of the third clause of the Treaty of Ancon. She has offered to do everything in her power to insure honorable dealings and is willing to give securities to this effect. Chile does not refuse to have a friendly nation settle all the formalities needful to insure the correctness of the plebiscite, which should satisfy Peru with regard to fair dealings. Chile insists that an international treaty is supreme law betwixt nations and that the Ancon treaty should, therefore, be respected."

"But Bolivia claims some rights in the case," I suggested. "Will Chile grant Bolivia a port on the Pacific?"

"In 1904, seventeen years after the War of the Pacific, Chile signed a peace and amity treaty with Bolivia," replied the Chilean President. "In this way we did away with all the difficulties we still had with her as a consequence of the war. We built for her a railway to the sea (La Paz-Arica); we paid over to her vast sums, amounting to several million pounds sterling, on account of damages caused by the war and other things, thus settling all our accounts with her, so that she cannot expect anything from us.

"It would be impossible to grant Bolivia a port on the Pacific, thus breaking up our own territory," continued President Alessandri. "But desirous as we are to see all South American countries living in peace and prosperity, we should not hesitate to take measures that would facilitate Bolivia's access to the sea, contributing in this way to her advancement."

Señor Carlos Silva Vildosola, Chile's leading journalist and business associate of the Hon. Agustín Edwards, minister of Chile in London,

said, "It is of utmost importance to us and to our friends in this and other continents to dispose of the Tacna-Arica problem."

All Chile agreed that the last chapter in the War of the Pacific should be written. In the meantime Peru continued to shout the slogan, "We must redeem our lost provinces."

Four months before the Chilean note of December, 1921, I saw the streets of Lima jammed with Peruvian aristocrats and *cholos* celebrating their centennial of independence from Spain. In parades and elsewhere appeared this legend: "We must redeem our lost provinces of Tacna and Arica and Tarapaca." The last-named province is one that Peru definitely ceded to Chile by the Treaty of Ancon. I noted the extravagant Peruvian demonstrations over the special Argentine mission, with its body-guard of giant grenadiers, who stayed long and were fêted much in Lima, to the great disgust of the wholly absent Chileans.

A few weeks after the Peruvian *centenario* I was guest at the dinner in Arequipa, Peru, given in honor of Monsignor Carlos Pietropaoli, ambassador extraordinary from the Vatican, and

General Carlos Mangin, hero of Verdun. Señor Don T. Molino Derteano, prefect of Arequipa, was the host. The Peruvians almost raised the roof when Señor Correa Elias and other Peruvian orators spoke of Tacna-Arica and Alsace-Lorraine. The scene was repeated, with even greater enthusiasm, at a dinner given the distinguished Frenchman by Colonel Enrique Ruiz, prefect of Cuzco.

There is never any doubt in Peru of the subject the Peruvians regard as of the first importance.

President Augusto B. Leguia, the dominant figure in Peru, said to me: "We have our rights in Tacna and Arica. We expect to see them observed. We will accept nothing less. Had Chile kept to the letter of the Treaty of Ancon, we would now be in possession of our own. We wish for peace but demand justice. The lost provinces are not lost."

Some expressions on the Tacna-Arica Question have been rather pronounced. Signs have appeared in Arica such as, "No dogs or Peruvians wanted." President Leguia once issued an order prohibiting the entrance into Peru of

"Russians, Chileans, and prostitutes." Threat of war over the "lost provinces" is almost perennial. There has been much hokum over the "lost provinces," too.

When, in July, 1920, the election of President Alessandri was in doubt and Santiago politicians feared the army might revolt in his support, there was raised the cry: "The Peruvians are coming! Four thousand are invading Tacna-Arica." Whereupon Chile massed twenty thousand troops on the Peruvian border. There was much excitement in Santiago, much weeping as mothers sent their sons to battle, much hurrying and scurrying of Red Cross workers, much oratory and much screaming of the Chilean condor.

When the political smoke-screen had blown away it was discovered that the "invading force" totaled 432 Peruvians patrolling their own side of the border. Chile spent fifty million pesos on that martial party and has been hard up ever since. Peru has suffered from similar extravagances. Peruvian politicians have cried, "Wolf! Wolf!" more than once as they have pointed toward Chile. The Peruvian army and navy

have responded with alacrity and at considerable expense. There has been sympathetic nervousness throughout the continent. The *Banquo's* ghost of South America will not down.

If you want to know what the Peruvian of the "lost provinces" thinks about the problem of Tacna-Arica, talk to my composite friend, Carlos Calderón. If you land at the little port city of Arica, journey across forty miles of wind-torn desert to the city of Tacna, and seek out a shaded bench in the *parque municipal,* you will probably find him there.

Tacna is the metropolis of the largest of three oases in the disputed territory. But even the valley of Tacna is so short and narrow that sand sifts in from all sides. Hence Carlos sits in grateful contemplation of the park's bamboo, elephant-ears, and cabbage-palms. He is not quite so squat and stolid as his countrymen of the Peruvian plateaus. He shows none of the African strain so often found on the Peruvian coast. He most resembles his own people in his copper color and his ready, courteous friendliness.

There is an exchange of "Buenos dias" and

cigarettes. Five minutes pass in social silence. Then you plumb his soul depths.

"Tell me, *mi amigo,* why do you care who owns this puny bit of sandy land?"

The Peruvian registers active interest in his environment. The Latin in him triumphs over the Indian. He might be any one of twelve thousand of his expatriated countrymen. I think every Latin-American must be an intense nationalist. Carlos certainly is.

"You may think, señor, that we make much excitement about very little things when we so greatly insist that our Peru shall again possess her Tacna and Arica," he replies. "It is true that in all these lost provinces, between the ocean and the Andes, there is desert, except for the little green valleys of Tacna, Lluta, and Azapa. 'T is said that all the land upon which the waters flow and we grow corn, alfalfa, potatoes, oranges, sugar-cane, is less than what you would call thirty thousand acres. Of course that is much to me, but little to you of Estados Unidos the wealthy. Even in our Peru, which is fourteen hundred miles long and quite as wide, there are many irrigated valleys and broad plains for

grain. And Chile from Santiago to Puerto Montt, so travelers tell me, is like your California, with wide, rich valleys and much grain, fruits, and cattle.

"You are a Yankee, señor. I know you from afar. All Yankees are our friends. And so I talk to you plainly. This is the truth. We love these lost provinces with the heart that beats for Peru. But we stay here, also, just as the Chileans stay here, for the little green valleys.

"You will remember that Chile declared war on Bolivia in eighteen seventy-nine because Chile wanted control of the rich nitrate fields in the Desert of Atacama, to the south of us. You will recall that Peru came to the aid of her Bolivian ally and that the allied armies were defeated by the Chileans here and at Arica in eighteen eighty.

"As a boy I fought in that battle of Tacna. They are terrible men, those Chilean *rotos.* I have not forgotten how with their bayonets and keen-edged *curvos* they killed our wounded on the field. Nor how our gallant Colonel Bolognesi and his brave Peruvian soldiers, when trapped on top of the Morro of Arica, died fight-

ing or at the bottom of the cliff. That was a cruel struggle, that Nitrate War, in which our wounded were massacred at Lima, Chorrillos, and Miraflores, our coast ravaged from Paita to Mollendo, our museums and libraries despoiled, our people ruined in paying tribute. And Tarapaca given to Chile, which has since held these two provinces by right of might.

"You know the Chilean motto, 'Por la razón ó la fuerza!' By reason or by force! And you know her emblem, the condor—an Andean bird of prey! Then I need say no more.

"You wonder why I, once a landed proprietor and a member of a rich Peruvian family, descended from Spanish *conquistador* and his Inca bride, am now reduced to the poverty of a Peruvian *cholo,* existing among hostile men. That is because you do not know how we Peruvians have, by Chilean law and administration, lost our lands and incomes. How the horde of Chilean soldiers and office-holders have forced our children to study under Chilean schoolmasters, to learn false history written by Chilean historians, to listen to Chilean preachers in Peruvian churches.

"You may not know that, though this soil is

still ours by right of treaty, we Peruvians may not celebrate our national feast-days nor sing our national songs nor give voice to our national poetry. We are indeed dogs to be kicked about at the will of our conquerors. Tacna and Arica are, you might say, the Alsace and Lorraine of South America.

"But we are not yet defeated. Even though by vicious means many Peruvians have been expelled from these, our provinces; even though Chile's own census shows twenty-seven thousand Peruvians in Chile—which means Tacna and Arica—in nineteen seven, and only twelve thousand in nineteen twenty; even though the plebiscite has been delayed for thirty years, we shall win these provinces by popular vote. Chile will try to trick us even when she loses. For she needs these little green spots for a military base. An army of invasion can live here for a while on the country. For hundreds of miles to the north and the south there is absolute desert where no green thing grows.

"There is no nitrate here in Tacna and Arica. That is farther south, in Tarapaca, which Chile took from us. Chile has made millions from nitrate in Tarapaca. We have lost that forever.

But Tacna and Arica are not lost to us, señor! Adios, mi amigo!"

The village of Arica lies on a harbor that is almost an open roadstead near the mouths of Azapa and Lluta Rivers and at the termini of the English railroad to Tacna and the Chilean railroad to La Paz. Its few narrow streets are paved with cobblestones. The guano islands offshore make the place rather odorous when the wind is right. But the pink, blue and yellow houses, in Spanish-Moorish style, with flat roofs and patios, are attractive, as is the densely shaded plaza, where verbenas, larkspur, garden pinks, dahlias, wisteria, and park benches offer a comfortable combination. There is another plaza with less shade but decorated with a statue of the discoverer of the Americas.

At the end of a wooden pier overlooking the bathing-beach, one may find a restaurant. And while one is regaled by the sea-foods, canned goods, and wines of Chile he may also be regaled with a Chilean's viewpoint of the Tacna-Arica Question.

Possibly a Chilean customs officer may be the spokesman for his country. He will be just as courteous, just as friendly as his Peruvian

cousin, but a bit more pronounced, for the Chilean is a highly developed positivist. And if fifty Chileans spoke on the subject they would be unanimous in the following fashion:

"The Peruvian is much given to trickery and intrigue. Moreover, he is grossly ungrateful. Do you not recall that it was a Chilean army, under San Martín, and a Chilean navy, under Lord Cochrane, that lifted the Spanish yoke from the Peruvian neck in 1821? Do you not remember that when Peru was torn by one of its many revolutions, and the half-caste Santa Cruz had descended upon it from Bolivia and declared himself dictator, the Chilean army under General Manuel Bulnes defeated the Bolivians and the Peruvian revolutionaries at the glorious battle of Yungay, January nineteenth, eighteen thirty-nine, thus restoring order in Peru? Have you not read how in eighteen sixty-five Chile unsheathed her sword against Spain and thus delivered Peru once more from the heel of the oppressor?

"Three times did our arms and valor thus present Peru with her national freedom, for which we asked nothing but friendship. Yet in eighteen seventy-nine we had to fight a secret

confederation between Peru and Bolivia. Its sole purpose was to create a nitrate monopoly in the nitrate fields of Atacama and Antofagasta, although a Chilean, Don José Santos Ossa, had discovered those fields and they had been developed by Chilean capital, industry, and enterprise.

"When war began we had but twenty-five hundred men under arms. Bolivia had three thousand; Peru, seven thousand. We had to fight hard, but victory crowned our arms. We took the province of Tarapaca as war indemnity. We still welcome the plebiscite that shall show that Tacna and Arica belong to us forever.

"We Chileans have governed Tacna and Arica well and honestly. You see that Arica is more clean than Mollendo, the Peruvian port to the north. We have had more or less trouble with Peruvian revolutionaries. Some we have had to expel. But when a vote is taken in these two provinces it will be overwhelmingly in our favor. You have seen how it is in European plebiscites. Both Peruvians and Chileans will vote for us.

"We have invested twenty-five million dollars in the railroad from Arica harbor to La Paz, two

hundred and seventy-three miles. This was according to our treaty promise to Bolivia. The sugar-mills of Tacna will cost us much. Our sugar must come from here. We cannot raise sugar-cane farther south. It is too cold. From Tacna and Arica we annually export seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of sulphur, *más ó menos.*

"As for using these little green valleys as a military base, one hundred and fifty miles north of us is Arequipa, a Peruvian city of sixty thousand. You may go there any time and find thousands of Peruvian troops on parade or under arms in that great, fertile valley. Our only safety from Peruvian invasion is to hold these provinces. Si, señor. Es muy importante."

If you would reach the heart of any South American nation, talk with the man in the city plaza. He may be a decadent upper-classman, indigent *abogado* (lawyer), Peruvian *cholo,* Chilean *roto,* or Bolivian half-caste. In any case he has fought and will fight again for his country, and politics is the blood in his veins. If he is a poor Bolivian lawyer, he also boasts the blood of the Spanish don and the Aymará Indian.

In the main plaza of La Paz, with the government palace and great unfinished cathedral on one side and the halls of congress on the other, he will state the case for Bolivia as follows:

"When I was a boy my father and his friends were rich, with much land and many flocks of llamas and alpacas. Bolivia owned all of what is now the Chilean province of Antofagasta. We called it Atacama then. We had the great seaports of Antofagasta, Mejillones, Cobija, and Tacoapilla. Peru bounded us on the north. The southern boundary was at the Chilean city of Taltal, twenty-five degrees south latitude.

"Even in those early days Chile oppressed us. She made us sign a treaty in eighteen sixty-six. It fixed our southern boundary at latitude twenty-four.

"Then nitrate, the great soil enricher, was discovered on our land, and the Chileans came in to get wealth from the desert. I have heard my father talk about it often. Bolivia made a contract with a Chilean nitrate company to pay us ten centavos—about two and a half cents in your money—for each sack sent out of the country. The Chileans landed an army and took possession of Antofagasta. We declared war.

That was in eighteen seventy-nine. Peru came to our aid. Bolivia and Peru were defeated. We Bolivians were not consulted in the Treaty of Ancon in eighteen eighty-three. The Chileans took Tarapaca from Peru and held Peru's Tacna and Arica in hostage. The Chileans remained in our Antofagasta. We were poor and beaten.

"In eighteen eighty-four Chile forced us to sign a truce that left the Chileans all our coast country and the control of our customs. We became a commercial colony of Chile. In eighteen ninety-five Chile was afraid of a war with Argentina over boundaries. Chile signed a treaty with us under which she agreed to cede us Tacna and Arica if Chile won the plebiscite. If Chile did not win the plebiscite she was to give us a Pacific port farther south. Chile and Argentina settled their boundary dispute by British arbitration. Then the Chilean congress refused to ratify our treaty.

"In nineteen four economic pressure forced us to sign another treaty with Chile. We gave up all our rights on the Pacific coast. Chile has prospered greatly by our misfortune. In nineteen thirteen she received thirty-three mil-

THE HIGHEST OF ALL AMERICAN MOUNTAINS

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AT SANTIAGO, CHILE

JUAN TONKIN'S PALATIAL SANTIAGO HOME

lion four hundred and forty-six thousand three hundred and three dollars from her nitrate exports; in nineteen twenty, thirty-one million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Between eighteen eighty and nineteen twenty-one, more than a billion dollars went from the nitrate fields into Chile's treasury. More than half of this wealth came from our old Bolivian fields. You see I have the figures. All Bolivians have.

"Bolivia is a great country, the third largest in South America. From our seven hundred thousand square miles we sent out last year tin, tungsten, antimony, copper, rubber, silver, and other products worth thirty million dollars in your American gold. You do not find these figures in your statistics, for most of these riches went out through Chilean-controlled ports.

"You know the Chilean motto, 'Right is might.' We want only justice. We want some kind of a port on the Pacific, and we are willing to pay for it. Not by giving Chile all of the south half of Boliva, as she wants, but in cash. That is fair, is it not? Chile is twenty-seven hundred miles long on the Pacific. She can spare us a port.

"You have listened long, señor. You are Yankee. All Yankees are our friends. Muchísimas gracias, mi amigo."

Although the sentimental and political enter into the Tacna-Arica problem, it is the economic phase that seems to be guiding the three nations —Chile, Peru, and Bolivia—toward amicable settlement of a time-worn grudge.

The same armistice that initiated violent commercial reaction throughout the rest of the world caught the South American nations in the midst of their own financial debauch. When the sun of war-time prosperity set upon Latin America, the only signs of an afterglow were flat purses, elongated credits, and mountains of unclaimed merchandise. The merchandise came from the United States, about two years after the designated shipping date.

In common with their South American neighbors, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile were flat broke, with no visible means of support. They, also, turned to the North American republic for money.

By May 1, 1922, when Chile and Peru entered their private Washington conference, Bolivia owed us about $28,000,000; Chile, about $80-

000,000; and Peru was in the New York market for a $50,000,000 loan. Bolivia had given us a first lien on her internal revenue, her customs, and her state railroads and had agreed upon a financial commission of three, two members of which should be appointed by the loaning banks. Chile had made her loans in New York a direct obligation of the Government, with the stipulation that if any liens were given to protect foreign loans the American loans should have similar protection. Peru stood ready to hypothecate her customs, averaging about $10-000,000 a year, as a guarantee of payment to her prospective New York creditors.

At that time Bolivia's external debt totaled about $28,300,000; Chile's, about $192,000,000; and Peru's, $15,500,000. In addition to investments made in the securities of the three nations, United States corporations and individuals had invested about $50,000,000 in Bolivia, $200,000-000 in Chile and $75,000,000 in Peru. All told, there were not less than one billion American dollars tied up in South America, and much more foreign capital was needed.

Leaders of the three nations began to realize that they would be better risks if they turned

from international dissension to internal development. All three countries have enormous natural resources. Each country has production to sell to the other and to the world at large. If it can only satisfy its national honor!

Fear of the Monroe Doctrine has almost disappeared. American capital has come to Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, developed wealth from nothing, treated its native help fairly, and minded its own business. The Government at Washington has repeatedly shown a friendly, unselfish interest in the welfare of Latin America. So Chile and Peru, with Bolivia as a hopeful outsider, have been trying to get together at Washington. At this writing the case is in our President's hands. If he fails, South America will probably follow form and fight.

It must not be forgotten that the Latin-American will fight for an ideal. The South American politicians know that it is easy to lead their people to the slaughter. Seventy-five per cent of the men of Paraguay died at the whim of a dictator. But all classes in South America are getting a new slant on the game of life.

Less than a block from where I lived in Calle

Riquelme, Santiago de Chile, Antonio Castro kept a tiny store. He sold vegetables, dried meats, fruit, canned goods, seaweed, and odds and ends of things. Over his door in gaudy letters was the sign, "*La Paz de Sudamérica*" (The Peace of South America). In the course of my calls upon him he became my guide, philosopher, friend.

It was at the height of the excitement over the renewed discussion of Tacna and Arica. Chile and Peru had exchanged about thirty thousand cabled words. Both Governments were looking toward Washington. Antonio had sold me, for ten centavos, a large handful of fat, green beans. One talks in confidence with one's tradesmen in Chile.

"Antonio," I ventured, "do you think there will be war over Tacna and Arica?"

"*No permita Dios!*" (God forbid!), he exclaimed. "I am an old man and have seen much trouble. I have seen those poor Peruvian Indians, with their women who battled with them, killed on the Desert of Atacama. They are a fearless and a foolish people. But they have not the soul for victory. For centuries they have been without hope or happiness.

They are a race of slaves, whose Incas ruled them before the Spaniards broke their hearts. They cannot fight us Chileans.

"We men of Chile, we are of two unconquered races: the Spanish *conquistadores* who climbed the mountains and fought for the love of fighting, and the Araucanian Indians whom the Spaniards could not beat. So it is not from fear that I tell you there must be no more war over Tacna and Arica, for it is not so much the Chileans who will bleed.

"If Chile wars with Peru, there will be Ecuador, Venezuela, Brazil, and Paraguay who will fight with us. About Argentina, I do not know. Nor Uruguay. But who cares for the Peruvians, Bolivians, and Colombians who may fight against us? One Chilean is equal to any three of them. As a nation we have never been defeated. We shall always win; and we must always have our rights.

"Yet it is very pleasant here. My family grows. My business prospers, *más ó menos*. There are the Sunday races and the *fiestas* for all. We of the people do not gain by war, though we save our national honor. The honor,

of course, we shall always fight for. But we hope for peace.

"You see the words above my door? The Peace of South America? It is better so, *señor*. But it must be, as we say, Peace with honor."

CHAPTER XXVIII

TO CHILE! SÁLUD Y PESETAS!

Farewell to the Latin Lone Star State, the Land of Más ó Menos

WE stayed a month longer in Chile than our plans permitted, then indulged in an orgy of packing and farewells. The Comandanta did most of the packing while I attended to the farewells.

For the last time I wandered across the sunny, shady stretches of the Alameda de las Delicias and paid my respects to Ambassador Collier.

"We shall be in the new embassy on Parque Forestal when you come back," he said. "That was a bargain at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And won't I be glad to get away from our present basement kitchen! You saw it. Is n't it terrible?" I shuddered sympathetically, and replied:

"I hope to see you at the Court of St. James's."

"I should prefer Madrid again," he assured me, and shooed me out in favor of Flower of the Associated Press.

I scurried along the Alameda to the Instituto Pedagógico, where Dr. José María Galvez vigorously bent the Chilean mental twigs. He was unusually happy.

"I 'm off to the University of California as exchange professor," he shouted. "Hope to get some more of my students into your universities soon. Lots of them are there now. I will look you up in New York. Good-by."

For the last time I *coche*-ed to the "center," Santiago's commercial section, and grasped the hand of Robert Wrench, able representative of the Westinghouse and father of the "babe in the Streets of the Lions." Around the corner I bade good-by to Patrick Pescador and the other boys in the National City Bank.

"I shall miss the daily gamble in exchange and the individual dice-boxes in the Cafe Santiago and the Club de la Unión," I admitted.

A few steps down the street I climbed four flights of steps, for the fortieth time barely escaped falling into the deadly open elevator-shaft on the way to the office of Walter Judson, pres-

ident of the American Society of Chile, and said, "Shall we write?"

"I never write except to the house and my family," answered the mining machinery man. He was just back from a trip up to Bolivia, a matter of two thousand miles. He was deep in correspondence. "So-long; see you in China some time." He returned to dictation.

The Comandanta and I lunched at the Juan Tonkins's new palace facing Parque Forestal.

"To Chile! *Salud y pesetas!*" (Good luck and prosperity!), he said. We touched glasses. The Comandanta's eyes were moist. They were moist again at the top of San Cristobal; her tears splashed on the stones of Santa Lucía; she wiped her eyes as we left our home at Riquelme Cuarenta, and again as our train, filled with our friends bound for the cool summer breezes at Viña del Mar, slipped out of the Santiago station.

At Llai-Llai, where our paths diverged, we spoke hasty though hearty farewells to Señora Enmade Langlois and her charming children, to big Jim Spencer, born in Valparaiso, hence "of the country." Jim told me how Fritz Mella and some of the boys were reopening the old

Spanish placer-mines at Quillota. "Tell Fritz to let me in on it," I shouted as our train pulled out for Santa Rosa de los Andes.

It was at Los Andes I had my last bout with a Chilean *cargador.* He had loaded our many belongings into the cozy day-coach in which we were to cross into Argentina over the transandine railway.

"Cuanto?" (How much?) I asked when the job was done.

"Diez pesos," he answered, looking me in the eye.

"Carramba! Es demasiado!" (too much), I remonstrated. The *corgador,* hat in hand, held his ground.

"You are worse than that *landrón* who picked my pocket at Viña del Mar," I continued.

"Sí, señor, diez pesos."

"I suppose you think this"—I waved my hand toward the surrounding scenery—"you think this the greatest country in the world?"

"Sí, señor, por cierto!" He smiled cheerfully.

I waited for the rest of it, then returned to the attack.

"The land of Chile is a marvelous land, the

world's greatest—" I thought to see what flattery would do.

"Sí, señor, absolutamente. *Como no?*" (Why not?) he asked.

"And the price for carrying the baggage?"

"Diez pesos!"

I paid the ten pesos, one American dollar. He departed proudly, politely. I remember José, the first Chilean *cargador* I met, months earlier at Antofagasta, and how José had said in Chilean sign-language, "You see, we Chileans do not recognize defeat."

Our train began the long ascent, up the Rio Blanco valley, through tunnels, along dizzy rock shelves, above the timber-line, among the soaring peaks of Infernillo, 16,000 feet high; Juncal, 20,000 feet; Los Leones, 22,000; Aconcagua, 23,900. We were in the land of snow and glaciers, the happy hunting-ground of Messrs. Cox, Barrington, Lutz, and other members of the Chilean Cordillera Club, on the backbone of South America.

I reflected on the environment and resultant character of Chile. The single star on its national flag symbolized Chile's geographical situation as the most southern of civilized countries

and long the most isolated. After all, this Lone Star state of South America had much in common with Texas. Most of Chile's life had been spent in border warfare, with the Araucanians on the south, with the Peruvians and Bolivians on the north, with rapacious freebooters and hostile navies on the west, and with Spain, in colonial days, on the east.

The Chileans are remarkable horsemen; the Chilean horses are tough, intelligent, spirited, resourceful. The Chileans are proud and temperamental. They are exceptionally brave. They will fight at the drop of the hat. They have an undying belief in themselves. They are restless, forceful, dominant, studiously polite. They are jealous of their prerogatives. The lone star on the Chilean flag means that they are willing, nay, eager to go on their own. And while thinking of these things, I smote my forehead with my palm, Chilean fashion.

"I have it!" I cried.

"Not *soroche* again?" exclaimed the Comandanta. I am subject to mountain sickness.

"No. But I know why he did n't say it!"

"Say what? Who did n't say what?" The Comandanta was alarmed.

"That *cargador* at Los Andes. The last one I had a row with. He 's the first Chilean I have met who did not at some time in the course of his remarks indulge in a *más ó menos* or so. He never said it once. You heard the conversation!"

The Comandanta looked at me with ebbing patience.

"Of course he did not," she retorted. "The *cargador* was speaking of Chile. There is no more or less when a Chilean speaks of Chile."

"That 's just what I was about to tell you," I rejoined, as we crossed the Andean divide into Argentina.